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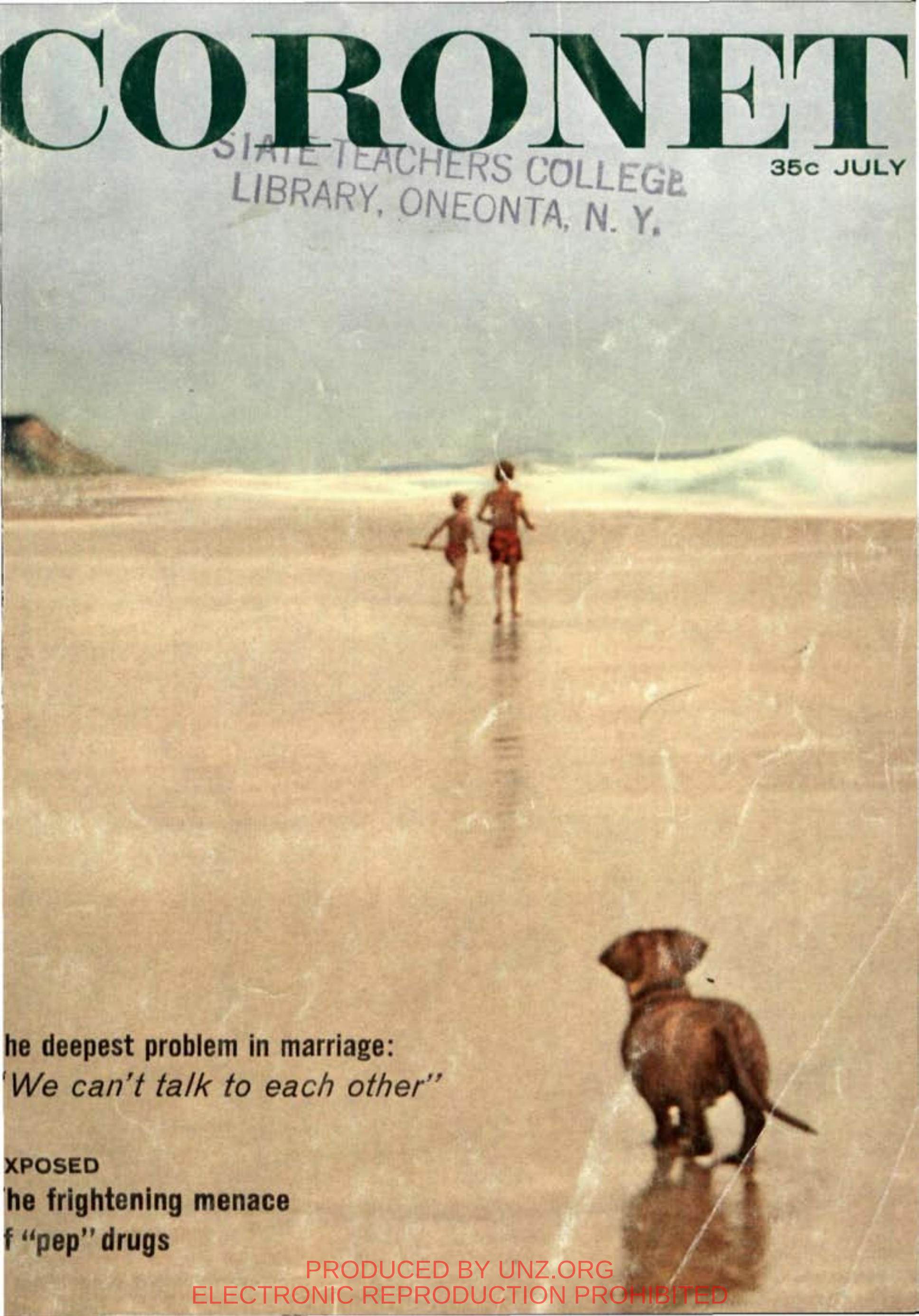

he deepest problem in marriage:
'We can't talk to each other"

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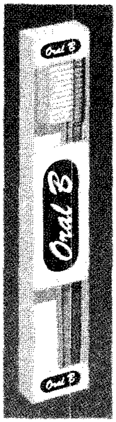

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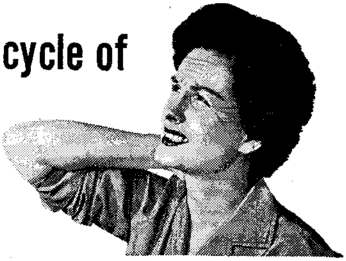
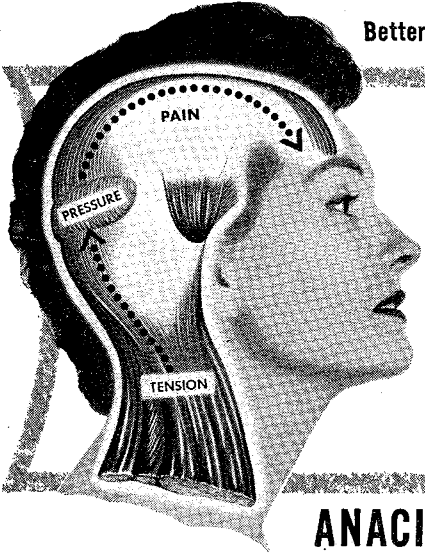
How you can break the vicious cycle of



NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE

Better than aspirin even with buffering added


PAIN
PRESSURE
TENSION

How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension in muscles in back of neck and scalp. This tension presses on nerves and causes pain. The pain builds up more tension, more pressure — makes your headache worse. To break this vicious cycle and obtain fast, more complete relief—you should try the special medication in Anacin, not obtainable in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension • releases pressure • relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the extra medication in Anacin. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains only one pain reliever and has no special medication to relax tension? Anacin contains a combination of ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin relaxes tension, releases pressure and relieves pain *fast.* Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in····

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ANACIN
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asks Bart Lytton,
President of Lytton Savings,
Los Angeles, California

Suppose you owned two insured Savings and Loan Associations in Southern California. Being insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, they would be equally safe, and they would be equally profitable, because Southern California Savings and Loan Associations usually lead the nation in interest paid on savings accounts.

BUT, suppose one of your Associations was named for the street on which it was located...say, Avenue Savings. Your other Association was named after you...it bore your own proud family name. Now, to which of these two Associations would you devote a little extra effort in order to make it the best in every way possible? The answer is obvious. You'd surely care more about the institution which bore your name.

A "LITTLE EXTRA" AT LYTTON SAVINGS

And so it is with Lytton Savings. This Association not only represents a very substantial family investment, but it bears my family name, and with it my reputation. We strive for excellence—make every effort to give our customers a "little extra" in responsible personal management and service. I think you'll notice the difference this makes in a hundred different ways at Lytton Savings.

SAVE-BY-MAIL, A LYTTON SPECIALTY

For example, our extensive Save-by-Mail division is a model for our industry. We process millions of dollars from thousands of Lytton Savings account-holders from all over the nation. Our Save-by-Mail service is meticulously geared to your needs, wherever you live, and is directly supervised and managed by a Senior Officer of the Association. I know you'll appreciate the extra attention, efficiency and special service you receive with a Lytton Savings Save-by-Airmail account.

4% *Current annual rate*
Interest paid quarterly

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- **Each account is insured to $10,000.00**
- **Accounts opened by the 10th of the month earn from the 1st**
- **Member: Federal Home Loan Bank; Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corp.**

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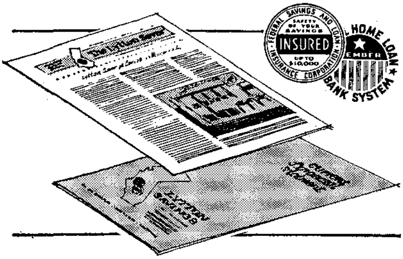
SAVINGS AND LOAN
FOUNDATION

May we prove it to you? Open a savings account with us by July 10th for as little as $1.00, if you wish. Since we pay interest quarterly... currently 4% a year, your funds will have earned a full three-months' interest by the end of September. And I'm confident that you will remain a saver at Lytton Savings.

TO OPEN YOUR ACCOUNT

Simply send your check, made out or endorsed to Lytton Savings, and tell us how you want your name to read on the account. You will receive by return mail a handsome passbook, and a postage-paid Airmail Save-by-Mail envelope—for future additions or withdrawals—along with our most recent financial statement. Regularly, thereafter, you will always receive our latest financial statements and issues of our newsletter, to keep you informed of developments at your Association. It's all part of caring more... as I'm sure you would do, if your family name was on the door.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT / NEWSLETTER



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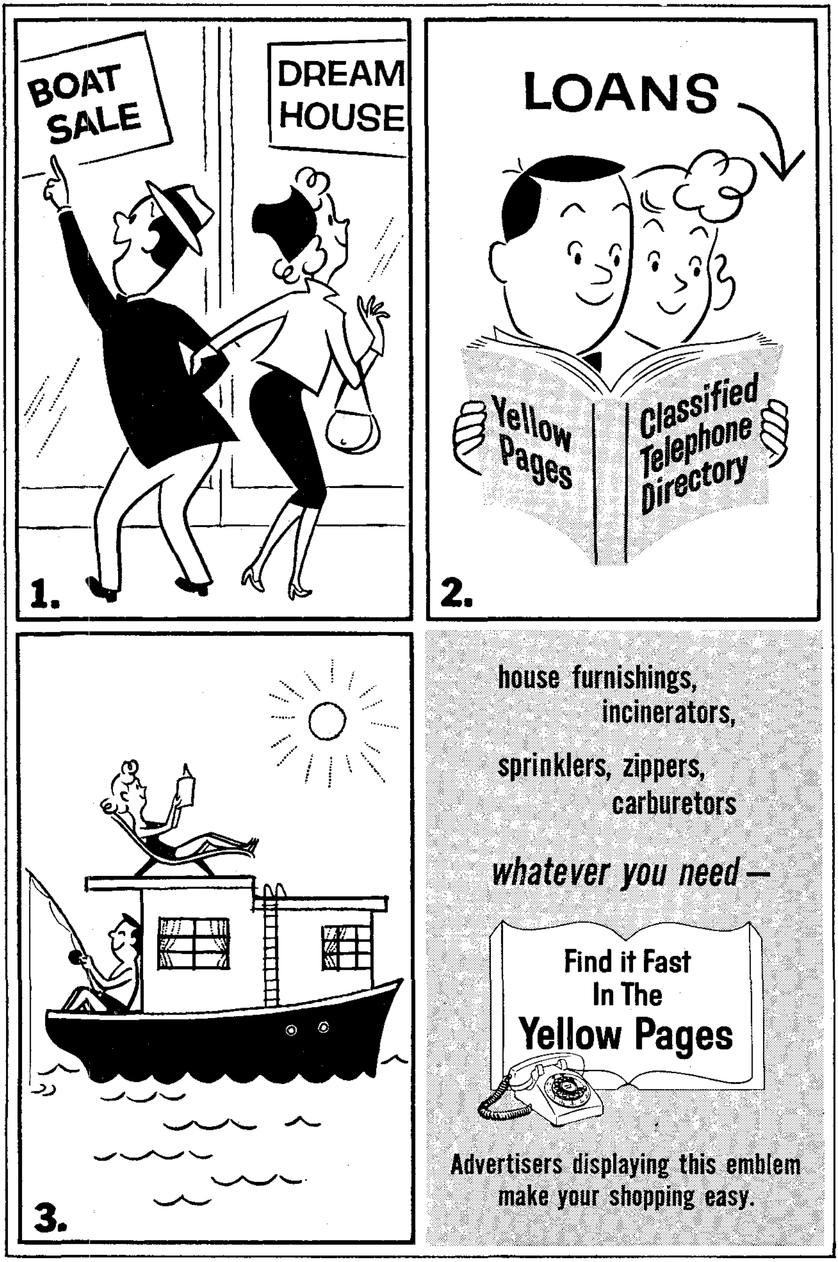
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Dear Reader:

Wolfe with Trotsky in 1937.

IN 1937, a 21-year-old Yale graduate worked briefly as secretary and English interpreter for an aged Russian exile in Mexico. The young man was Bernard Wolfe, author of "The Man Who Murdered Trotsky," page 55; the old man was Leon Trotsky, the arch-enemy of Joseph Stalin. Wolfe used to like to perch on the edge of a table while talking. Such American habits annoyed Trotsky, "a painfully formal person who even took his strolls on the patio in parade-ground fashion," according to Wolfe. Wolfe felt the tensions that lurked behind the pink and blue walls of Trotsky's fortress-villa; he was, in fact, a witness to one of the most bitter "family quarrels" in Communist history.

When Trotsky was murdered by a Soviet agent in 1940, Wolfe was living in New York. His thoughts sped back to the squat Mexican villa and the odd assortment of people who had slept so fitfully behind the barricaded windows. The meaning of it all began to emerge, but Wolfe waited 20 years "to develop the necessary emotional distance." Finally he was able to piece out the mystery in a powerful novel, *The Great Prince Died,* published this spring.

In Wolfe's novel, the turning point in Trotsky's life comes in 1921, when he condones the slaughter of Soviet sailors who protest Bolshevik injustice. Unable to explain away this brutal action, unable to forgive himself for his part in it, his subconscious guilt leads him to permit one of Stalin's stooges to have regular access to his household. When the murderer strikes, Trotsky's hand as well as Stalin's guides the deathblow.

The author of this gripping novel now lives in Greenwich Village and describes himself as "the world's greatest authority on dark cigars." He has been a reporter, an editor and has written three other novels. When CORONET asked Wolfe to write an article about Trotsky's murderer (due to be released from prison next year), he turned in a tale as spine-tingling as it is true and timely.

The Editors

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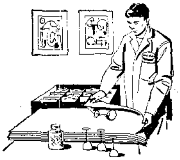

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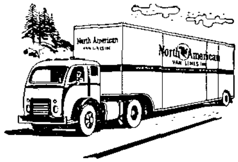
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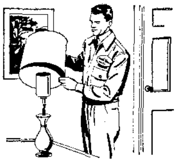

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CORONET

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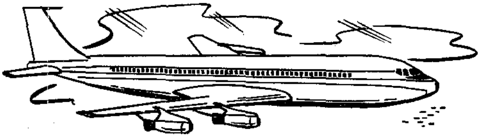
Cover PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHRYN ABBE

GIRLS — WOMEN — MEN

Train at Home for a

CAREER IN AIRLINES

The Air Age is just beginning . . . and a career in it may be yours. Meet celebrities. Enjoy adventure and romance. See exciting places. *Airlines* employ thousands of men and women and are expanding. There is opportunity now for thousands more at good pay right at the start and at even better pay as you advance. Work near home or even abroad. We speed your training by new, advanced methods. No interference with your present job or schooling. You will be trained at home and when you finish, you will be eligible for our free Employment Advisory Service. For full, FREE details, fill in the coupon. We'll rush your free material to you as soon as we hear from you.



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REMOVE UGLY HAIR FOREVER

IN JUST SECONDS!

from Lips . . . from Chin . . . from ANY PART OF YOUR BODY!

UNWANTED HAIR REMOVED
GENTLY . . . SWIFTLY . . . PERMANENTLY
NEVER TO GROW BACK!

You are sitting before the mirror in your own bedroom, your tweezer in your hand. The glass reveals, in its cruel honesty, the unsightly hair above your lip . . . on your chin . . . perhaps *along your cheeks and jaw. Gently, you pluck* out each hair — and as you remove each one YOU KNOW YOU ARE REMOVING THEM FOREVER!

Please read this again: Your own ordinary 50 cent tweezer will be eliminating those hated hairs FOREVER! PERMANENTLY! You won't even feel the pull of the tweezer, because the hair will offer no resistance. **It will be dead!** And never again will another hair grow in its place. No more, for the rest of your life, will your face be your stigma. No more will you go wearily to the drugstore for the creams or the waxes or the razors which pulled and tugged and tore at your skin only to fail to prevent the ugly hair from growing back coarser and more unsightly than before.

NEW SKIN BEAUTY

We can't repeat it often enough: **You will be removing those unwanted hairs FOREVER!** And, as the days and weeks and months follow, your mirror will not let you down. It will continue to show you your skin as you've always prayed for it to look—smooth, fine, **unmarred by even a shadow of the hair that once was your despair!** Your face will have the smoothness, the softness, of a little girl's. Your body, your limbs will be rid of the harsh appearance—your femininity returns as the coarse hairs vanish.

And you will do all this comfortably—safely and swiftly—secure in the knowledge **that your own doctor would recommend it!**

Is this a dream we've conjured up for you? Are you saying wistfully to yourself right now: "Can this really be true?" It is not a dream. It most certainly is true! Thousands are discovering this to their incredulous delight . . this new face this new body . that once seemed so far out of reach as to be only a dream.

WHAT HAS MADE PERMANENT HAIR REMOVAL POSSIBLE FOR EVERYONE

To remove superfluous hair **for good**, the hair root must be destroyed. The hairs that your little tweezer will be removing will be dead. To be more exact, their **roots** will be dead. What will have killed these roots? The answer is an instrument—a smooth, finely-balanced, delicate cylinder that weighs less than three ounces, and in the development of which a scientist spent years of his life. The touch of this instrument will kill the hair root (and only the hair root), and your tweezer will then pluck out the lifeless hair! There will be no wires to plug in, no creams to smear over your face, no expensive visits to beauty salons, not the slightest threat to your sensitive skin. Only two things will happen: (1) The unsightly hair will be removed forever; and (2) your skin will be smooth and unmarred by unwanted hair for the rest of your life.

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LEMOS PERMAGON

The name of this dermatological miracle is the LEMOS PERMAGON. And its cost—**complete**—is only $9.95! That's correct—$9.95 complete! There is nothing else to buy—no treatments *away from the intimacy of your own home*—no one other than yourself who is needed to bring about this transformation because this self-electrolysis method is so simple, so completely thorough. In all the world there is only one other process that is the possible equal of the LEMOS PERMAGON. (Its **equal** only, mind you, not its superior.) And that process is professional electrolysis with its long, arduous visits to a professional salon with its costs of **hundreds of dollars** . . with the invasion of your privacy by others.

The LEMOS PERMAGON will do **everything** that the most expensive professional treatment will do—**and it will do it at a tiny fraction of the cost!** The LEMOS PERMAGON will remove superfluous hair anywhere on your face, body and limbs—and the hair will never grow back. And it will do this safely, swiftly, simply! We guarantee this unconditionally.

SIMPLE—EASY TO USE

When you receive your LEMOS PERMAGON you can begin immediately. (1) You read the simple instructions. (2) You begin removing unwanted hair at once. It's that simple. No involved preparations. No appointment with beauticians. No anxious look at your savings account to see if *there is enough money in the bank* to pay for interminable treatments. All you'll need is the LEMOS PERMAGON and the $9.95 you've paid for it is all you'll have to spend. And from the moment you touch it to your face you will sing out in sheer delight as the disfiguring hairs are eased out and you watch your face and body emerge into a new feminine softness and grace.

So put away the dreaded razor. Throw out the ineffectual depilatories — the creams and the waxes that you've had to use only because you've been desperate. If you do this—if you will rid yourself of these ineffectual, irritating half-methods and follow instead the efficient, safe instructions contained in **our** package, avoiding warts, moles and other blemishes, you will be elated by the results and be able to buy yourself a gay new wardrobe with the many, many dollars your cosmetician has been costing you. The LEMOS PERMAGON will do what we've been saying over and over on this page—it will remove the hairs you want removed PERMANENTLY. **They will never grow back!**

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We ask that you try the LEMOS PERMAGON for two full weeks. We guarantee that if at the end of that period anything we have said in this advertisement does not completely live up to your expectations, we will refund every penny you paid for the LEMOS PERMAGON. Furthermore, we guarantee the LEMOS PERMAGON trouble-free for one year.

Our guarantee will have only one judge—you! If, after following our instructions and putting the LEMOS PERMAGON to the test, you feel we have overstated our claims you are free to immediately request refund. This is our guarantee.

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all about you

Why boys pine for home; tingling senses; does marriage mellow you?

LIPSTICK CHECKUP

In grandma's day, the use of lipstick was viewed as shocking and immodest. Lipstick was the devil's branding iron. But today, lipstick is considered just part of the art of growing up. According to Dr. Mary Cover Jones, Professor of Education at the University of California at Berkeley, "lipstick symbolizes as well as any one specific item could the sensitization in early adolescence toward a new sex role and toward being grown up." Dr. Jones compared youngsters of the '30s and '50s and found that more ninth-graders today approve of lipstick than 11th grade students of 20 years ago. The higher rate of approval was true for boys and girls.

UNDER THE SKIN

If you wince when you hear a hard chalk screech on a blackboard, you may take comfort in knowing that you have experienced "impalpable pain." This term was coined by George Felix Boyd, a researcher for The Rand Corporation, to describe the nerve-tingling, flesh-crawling sensation caused by sounds such as the scraping of a plate or sights such as a can of wriggling worms.

Approximately nine out of ten people are subject to such feelings, Boyd found in a sample study of 100 students at Alabama State College. Chief cause of grated ganglia was the sound of chalk on slate, followed by the rasp of metal objects on bricks, stones, sand or ceramics. Other nerve offenders: metal on metal, the grinding of teeth and the friction of glass and metal. The study found that certain sights such as an anthill, a bad wound or crawling snakes can also cause people "impalpable pain."

THE GOING-AWAY BLUES

Though people of all ages can suffer from homesickness, young men seem to be the most susceptible. This is the conclusion of Dr. Lillian M. Johnson, Dean of Women at the University of Cincinnati, and her colleague, psychologist Elizabeth Miller. In their counseling work with students, they observed that more young men than women were distressed by their separation from home. The researchers suggest that this is probably because men mature later than women, and are therefore less able to cope with feelings of insecurity and un-

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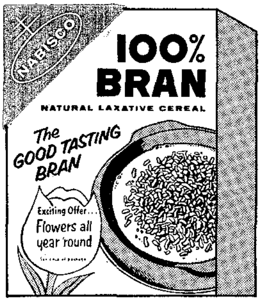

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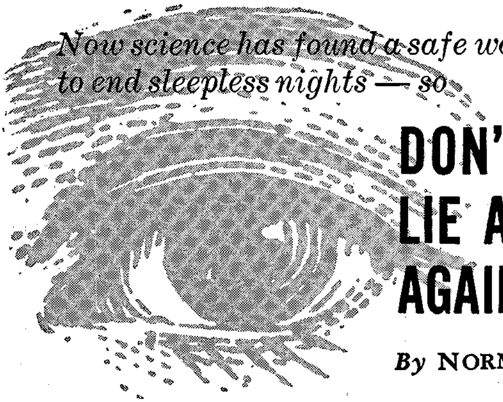


Now science has found a safe way to end sleepless nights — so

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

By NORMA JEAN CARSON

FOR YEARS, medical men have been seeking a safer answer to this age-old problem of sleeplessness.

The first hint of success came when a group of bio-chemists developed a new non-narcotic formula which was found to induce drowsiness. It had no unfavorable side effects and created no habit-forming dependency. But the question was—would it really help those who suffer from insomnia? It is one thing to induce sleep in persons who have no trouble sleeping. It is quite another to do as much for those with long histories of sleeplessness.

In a major New York hospital, clinical tests were arranged for a large group of chronic insomnia victims. During a three-month period, these new sleeping tablets proved just as effective as barbiturates. Nine out of ten patients showed immediate improvement. They fell asleep an average of one hour and twenty minutes sooner and slept for a considerably longer period each night. The successful results of these tests recently were reported to the medical profession in the Journal of Gerontology.

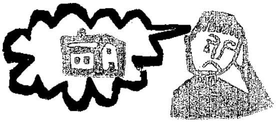
These new non-habit forming tablets can now be obtained in drug stores under the trade name of *Sleep-Eze*. Because they are so much safer than barbiturates, druggists in every state are allowed to dispense them without prescription. Regarding this safety factor, Coronet Magazine recently published an editorial article dealing with the danger of drug addiction and other ill effects of barbiturate sleeping pills. In this widely-read article, *Sleep-Eze Tablets* were mentioned by name and described as "*well within the safe medication zone*"—the only tablets so designated.

IT HASN'T taken long for word to get around that a safe and sane solution to the age-old problem of sleeplessness has been found at last. Already many thousands of men and women who once knew the misery of lying awake night after night—or who resorted to dangerous drugs to combat insomnia—have learned how quickly *Sleep-Eze* helps them fall asleep

(ADVERTISEMENT)

all about you
continued

certainty that arise in strange surroundings. Moreover, the male students' unhappiness is intensified because they feel socially bound to conceal their emotions more than women do. The best cure, says Mrs. Miller, is an ounce of prevention.



She advises parents to send their children—both boys and girls—on frequent visits to friends and relatives, or to summer camps, thus preparing them for later separations from home.

STALEMATES?

After many years of marriage, do husband and wife really change their ideas on love and marriage? Yes, but not very much, reports Professor E. Lowell Kelly, chairman of the University of Michigan's Department of Psychology

He tested 116 men and women shortly before their marriage and 20 years later. The tests showed that individuals who had held that the husband should be older than the wife and should wear the pants in the family, still thought the same way after 20 years of marriage—though less strongly.

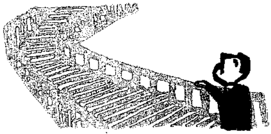
Where any real change had taken place, it was usually the woman who had modified her view, declares Professor Kelly.

After 20 years of marriage, the women were not so sure that husband and wife should share the same intellectual interests, for instance, nor were they so insistent that the husband and wife must express their mutual love in words.

One matter about which the wife was *less* likely to change her mind was this: "After marriage the husband should be 100 percent faithful to the wife in regard to sex."

STEP RIGHT UP

When poet Carl Sandburg climbs stairs, he reportedly kicks one foot with the other on each step to make sure he doesn't climb too quickly. This is in deference to the general medical opinion that stair-climbing puts a severe strain on the body, particularly the heart. But because most people unknowingly exaggerate the number of stairs they climb, they and their doctors are overly cautious, according to Bert Hanman, consultant to the World Health Organization and to the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.



Many people believe they spend about an hour a day climbing stairs. This is usually an exaggeration, says Hanman, whose studies show than an average climber (one who takes two steps per second) could reach the top of the 102 stories of the Empire State Building in about 15 minutes, not counting rest periods. A slow climber could make the 1,860 steps to the top in about half an hour!

Self-made powerhouse

Sidney Poitier: actor at the summit.

THROUGH powerful performances, **Sidney Poitier**, 35, has reached a summit never achieved by another Negro: stardom and a six-figure income as an actor rather than as a song-and-dance man. He credits his success to "luck and pliable looks—I can play men from 25 to 45." He plays a man his own age in *A Raisin in the Sun*, the Broadway hit written by a Negro playwright, Lorraine Hansberry, 28.

This month Poitier is also seen as Porgy in the movie opera, *Porgy and Bess*, in which his songs were sung for him by Robert McFerrin. Although he sang a folk blues in *The Defiant Ones*—the film that won him an Academy Award nomination—Poitier insists, surprisingly, that he is tone-deaf.

But he has plenty of acting offers, including parts not originally designated for a Negro, at $200,000 a picture plus a share of the profits.

"I look for a story that is honest and makes audiences feel mankind is worth while," Poitier says. He found both in *Raisin*, which dramatizes the clashing dreams of a Negro family in a Chicago slum. His intensity and panther-like movements in the play have whittled nine pounds off his lean, 6′2″, 185-pound frame. Before every performance, he goes through a ritual of calisthenics "to sharpen the muscles to the point of command."

One of eight children born to a Caribbean tomato farmer, Poitier (pronounced Pwa-ti-eh) chafed at accepting menial jobs in Nassau, Miami and New York. He finally auditioned for the American Negro Theatre—and flunked. He could barely read and his singsong Carib accent made it impossible for him to be understood. Mortified but determined, Poitier invested $14 in a radio and bought stacks of newspapers and magazines. He taught himself to speak clearly and to read well in six months, and successfully passed his second audition.

The movie *Blackboard Jungle* gave Poitier a meaty role that displayed his explosive style before large audiences. He later reinforced the sledge-hammer impact of his acting with his work in *Something of Value* and *The Defiant Ones*. In his next movie, *All the Young Men*, Poitier plays the sergeant of an all-white platoon in Korea.

Poitier and his wife, Juanita, a former dancer, live in Mount Vernon, New York, in a 14-room house echoing with the noises of their three daughters, aged three to seven. —MARK NICHOLS

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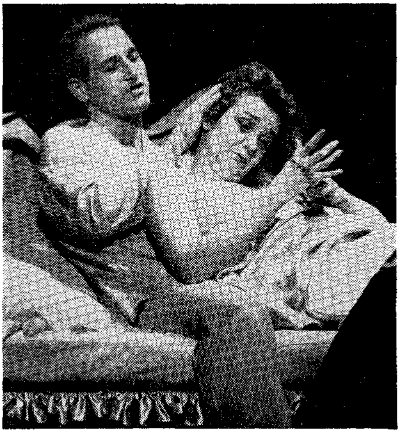
MOVIES

Shake Hands with the Devil, a taut, well-acted story filmed in Ireland, recreates the troubled time of the Irish Rebellion in 1921. A young American of Irish parentage (Don Murray), studying at the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, becomes inadvertently enmeshed in a rebel sabotage action. He discovers that one of the Irish Republican Army leaders is his professor (James Cagney).

Knowing that the British will arrest Murray as a rebel, Cagney hides the youth until he can be smuggled aboard a ship sailing for the U. S. But as one step leads to another, Murray finds he cannot remain impartial in the struggle. Two women, a spirited barmaid (Glynis Johns) and a well-bred lady (Dana Wynter), the latter held as a hostage by the I.R.A., provide complications that keep the story mounting to a melodramatic, shoot-'em-up finale.

Cagney denounces a young girl for her immorality.

THEATER



Newman's corruption doesn't worry Geraldine Page.

Sweet Bird of Youth, Tennessee Williams' 10th Broadway play, emphatically proves that he is one of America's most compelling playwrights, a poet of dreams corrupted by evil and decadence.

Williams again opens a Southern closet full of tortured souls, caught up in tangled webs of self-deception. This time his central figures are a fading movie queen (brilliantly acted by Geraldine Page) and her current gigolo (Paul Newman), a would-be blackmailer trying to promote a screen career. Sidney Blackmer, as a demagogic politician pursuing Newman for a past transgression against the politician's daughter, ignites a powder keg of violence, bigotry and unbridled hatred. Emotion spills over with stunning theatricality into direct addresses to the audience—a bold step brought off by Elia Kazan's spectacular direction and the cast's fiery performances. —M.N.

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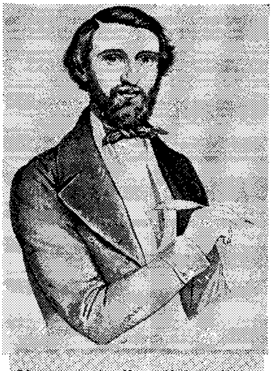
Verdi—voice of liberty

ONE WINTER EVENING in 1841, the 28-year-old Giuseppe Verdi wandered through the streets of Milan, desperate and ready to abandon his musical career. As the son of an impoverished innkeeper, he had struggled vainly to achieve recognition as a composer; or at least earn a livelihood. But after a minor musical success, he was overwhelmed by disaster. His young wife and two children had died within a short time of each other. And as a final blow, his new opera had evoked only hoots and jeers from the public.

As he wandered along, overwhelmed by despair, Verdi encountered Bartolomeo Merelli, manager of the La Scala Opera. The impresario invited Verdi into his office and sought in vain to talk him out of his black mood. As Verdi left, Merelli thrust a new libretto into the composer's hands.

Arriving home, Verdi threw down the libretto in disgust. It flapped open, and his eyes fell on the line: *Va, pensiero, sull' ali dorate*—"Fly, thought, on golden wings." Enchanted, he read the line over and over. By morning, he knew the libretto by heart—and was on his way to compose the opera *Nabucco,* which marked the turning point in his colorful career.


Giuseppe Verdi: artist-realist.

Sixty years later, at funeral services for Verdi in Milan, Arturo Toscanini, then 34, conducted a chorus of 900 which sang "Fly, thought, on golden wings." In the intervening years, the tune had become the battle song of the Italian fighters for freedom and national unity. As the funeral cortege moved through the black-draped streets, the crowds took up the song—as a lament for Verdi's death and as homage to his great patriotism.

To music lovers today, Verdi's operas epitomize sheer beauty and universal meaning. But to the composer and his contemporaries, many of his works also signified protest against foreign oppression. At the time of his birth, Verdi's home town, Le Roncole, was a battleground in the war between Napoleon and the invading armies of Austria and Russia. Most of the townspeople were killed. But the infant Verdi survived only because his mother hid him in the belfry of the church. He grew up as an Austrian subject, who poured his hope for liberation into the themes and melodies of his operas. His name became a symbol of freedom, and the police knew that the inscriptions on walls reading "Viva Verdi!" also stood for Vittorio Emanuel Re D'Italia

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Music, cont.

—Victor Emmanuel, the hoped-for king of a united Italy.

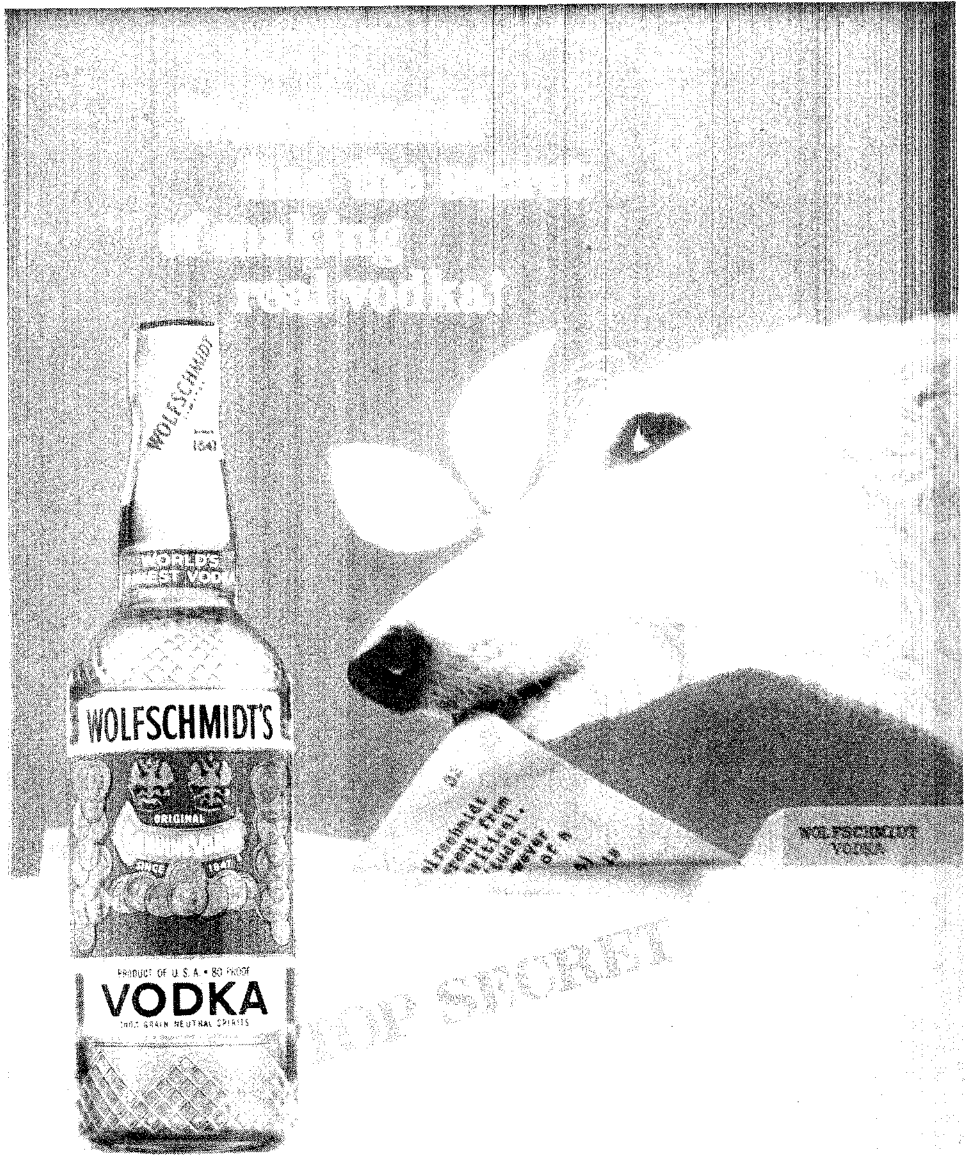
Opera-goers today may wonder why Verdi chose Boston, Massachusetts, as the locale for *The Masked Ball* and peopled it with such strange characters as Riccardo, Earl of Warwick and Governor of Boston; Ulrica, the Indian sorceress; and the Negro conspirator Samuele. As originally written, they were all portrayed as Europeans—the New England Governor as a king. Political censors forced a change in the libretto after an abortive attempt by an Italian patriot to assassinate Napoleon III. *Rigoletto,* too, almost became a casualty of censorship. The Austrian authorities objected to the presentation of a morally-depraved king and to Rigoletto as a hunchback. Verdi made minor changes, and the libretto was eventually passed.

In 1862, Verdi composed a *Hymn of the Nations,* as a tribute to the French and British who had supported the fight for a united Italy. In 1943, during World War II, Toscanini, fiery foe of Mussolini, revived the Hymn, changing the words "Italy, My Country" to "Italy, My Betrayed Fatherland." And many regarded it as symbolic when news of Mussolini's fall came over the air while Toscanini was conducting an all-Verdi program.

—FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Bach, Three Harpsichord Concertos: Heiller, Caridis, Vienna State Opera Chamber Orchestra; Vanguard BG 588
Beethoven Symphony No. 5: Maazel, Berlin Philh.; Decca DL 10006
Bjoerling in Opera: RCA Victor LM 2269
Boccherini, Quintets: Quintetto Boccherini; Angel 45011
The Beloved Choruses: Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy; Columbia ML 5364
The Concerto Grosso and Trio Sonata (Corelli, Vivaldi, etc.): Hansen, Copenhagen Chamber Orch.; Vanguard BG 584
Dvořák, Symphony No. 4: Szell, Cleveland Orch.; Epic LC 3532
Handel, Water Music: Van Beinum, Concertgebouw; Epic LC 3551
Haydn, 4 Divertimenti: Salzburg Baryton Trio; Decca ARC 3120
Liszt, Transcendental Etudes: Bolet; RCA Victor LM 2291
Mendelssohn, Italian Symphony; Haydn, London Symphony: Bernstein, New York Philharmonic; Columbia ML 5349
Mozart, Piano Concertos in E Flat and F Major: Vronsky & Babin, London Mozart Players; Capitol G 7152
Pops Stoppers: Fiedler, Boston Pops; RCA Victor LM 2270
Rachmaninoff, Preludes & Transcriptions: Horsley; Capitol G 7136
Schumann, Piano Concerto in A Minor: Rubinstein, Krips, RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM 2256
Strauss, Capriccio: Schwarzkopf, Fischer-Dieskau; Angel 3580
Helen Traubel in Opera and Song; RCA Camden CAL 485
The Violin Sonata: Tomasow, Heiller; Vanguard BG 583
Waltz Masterpieces: Poliakin, Stadium Symph.; Everest LPBR 6025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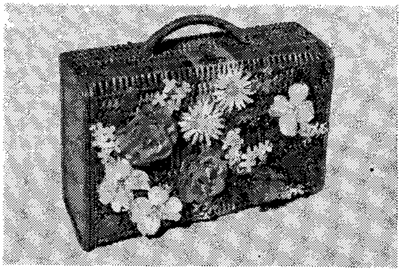
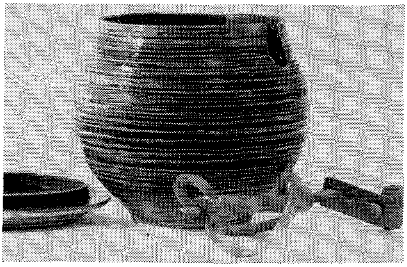
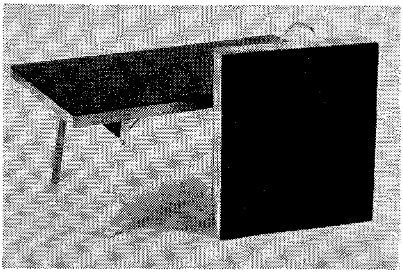


Summer suitcase of imported wicker is trimmed with colored flowers. Hand-woven lacquered straw with gold-plated safety turn lock. 17″ wide, 11″ high, 6″ deep. Perfect for week-end vacations. $8.95 pp. Vernon Specialties Co., 276 E. 3rd St., Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.



A few turns of the wooden reed tosser in Maxim's salad bowl distribute dressing evenly on vegetables. Lid of bowl keeps salad from spilling. Oven-proof ceramic in turquoise, terra cotta, green or yellow. $9.95 pp. Marshall Crosby, C, 230 5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

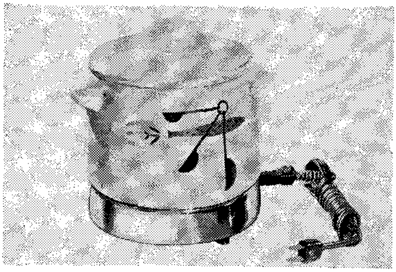


Automatic picnic table opens or closes in one easy motion. Made of sturdy hardwood with stain resistant Masonite top. Measures 18″ x 32″ x 12½″ when opened. Folds for easy storage. Weighs 9½ lbs. $10.95 pp. Buyer's Bazaar, Rm. 613-S, 120 Liberty St., New York 6, N.Y.

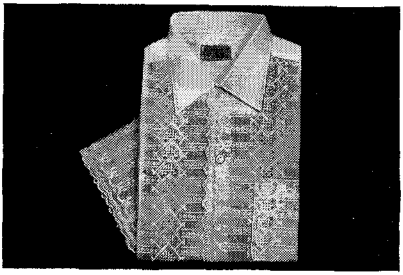
Battery shaver is made to order for traveling man. Will operate up to 5 months on 2 flashlight batteries. Dual blade head is self-sharpening. With pigskin case, cleaning brush and batteries. $10.00 pp. Standard American Suppliers, Dept. C, 1 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

West Bend electric server keeps food hot at patio parties or any time meals are served. 2 qt. server is 8″ high, 7⅞″ wide. Of buff-white stoneware. Complete with separate chrome-plate heating unit. $6.95 pp. Marshall Field & Co., 111 North State St., Chicago, Ill.



Men will appreciate this imported batiste summer shirt for its comfort and good looks. Eyelet Schiffli embroidered with scalloped half sleeves and front. White only. Small, medium, large and extra large sizes. $9.95 pp. Lew Magram, RC-7, 830 7th Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.



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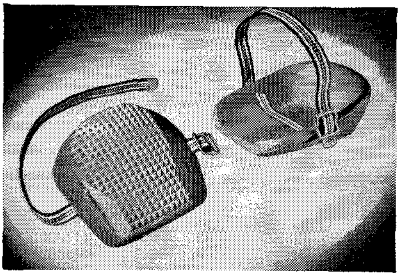
Rubber knee pads provide soft cushions for your knees when gardening, working in the house, etc. Made of lightweight sponge rubber with rugged web straps. One adjustable size fits men and women. $2.00 pr. pp. Lord George, Ltd., C-6, 1270 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.



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CORONET

He walked with the stars

by Dick Young

A warm remembrance of Charley "The Brow," the little jester of the locker room, who brought fun and friendship to baseball's royalty

The laughter isn't there in the clubhouse of the Los Angeles Dodgers this year. The laughter died with bat boy Charley "The Brow" DiGiovanna.

Bushy-browed Charley's heart stopped beating last December 28. It was a young heart, only 28, and it was a generous heart, which gave others an abundance of joy.

To an extent, Charley destroyed himself. As a child, he had suffered from rheumatic fever, and he grew up knowing he had been left with a scarred heart. But he ignored the physicians' warnings to take it easy. It was as though he had decided that nobody would cheat him out of one second of whatever time he had left. He would live every day of it, laugh every minute of it.

It is doubtful whether any GI stationed in Japan experienced as much as "The Brow" did when the Dodgers made a one-month tour of the islands after the 1956 World Series. Charley was responsible for moving all the equipment, and it was no small job. He worked hard, as always, and lived hard. "I don't know how he did it," said the Dodger captain, Pee Wee Reese. "He'd sleep on the bus as we went to the town where we were due to play—and that's about all he'd get. We tried to tell him to slow down, but you know 'The Brow.' "

Charley DiGiovanna wasn't a bat boy for all his 15 years in the big leagues. For his last few seasons, he was promoted to "assistant clubhouse man," because the Dodger front office was embarrassed to have a bat boy older (and smarter) than many of the men who swung the bats.

So Charley "The Brow" was promoted from hustling bats to hustling sweaty undershirts, polishing spiked shoes and sweeping the clubhouse floor. Occasionally, "The Brow" would pause while sweeping under the feet of his famous friends and say puckishly, "I appreciate this advancement, fellows, but I'd like to be out there on the field with you, fighting the enemy, listening to the roar of the crowd."

Such a hammy performance would bring the Dodger players off their locker stools, applauding and laughing. That was most important—the laughter. It was amazing how this little clown in dirty denims and a beat-up Dodger cap could lift a slumping big league ball club out of the doldrums.

But Charley had a third, and most unorthodox job. He had the "power of attorney" for every man on the Dodgers. He would sign their names on baseballs. It was perfectly "legal" forgery. In fact, the men whose names Charley forged encouraged the practice. The Dodger players, burdened with repeated requests for autographed baseballs, admired the skill and speed with which "The Brow" duplicated their names.

"Once," the little bat boy confessed, "I signed the name of a guy we had traded a week earlier. It was highly embarrassing."

The Dodger management was aware of Charley's forgeries and, while it could not publicly sanction such deception, tacit consent was given. There was one exception.

"When you get a box of balls to be signed for a hospital or a service organization," specified General Manager Buzzy Bavasi, "be sure the players themselves do the signing."

But "The Brow" had spoiled the Dodgers with his forging skills; they had become too lazy to write their own names 12 or 24 times at one sitting. So, in his inimitable way, Charley would heckle them into getting the job done.

"Sign the balls, good fellows," he would shout, "Stan Musial signs the balls."

"To hell with Stan Musial!" would come the roaring chorus of the players.

In no time at all, this had flowered into a running gag that never failed to get a laugh. In the Dodger clubhouse, just before a big game, you would hear "The Brow" sing out:

"Sign the balls, nice fellows. Ted Williams signs the balls."

"To hell with Ted Williams!" the players would bellow.

"Ed Basinski signs the balls," Charley would plead, referring to a dimly remembered Dodger player.

"To hell with Ed Basinski!" the stars would thunder.

"Walt Alston signs the balls," Charley would wail, slyly slipping in the name of the present Dodger manager.

"To hell with Ed Basinski!" the Dodgers would chorus and break into peals of laughter.

Occasionally, a new young player would have the temerity to order Charley around as though "The Brow" were his personal valet. It would take less than a day for the newcomer to get his comeuppance.

"Hey 'Brow,'" commanded one such upstart, "get me a new glove."

"I'm afraid," said Charley coldly, "that won't solve your problem."

Once a year, Charley would make a road trip with the Dodgers. This is a baseball custom observed by most teams—a reward for their bat boy. They take him on the last swing, and watch him walk around with his mouth open in the big, strange cities.

But "The Brow's" mouth never hung open. When the players would go out to dinner, he would fight to pick up the tab.

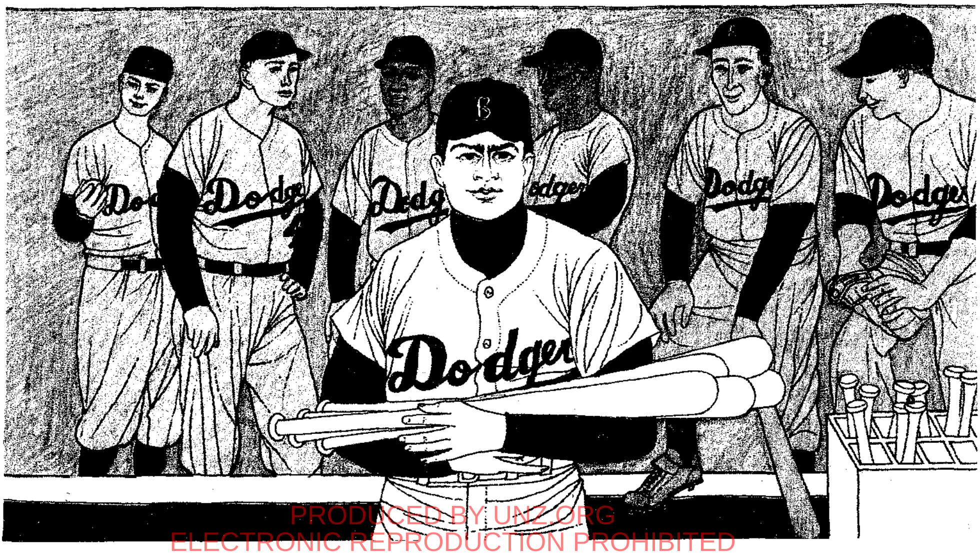
"Don't worry," he'd say with the poised wave of an oilman, "I work for a bunch of big tippers."

The players would laugh—and remember. Came payday, "The Brow" would get the big tips as players settled their "clubhouse dues."

Clubhouse dues are the tabs run up by the players through purchases of sandwiches, coffee, chewing tobacco, spikes, sweatshirts and such. This is a business operated by the clubhouse man and his assistant. Accounts are settled every payday—twice monthly.

"The Brow" charged top prices—to which was added a substantial tip. How else can a fellow who pushes a

Shrugging off a heart ailment, DiGiovanna served his Dodger pals for 15 years—first as bat boy, then assistant clubhouse man. His jokes often snapped the team out of damaging slumps.



broom support his wife and kids?

But nobody in a Dodger uniform ever really thought of Charley DiGiovanna as a sweeper. He was a comedian, an artist, a master forger —and a shrewd businessman.

A few months after the Dodgers took up residence in Los Angeles, Frank Scott, an agent who handles the business affairs of many sports stars, noticed that his Dodger business had fallen off sharply. He had heard rumors that a West Coast agent was cutting in, lining up endorsements and appearances for Dodger players. Investigating further, he learned that his competitor had been introduced and recommended to the Dodger players by one Charley DiGiovanna.

Scott planned to fly out to Los Angeles to confront "The Brow," prepared to offer him a percentage deal. "You know," says Scott, "I used to have to talk to the baseball commissioner to get clearance to use a ballplayer for a certain business deal. Yet there I was, about to fly across the country to see an assistant clubhouse man."

But "The Brow's" rheumatic heart stopped beating before Scott left for Los Angeles for their business conference. "I would have just shaken hands with him and closed the deal," Scott sighs. "What's the use of having a contract with a guy who could sign both names to it?"

The Dodger stars worried about "The Brow" because they loved him. They still do. His funeral back in Brooklyn was attended by the great Jackie Robinson, first baseman Gil Hodges and a young pitcher, Bobby Giallombardo. Pee Wee Reese and others were prevented from attending by an airlines' strike.

Current and former Dodgers have taken up a collection for "The Brow's" widow, Shirley, and their three children. The fund was supervised by Frank Slocum of the baseball commissioner's office and Gil Hodges, personal friends of "The Brow." At last count, it had reached about $4,000.

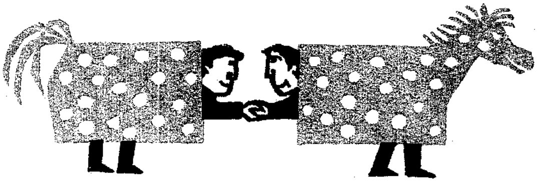
"My Charley was a wonderful guy," says Shirley DiGiovanna. "Just before he died, he made $5,000 on the Groucho Marx show, and used every cent of it to clear up all our debts. He left me a nice home, and years of love and beautiful thoughts." But the memories belong to all who knew "The Brow"—the little nobody who walked with the stars. ♛

LANGUAGE BARRIER

ONE AFTERNOON a four-year-old neighbor came over to play with my 14-month-old baby. My toddler was jabbering on a mile a minute while her playmate just sat and listened patiently.

When she was leaving, the little visitor turned to me and said, "Gee, I wish I was younger, so I could understand what your baby was talking about."

—Dixie Roto Magazine



GRIN AND SHARE IT

OUT IN ARIZONA there is a brand-new artificial lake called Woods Canyon Lake into which conservation people plan to put some fish later on —and they won't be of catchable size for some years. Imagine Ranger Tom Barnes' surprise to find on a recent inspection a boat with two anglers out on the lake.

"I didn't have the heart to disillusion them," he laughed. "They were having so much fun I just let them go ahead and fish. Didn't even ask to see their licenses."

—*Woolery Digest*

A LADY ONCE entertained Lord Tennyson at her house on the Isle of Wight. After tea, the great man became lost in thought, while his admiring hostess watched the expression on those noble features and waited breathlessly for some majestic phrase to be treasured ever afterwards. At last the poet broke the silence by declaring, "Madam, your stays creak."

—*Quote*

THE OLD TEXAN was asked by a poll-taker if he thought the recession would have major political repercussions in the Lone Star State.

"Son, we don't have a recession down here," replied the oldster. "I'll admit, though, our boom is worse 'n it's been in a good while."

—*Wall Street Journal*

NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN were playing hide-and-seek in back of our house.

"It's your turn to be 'it,' Jimmie," said our three-year-old youngster.

"What do I gotta do?" three-year-old Jimmie asked, puzzled.

"Start countin'," replied Tommy-Joe, age five.

"How long?" queried Jimmie.

"Just keep countin' 'til we get done hidin'," Tommy-Joe said importantly.

"Well," drawled Jimmie, "you better hurry, 'cause I can only count to five."

—M. E. BYRNES

WHEN ROBERT EMMET, the great Irish patriot, was being executed, peasants for miles around gathered in the gray dawn to kneel in prayer. One old woman happened to kneel in the path of an English guard and he bumped her out of the way with his knee.

A British captain helped her to her feet and bawled out the soldier for his lack of respect for the poor woman's devotion. She looked up at the officer and said, "Thank you, sir. If there's a cool spot in Hell, I hope you get it."

—E. E. EDGAR

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Danny Kaye:

The "men" I married

by Mrs. Danny Kaye

"ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN." That phrase, in many ways, seems to sum up the startlingly complex man I married 19 years ago. The world loves the funny faces that comedian Danny Kaye puts on as part of his art. Yet, around the house, our daughter Dena, 12, and I most frequently see the genial, gently teasing face at the right. Like a chameleon, Danny manages to change according to his environment. This unpredictable facet of his personality—at 46, his emotional range is between five and 85—often catches me off-guard. I hoard these off-screen faces for future use in the on-screen specialty numbers I write for him. Perhaps Danny's long-lasting success as a clown is due to the myriad guises he shows his audiences. (Some of the surprising faces are shown on the following pages.)

Surrounded by children—such as the Israeli youngsters he entertained during his UNICEF tour (left), Danny becomes a child, too, full of naive wonder, believing all things possible.

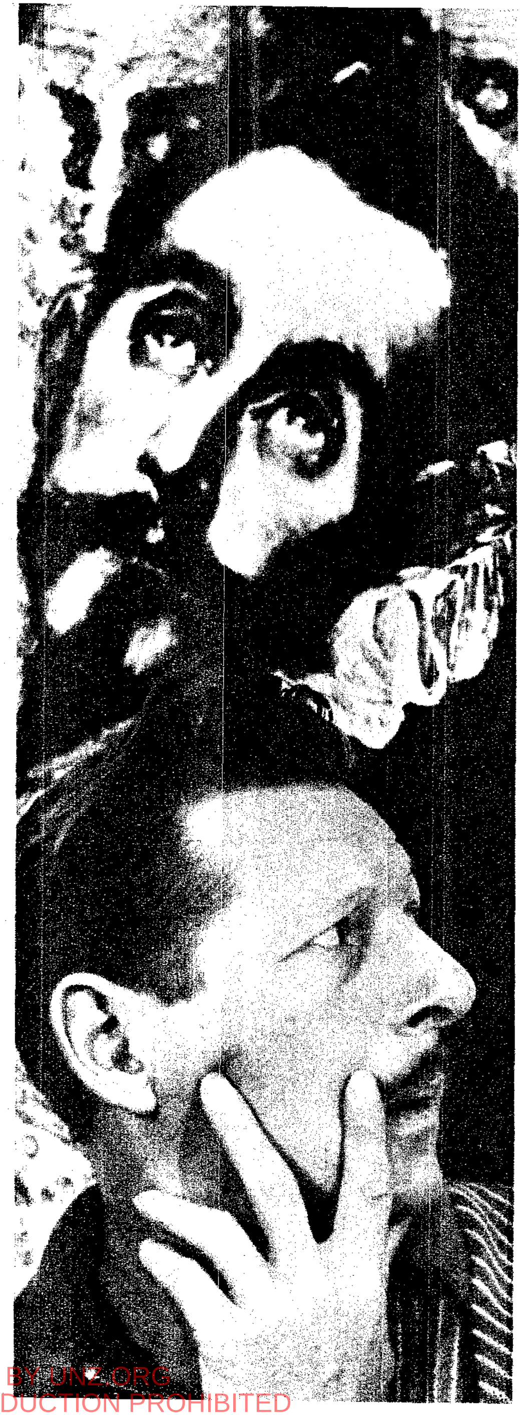
Yet he has a serious, dignified side, illuminated with quiet, whimsical humor. Danny displayed this personality in "Me and the Colonel" (right).

I ONCE ASKED my father-in-law what Danny's late mother was like. He thought for a long while, then said, "Wherever she walked, there was light." Danny possesses this quality, too. If he's depressed, his gray mood darkens our household. When he is happy, his joy illuminates us all. He is a man of extremes. If he becomes interested in something—golf, the UN Children's Fund or a new cheese cake recipe—his enthusiasm is overwhelming; his dislikes are equally intense. Danny will ask an expert, "How does televison work?" and years later repeat the explanation as if he had heard it yesterday. His amazing memory also applies to musical scores; he often conducts symphony orchestras in fund-raising concerts. As a cook, my husband gives me an inferiority complex. He impulsively decides to make a very complicated dish, like pâté, for the first time. So he combines several recipes, enlists everyone in sight as kitchen slaveys, and scatters mounds of pots everywhere. I predict disaster—yet, maddeningly, the dish always turns out superbly. Danny also gets sudden cravings for food along about 3 A.M. One dawn it was clam chowder. I went downstairs, looked up the ingredients, and made the chowder for him. When I brought up the tray, Danny had fallen asleep. Another time, Danny sensed I needed a pickup during a week-long illness. Before leaving the studio that night, he borrowed a wig, covered himself with make-up and emerged as an old man (right). He appeared at my bedroom door, introduced himself with a zany name as "Mr. Kaye's cousin," and gasped out an involved story about the trouble he had getting into the country. A moment later the cook came in and pretended to chase him with a cleaver. My laughter sent my low spirits packing. Later, when Danny needed an escape disguise as a plot complication in "The Court Jester," we used his make-up idea.

Danny frequently takes on the mood and even the looks of others—as he did with Louis Armstrong (above) while rehearsing the song, "When the Saints Go Marchin' In," for his latest movie, "The Five Pennies."

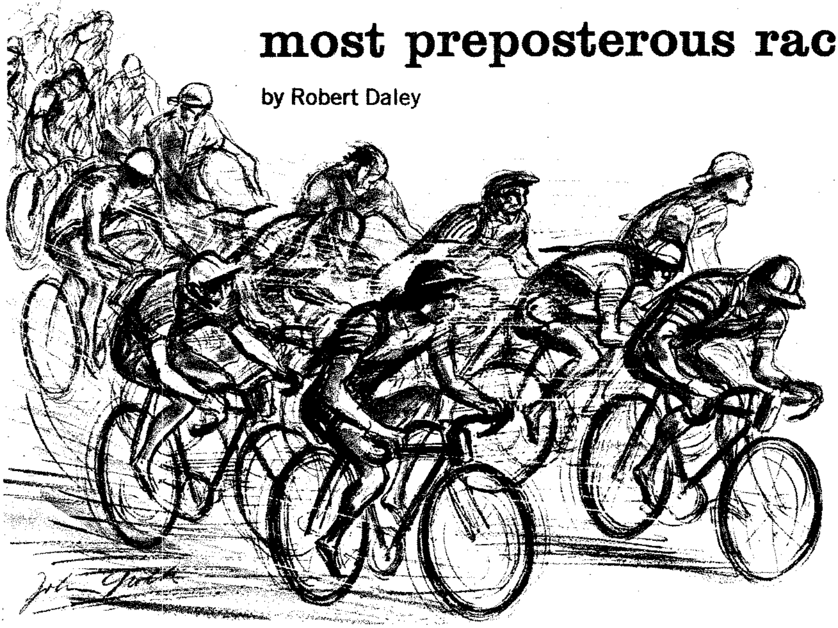
Then there's his Bad Little Boy look—the face he made for his record, "Mommy, Gimme a Drinka Water!" I get this look when I suggest going to a party when Danny would rather play golf.

AT PARTIES, Danny seems to be equipped with radar; he even hears conversations across the room. He stores up what he hears and quotes it months later, to the astonishment of the speakers. Danny generally doesn't like big parties, and often "cases" the guests anxiously before walking in. The expression he assumes (right) asks: "Friend or foe?" Then he has the "Open Pussycat" face—a funny way he rearranges his features to look like he has cat's whiskers. Danny would have become a doctor if his family had been well-off. To compensate, he steeps himself in medical lore. He prefers watching an operation to a baseball game or movie. He resists illness, and when he has a cold, he behaves as if the germs had insulted him personally. All of these men, all these faces, are my husband Danny Kaye—and part of the fun of living with this exciting man is not knowing which person is going to stroll through the door wearing Danny's skin.



The world's most preposterous race

by Robert Daley



For free-wheeling wackiness, nothing compares to the Tour de France — a 22-day bicycle jamboree jammed with thrills, spills, and spiked spokes

SPUTTERING WITH FURY, the French cabinet minister leaped to his feet during a stormy Assembly debate. "This time you have gone too far," he thundered at the opposition. "The people of France will revolt!"

Gently, a colleague pulled him back into his seat. "There is nothing to worry about," he reassured the angry cabinet member. "In three days, the Tour de France starts. No Frenchman would revolt now. It might interfere with the Tour."

This anecdote may be apocryphal. But it does indicate the passionate esteem the French have for their bicycle race known as the Tour de France—the richest, cruelest, zaniest and most heroic, the funniest and most dangerous in the world. And the longest.

To get an idea of the terrain and distance covered, imagine a route winding from San Francisco down through the Rockies, across the deserts into Mexico, out across Texas and back to San Francisco.

This year the Tour, which lasts 24 days (including only two rest days), will start at Mulhouse, near the German frontier, on June 25. When it ends July 18 at Paris, it will have covered 2,684 miles, climbed more than 20 mountain passes (in the Pyrenees and Alps), spent the night at 22 cities, awarded about $120,000 in prizes and left its route littered with battered bicycles and men.

For those who race in it, the Tour is usually 22 days of unrelenting torture. Each year, approximately 120 superbly conditioned young men sprint away from the starting line. In 1957, 64 never reached the finish. Last year only 42 dropped out, which meant that the Tour was too easy. It has been stiffened considerably for 1959.

Interest in the Tour de France is intense throughout Europe. When the racers whiz through a town, everything else stops. The roads are blocked off, shops are closed, and all residents flock to cheer the colorful racers followed by a 1,000 man, 350 vehicle (250 cars, trucks and ambulances, 100 motorcycles) entourage of reporters, officials, masseurs, doctors and coaches. This caravan stretches some 30 miles along the road and it is estimated that more than 12,000,000 people, held back by 13,000 policemen, watch it go by.

The Tour does not bother with formalities at the various borders which it crosses. The customs men merely raise the barriers and the Tour sails through, all of it, racers, entourage and perhaps even a smuggler or two.

The Tour de France was born in 1903 as a stunt to boost the circulation of a sporting newspaper called *L'Auto*. A chimney sweep named Maurice Garin won the first Tour, which was a mere 1,500 miles long, in 94 hours and 33 minutes of furious pedaling.

France fell madly in love with the Tour at once. But by the next summer the love had become possessive, partisan and fanatic. Every place Garin pedaled he was competing against some local favorite, whose followers sprinkled Garin's path with tacks. Once, 100 men waylaid him, beat him with clubs and nearly killed him.

The first four riders to cross the finish were disqualified for various "irregularities," and Henri Desgrange, editor of *L'Auto* (now called *L'Equipe*) and founder of the Tour, stood there in tears watching his dream destroyed. "There will never be another Tour de France," Desgrange wept. But there was. This summer marks the 46th. It has outlasted two world wars, the German occupation and the Third and Fourth French Republics.

In many ways the Tour resembles a war. Its logistic problems are incredibly complicated.

First the route must be selected. This is not as easy as it sounds. To begin with, a city must pay about

$10,000 for the privilege of being selected as a Tour stopover, it must supply over 1,000 beds and it must promise the cooperation of all municipal authorities. The route changes every year, partly to keep the Tour truly national in scope, partly to satisfy clamorous demands of new cities, partly to punish cities whose standards of cooperation were not equal to what the Tour expects.

Minute by minute the route which the Tour will take in the latter part of June is plotted in February. The Tour will arrive at such-and-such a crossroads at 10:01 A.M. The size of the expected crowd is estimated, so are the number of cops and barricades needed to hold it back; so is the amount of food which the Tour and its entourage will eat at each stopover, the number of towels required, the amount of gasoline which the Tour vehicles will need and the location of the telephone cabins for the press.

In all, the Tour costs about $500,000. This is paid partly by commercial sponsors (for instance, Saint Raphael Quinquina Vermouth rewards the fastest men over certain mountain passes to the tune of $20,000); partly by fees from stopover cities; and partly by *L'Equipe,* which absorbs whatever deficit the Tour incurs, usually about $20,000.

Once the Tour gets under way it is organized like an army. Each of the teams—usually about 12—has three cars, one truck, a coach, three trainers and three mechanics. There is no room for racers' wives, who must follow the Tour by television.

On the average, the racers pedal over six hours a day—without stopping for a moment. They snatch fruit and sandwiches from their shoulder bags, or from adoring female fans along the road.

The average speed of the Tour is 25 miles an hour, but sometimes it races down mountainsides at 60.

The aluminum bikes weigh only five pounds each and have tires the width of a man's thumb. At high speeds, a break in the pavement, a patch of sand or oil, a too sharp turn can spell disaster. There have been few fatal accidents to date, possibly because the men are so tired that when a crash is inevitable they tend to relax and roll with the shock.

Toward the end of the race, most of the riders are suffering intensely—not only from general fatigue, but also from colic and saddlesores. The latter, an occupational hazard of all bicycle racers, become ugly blisters, then carbuncles. The seat of a racing bike is hard and narrow. A popular cushion years ago was a thick steak, placed on the seat. This is no longer used. Penicillin and other wonder drugs are now on hand in the rolling dispensary which trails the Tour.

Some of the racers take drugs during the Tour, both to deaden the pain of their tortured bodies and to stimulate them for the next lung-bursting climb. But an overdose is never given as the reason so-and-so dropped out. The euphemism of the Tour is food "poisoning," which fells half a dozen men a year.

The history of the Tour is spotted with acts of sabotage. In 1914, Paul Duboc was far out in front. In the morning he mounted his bike and raced away, unaware that it had been sawed nearly in two by a blade so fine that the damage was almost imperceptible to the naked eye. A little further on, Duboc swerved sharply while going about 25 miles an hour. The bike broke apart. Duboc hurtled over the handle bars into a ditch.

A few years later the same thing happened to a Basque named Fontaine. Since then, all riders examine their bikes minutely each morning.

In 1950, to the dismay of French fans, the Italian team, captained by a rider named Bartali, took the lead and clung to it stubbornly. As the Italian bicyclists whirled through Bordeaux, they had to run a gauntlet of jeering Frenchmen, and later, while crossing the Pyrenees, Bartali was knocked off his bike by a spectator while his teammates were pelted with rocks and rotten tomatoes. A few miles farther on, Bartali was nearly edged off a cliff by a car. Infuriated, the Italians withdrew from the race and, significantly, the Tour by-passed Italy the following year—apparently fearing retribution at the hands of Italian fans.

Sabotage continues even today. Last year's winner, Charles Gaul of Luxembourg, mounted his bike one morning, then dismounted, when he felt the machine was wobbly. Examining it, he found that every screw had been loosened.

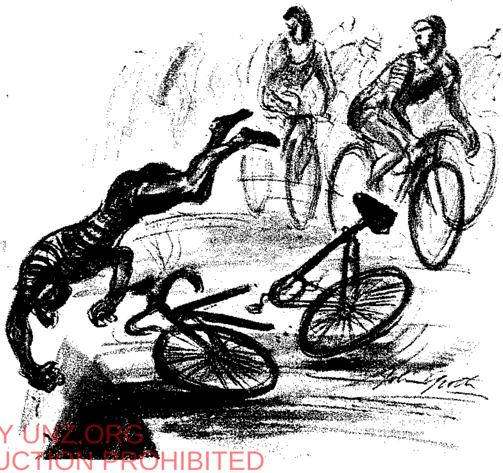
In winning last year, Gaul's share of the purse came close to $5,000. But this was only part of the spoils. He had become, at 26, the biggest attraction in cycling. Manufacturers fought to have him endorse their products; lesser races offered him a big percentage of gate receipts if he would race against a local champion.

Like big league baseball players in this country, bike racers are celebrities in France. One of the best-known bicyclists is Louison Bobet, a former apprentice baker who has won the Tour three times. Now well-to-do by French standards, Bobet flies his own airplane, lives in a luxurious home and has an interest in several profitable businesses.

But at 34 his career is about finished. His saddlesores have become chronic. They kept him out of the '56 and '57 Tours, and last year it was not known until a few hours before the race whether Bobet would compete. He did, and for a few days all was well. Then the saddlesores came back. Bobet pedaled on in agony. He finished seventh.

Some cycling purists claim that the Tour today is not really an indi-

In 1914, Paul Duboc's bike was subtly sawed, so that it broke in two during the Tour. Last year's race winner also had his bike sabotaged.



vidual race, but a race of teams, each led by one or two stars. If Charles Gaul lost the 1956 Tour, it was at least partly because other teams surrounded him, holding him back while their own stars forged ahead. When he won in 1958, it was partly because teammates handed over their bikes whenever Gaul had a flat or otherwise broke down. That way he could keep going while lesser racers (called *domestiques* in Tour jargon) waited for the repair truck.

A *domestique* helps the star of his team in many ways. Sometimes he stops to get food or drink for him. Sometimes he alternates as windbreak, permitting the star to ride in the slip stream. During a six-hour run, this can mean the saving of many vital seconds. Sometimes an opponent races off alone towards the special bonus for the winner of each day's run. If the star is too done in to keep up, he sends a *domestique* to do so. The *domestique* rides all day in the slip stream of the opponent, and in the final sprint beats him to the finish, thus preventing the opponent from winning the bonus.

All this is part of Tour tactics, however, and real fans want it no other way.

The Tour de France is 22 days of sweat, blood and suffering. On and on the riders pedal, while all Europe watches. The Tour is a hard mistress, but the racers love her.

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coast to coast

NEAR CRESTLINE, CALIFORNIA, a fisherman who ran out of worms and had no luck with cheese, finally tried Green Trading Stamps. He caught a trout, seven bass and two bluegills. —*Walker-Scott News*

IN LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, an auto supply store found that sales on Venetian blinds for car windows jumped 100 percent after it used this ad: "Wonderful for parking in drive-in theaters." —MORRIS BENDER

CLERKS IN THE LOCAL TAX OFFICE in Indianapolis, Indiana, were fascinated by a blank tax return which was accompanied by this note: "You were notified several times that I have been dead for four years. Please send no more of these blanks." —*United Mine Workers Journal*

A NERVOUS YOUNG LADY in New York City left her position at a dry-cleaning establishment after the fifth holdup attempt on the place.

While filling out an employment agency application card, she paused when she came to the place marked "Reason for leaving last job."

Then she hit upon the precise words—"gun-shy." —DON DICKENSON

POPEYED, AN OHIO RESIDENT called police to report he had seen a dog wearing blue pajamas. The owner, who later turned up to claim the animal, told police the dog had run off just before bedtime. —IRWIN MALLORY

WHILE RIDING A BUS to Miami Beach, Florida, one day last year, an old salt, obviously more at home at sea than on a bus, sat next to me. His rolled-up shirt sleeves showed the usual tattooing: flags, roses and hearts entwined. As the afternoon wore on, it grew quite warm on the bus. The sailor loosened his collar. I was amazed to see a line of dots around his throat with these words tattooed beneath them: "CUT ON THE DOTTED LINE." —WYNN HERRIN

A FORMER UNDERTAKER applied for a job with a Charlotte, North Carolina, business firm. The application asked: "What did you like most about your previous job?"

The applicant replied: "Working with people." —SYD KIRSCHBAUM

THE TAILOR IN MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, who uses an apple as his trade-mark was asked "Why?" by a friend.

"Well," said he, "why not? If it weren't for an apple, where would the clothing trade be today?" —IRENE DAVISON

The tragedy and love
that tugged at
his heartstrings echoed in
the bittersweet songs
that won him
success. This is...

The ballad of Jimmie Rodgers

by Jane Kesner Ardmore

IN HIGH SCHOOL in Camas, Washington, Jimmie Rodgers was a skinny little kid with glasses who knocked himself out with baseball, basketball, football and bowling. He also found time to sing in the school glee club and operettas, in the church choir and in a trio he and two buddies formed. But at Clark College in Vancouver, Washington, his music teacher told him flatly that he'd never make it.

Today, at 25, Jimmie is still knocking himself out competing on records, on his new Tuesday night NBC-TV show, in night clubs and motion pictures. Although contact lenses have improved his eyesight and given him some of the assurance he lacked, Jimmie is still a little frightened by nearly every performance—and by his success. "I want people to *like* me!" he explains intensely.

They do like him; his very shyness gives him a stage presence peculiarly his own. But then, most everything about Jimmie Rodgers tends to be original. He taught himself to play the guitar and piano, and at his recording sessions you'll find neither music nor arrangements. Jimmie runs through a number "out of my head" and the band picks it up. "It's all going so fast, we don't have time for arrangements," Jimmie says.

Just two years ago, Jimmie was broke, out of a job and newly married to Colleen McClatchey, from his home town of Camas. They roamed Los Angeles in search of an agent and a show business "break."

"I used to walk the floor praying for a phone call from the spots where I'd left my name," Jimmie recalls. "Colleen spent most of our money on lumber tools to keep me busy building bookcases. Then, when we went to New York to record *Honeycomb*, we didn't have a cent. Our $300 traveling expenses vanished; cross-country our car had three blowouts. We walked around Manhattan for three days eating nothing but Tootsie Rolls."

Honeycomb took care of that. The recording zoomed into the over-a-million class and brought Jimmie a flood of night club and TV dates and an MGM movie contract. Yet, despite his triumphs, he still frets about his voice: "It's not a real good voice, it's just different," he says.

Jimmie tries to pick folk songs that speak for him. He says *Honeycomb, Oh, Oh, I'm Fallin' in Love Again, Secretly* and *Are You Really Mine,* his big hits, all have a reference to his blonde wife.

He and Colleen played games together as youngsters in Camas, population 5,451. But Jimmie, three years older, didn't know Colleen had a crush on him in high school. When she sent cookies to him during the Korean War, he wrote a girl friend asking her to thank the "little kid."

When he came home after four years in the Air Force, the first person he met was "little" Colleen. She had grown into a beautiful woman. Movie star Audie Murphy had discovered her working at a Veterans Hospital and, when Jimmie saw her, she was under contract to Universal-International Pictures, having just finished a role in *Written on the Wind.* Jimmie asked her out for a cup of coffee and they didn't get back until 7 A.M. They visited every little club in Portland, Oregon, and Jimmie sang in all of them.

Jimmie had used his four years in the Air Force to good advantage, developing his voice. In Korea, he bought a guitar for $10 from a soldier going home and he practiced ceaselessly for a year.

"Everybody sang with me," he told Colleen. "The only music we had were songs I remembered from some old Burl Ives records." When he won an armed forces contest at Nashville, Tennessee, and landed in a touring military show, he decided he could sing for a living; no job in the paper mill for him. The Crown Zellerbach mill employs most of Camas. Jimmie's brother Archie and his mother work there, his father labored there for 35 years before his death, and Jimmie had worked part-time in the mill since he was 16.

Two days after her first date with Jimmie in May, 1956, Colleen was returning from a dance with a childhood friend when his car collided head-on with another automobile. She was thrown violently against the dashboard, smashing her jaw, pushing her upper teeth into the higher cheek regions and shoving her chin back into the lower throat. It took 15 operations and endless months of pain before doctors, working from photographs, put her lovely face back together.

"For seven months Jimmie didn't see anything of me but my blue eyes," Colleen recalls. "The doctors had covered the rest of my face with a gauze mask. Jimmie saw me grown-up only that one night—and he didn't know what would come from under that mask. But he spent every spare moment at my side, taking me to and from the hospital, reading novels to me or singing to keep my mind off the pain."

Every night Jimmie made the rounds of the clubs in Portland, looking for work, sometimes singing without pay. One week end he went to Seaside, a town 100 miles away. There was a hillbilly band at the Sand Bar, a night club, and its leader, "Little Joe," let Jimmie sing all night. In the morning, "Little Joe" offered him $65 a week. Jimmie stayed at the club for three months.

Colleen often sat in the audience and Jimmie would sing his songs directly to her. Patrons were puzzled by this veiled girl who sipped chocolate milk shakes—"all I could eat through the mask"—in a night club.

Needing a better job, Jimmie jumped at a $150 offer to play a date in Wenatchee, Washington. He thought it would be his first big break. To his horror, he found the manager expected him *and* a dance ensemble. Anxious to make good, Jimmie went on stage determinedly.

"I was plenty scared," he says now. "I pulled a chair out in the middle of the dance floor. 'I'm Jimmie Rodgers,' I said. 'And there's been a slight mistake. The management thought I was a four-piece band. But I'll try to play some rhythm you can dance to.' That's when I got my beat. I beat my guitar that night until my fingers were bloody. I stayed at the club two weeks, then was booked at the club next door. My agent was pretty surprised. He found a spot for me at the Fort Cafe, Vancouver, only 14 miles from Camas."

From 8 P.M. until 1 A.M. Jimmie would perch on a bar stool in the Fort Cafe and sing. The club was jam-packed for about 20 weeks. "It was New Year's Eve all the time," says owner Dalton Grove.

Down the street, singer Chuck Miller was appearing at Vancouver's smart little Frontier Room. One night he wandered into the Fort Cafe and promptly became Jimmie's biggest booster. "An Elvis Presley with finesse," he called him, "a voice comparable to Belafonte's." A few weeks later, Chuck sent Jimmie the money to join him in New York to try out for the *Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts* TV show and to audition for a major record company. Jimmie sang *Honeycomb,* then went home with no idea that both auditions would ultimately bear fruit.

August 22 was Colleen's birthday. Jimmie bought her a watch because he didn't have the courage to get her a ring. When he found she already had several watches, he bought the diamond ring that promptly turned her birthday party into an engagement party. Her family planned an Easter wedding. But the time had come for Jimmie to find an agent. Friends advised him to go to Hollywood, but he couldn't bear to leave without Colleen.

"Elope," urged Vic Perry and his wife, singer Mae Williams. (Vic was the comedian in the Frontier Room show.) But aside from his Los Angeles bus fare, Jimmie had only $5. So Vic and Mae paid for the marriage license, found the judge, threw the rice, and that night they were all back at the Frontier Room, where Jimmie was finishing an engagement. In the middle of Vic Perry's act, the comedian announced the news of Jimmie's marriage.

It was a big surprise to the audience, but the announcement was an even bigger surprise to the new Mrs. Rodgers. A few minutes before, Colleen, feeling cold, had backed up to a washroom wall heater, seeking warmth. The back of her black wool dress caught fire; a friend doused the flames, but not before the back of the dress burned through to her slip and Colleen was scorched.

Anxious not to let a new calamity upset her wedding happiness, Colleen wrapped her coat around her and hurried back to the table—just in time to hear Vic summoning the newlyweds to the stage. The band swung into *The Anniversary Waltz* —"all except the trombone player," laughs Colleen; "when he saw my dress, he broke up"—and Jimmie started the only dance he knows, the two-step. "He kept trying to swing me around," Colleen remembers, "and I resisted, all the while smiling over his shoulder at the audience.

"When the dance finally ended, we tried to get off stage, but Vic brought two stools and Jimmie's guitar and asked him to sing to me. Jimmie started my favorite song, *Scarlet Ribbons.* The boys in the band were still laughing at their view of my dress and tears were rolling down my cheeks from repressed laughter. Suddenly Jimmie's contact lens popped from his left eye, releasing a flood of tears, which happens with contact lenses. Soon people in the club were sniffling and I heard women whisper, 'Isn't it wonderful? They're so much in love they're crying.' "

It wasn't until Colleen got home and told her mother the news of her marriage that she was able to doctor her blisters. Four days later, young Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers moved to Los Angeles. In April 1957, they returned to Camas to say their vows again at the Methodist Church (the little First Christian Church was too small to accommodate the crowd that turned out). After the ceremony, someone handed Jimmie a telegram: a summons to New York from Morris Levy, president of Roulette Records Inc., newly formed by Levy and some of the people who'd heard Jimmie sing *Honeycomb*. Jimmie and Colleen were on their way.

Jimmie figures that in show business a singer is lucky to have two or three years at the top—and he's driving himself hard to make the most of his summit time. Colleen spends long days answering letters that arrive in huge grocery cartons and acting as secretary and ex-officio manager, running interference for Jimmie so he can save his energy and voice.

They've finally found time to buy a house out in the San Fernando Valley. But Jimmie loves to go back to Camas, although his last visit was a tragic one. It came last year after the sudden death of his father. Jimmie was the last person to speak to his father. He phoned from New York late at night and his father said he was going fishing in the morning alone; all of his angler friends were too busy to accompany him.

"Pop, please fish from the bank. Don't go out in that old beat-up rubber boat," Jimmie pleaded—in vain. The boat was a family bone of contention; it had been patched and repatched a dozen times. Nobody knows what went wrong exactly. In the middle of Fallen Leaf Lake, where he and Jimmie had often fished, something happened to the boat—when it was found, it had a long rip across the bottom.

Jimmie was singing in Atlantic City when he got the news. Colleen recalls that during the long, heartbreaking trip home, Jimmie was like a man in a trance, incapable of speech. "Now Jimmie won't even suggest going fishing, and it was his only hobby," Colleen says sadly. "I hope one day he'll snap out of it."

Jimmie lost about 20 pounds and developed an ulcer during this last hectic year. People in Camas are relieved to find that "he hasn't changed." But he *is* changing to meet the demands of fame. Jimmie feels that only Colleen really understands this. She's growing with him, giving him the moral support to keep climbing. As Jimmie sings in the tune that made him famous, "What a darn good life when you have a wife like Honeycomb."

ACCOUNT PAYABLE

A GRADE SCHOOL TEACHER'S REPAIR LIST, given to the principal at the end of the year, read:

BROKEN OUT: 3 window panes and 15 cases of measles.

BROKEN IN: 2 desks and 30 pairs of brand-new shoes.

BROKEN UP: 1 flower vase and 7 fights.

BROKEN DOWN: 2 chairs and 1 teacher.

—HELEN CHAPMAN

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Usually, you must catch the criminal before you obtain a confession. But Guest Quizmaster Craig Stevens, star of NBC-TV's mystery-adventure series, "Peter Gunn" (Mondays, 9 p.m. EDST), reverses the procedure in the items below.
After you've fingered the culprits, check the lineup on page 169.

whodunit?

1. I stole a loaf of bread.
   (a) Jean Valjean; (b) Adam Bede; (c) Scarlett O'Hara.
2. I plotted to obtain my brother's throne.
   (a) King Alfred; (b) King John; (c) King Arthur.
3. I bit a man's leg off.
   (a) Lachesis; (b) Moby Dick; (c) Beowulf.
4. I made the destruction of Carthage an obsession.
   (a) Cato; (b) Alexander the Great; (c) Hannibal.
5. I trained children to be thieves.
   (a) Mr. Pickwick; (b) Mr. Chips; (c) Mr. Fagin.
6. I plotted to blow up Parliament.
   (a) Guy Fawkes; (b) Oliver Cromwell; (c) Charles II.
7. I attacked my critics with couplets.
   (a) Byron; (b) Shelley; (c) Keats.
8. I gave Ben Hur's horses a sharp cut with my whip.
   (a) Alderim; (b) Malluck; (c) Messala.
9. I showed ingratitude to the Maid of Orleans.
   (a) Charles VII; (b) Henry VIII; (c) George I.
10. I made a man jealous of his wife.
    (a) Shylock; (b) Ivanhoe; (c) Iago.
11. I kept going to sleep at a tea party.
    (a) The Mock Turtle; (b) The Mad Hatter; (c) The Dormouse.
12. I repudiated my country.
    (a) Catiline; (b) Philip Nolan; (c) Becky Sharp.
13. I loved money.
    (a) Alexander Selkirk; (b) Silas Marner; (c) Cedric the Saxon.
14. I was a consummate hypocrite.
    (a) Uriah Heep; (b) Nicholas Nickleby; (c) Wilkins Micawber.
15. My clumsiness caused a mighty conflagration in the Midwest.
    (a) a wolverine; (b) an equine; (c) a bovine.
16. I stole a porcine animal.
    (a) the baker's son; (b) the king's son; (c) the piper's son.
17. I made ridiculous attempts to reform the world.
    (a) Pollyanna; (b) Charity Pecksniff; (c) Don Quixote.
18. I had my beautiful cousin executed.
    (a) Queen Anne; (b) Catherine the Great; (c) Elizabeth the First.
19. I thrilled at the burning of "The Eternal City."
    (a) Caligula; (b) Claudius; (c) Nero.
20. I had a sharp tongue.
    (a) Portia; (b) Xanthippe; (c) Calpurnia.

Let's junk our ancient building codes!

by Farrell Cross

They cause $1 billion a year in sheer waste
by banning many materials that are better, safer and cheaper.
Here are the startling facts — and a simple solution

SUPPOSE A LAW in your town stated you could install only old-fashioned, manually-controlled washing machines of the type used 30 years ago. Or that the neighborhood service stations had to use antiquated crank-operated gasoline pumps which would make for long delays every time you had your automobile's tank filled. You would object—loudly—to such municipal backwardness.

Yet at this moment, all over the country, millions of Americans are passively submitting to a far worse abuse—and paying lavishly for it. The villain, in this case, is the antiquated system of building codes which each year causes more than $1 billion in sheer waste. What this chaotic and archaic system does is to deny home buyers many products and materials that are better, safer and cheaper than the ones actually specified in the codes.

Here are some values builders could give you which are illegal in many towns:

1. Prefabricated bathrooms that require a lot less time and labor to install in your home.

2. Glue-laminated wooden beams that are stronger, more decorative when left exposed than types often code-specified (see CORONET, September 1958, "Those Amazing New Super Glues").

3. Plastic piping that is corrosion-proof, easier to ship, store and install.

4. Exterior plywood sheathing

(banned years ago, before plywood was bonded with weather-resistant glues).

5. Distinctive, decorative plastic panels for interior walls.

One building expert recently estimated that the confusion resulting from outdated or biased building codes adds $1,000 to the cost of the average home. That is enough money to have paid for an extra bathroom, complete air conditioning or an additional 10′ x 12′ room.

No one can really estimate the average cost, and in any event it varies from state to state, and often from town to town. Here is a typical case: a New Jersey builder named Robert Schmertz, who specializes in low-cost homes, almost gave up in despair when restrictive and unrealistic local codes forced him to add 10 percent to the cost of one model. Moving some 80 miles away to Delaware, he was able to offer homes in the $12-14,000 class for about $1,000 less than the same models he erected in New Jersey.

Building codes in themselves are not evil. Quite the contrary. They are as necessary to the building industry as laws are to the Government. A good set of codes will prevent the installation of unsafe wiring, restrict the use of highly inflammable materials and check slipshod construction methods. The current inexcusable situation is the direct result of two factors:

1. Many codes are "specification" types. That is, instead of determining what the nature and performance of materials should be, they specify the exact products and methods. Materials not specified by name may not be used, even though they may be superior in quality and less expensive.

2. Most old codes are *local* in nature, which frequently means that builders who operate in two adjoining towns face high costs because they have to use a variety of materials and methods rather than standardize their operations.

The absurdity and wastefulness of the situation was graphically demonstrated recently. Two years ago the National Association of Home Builders designed and built in Montgomery County, Maryland, a "Research Home of the Year" (see CORONET, May 1959, "Your Fabulous House of the Future"). Planned as the last word in safety and value, it incorporated the best in materials and methods. It was the epitome of what a good house should be. Even before the foundations were laid, the N.A.H.B. tangled with the local codes, and had to abandon, or obtain waivers for, several important innovations.

That house *could not have been built at all* in Minneapolis where at least nine of the features would have been banned by the local codes. In Mobile, Alabama, it would have broken eight code laws; in St. Paul, Minnesota, six; in Louisville, Kentucky, four; in Dearborn, Michigan, and Columbus, Ohio, seven each; and in Mt. Prospect, Illinois, ten.

Many of the banned materials are hidden items, or technical products the average home buyer knows nothing about—such things as the kind of sheathing on electrical cables, or the sizes of wooden studs in the walls.

In New York State, a code study committee estimated that by modernizing the regulations, approximately 15 percent could be saved in the cost of building a home. That's a large chunk of money—$3,000, for example, in the case of a $20,000 home. Why should you have to pay extra profits to lumber interests who have seen to it that your local codes require enough framework so your garage could stop a charging tank? Or a small group of brick manufacturers who have lobbied for regulations prohibiting the use of factory-made chimneys?

Why should you pay about $50 more per bathroom because vested interests in your community want to sell a lot of "drum traps" (a kind of oversized catch basin for bathtubs) in place of another type that is better and more modern? A Pittsburgh code requires 400 percent more vent piping in bathrooms than the National Plumbing Code itself!

AS ONE BUILDER complained bitterly to a trade publication, commenting on just the plumbing factor alone: "Home builders would pay between $500 and $600 less for their houses in the Pittsburgh area if the plumbing code were up to date."

When the Home Builders Association of metropolitan Denver made a study to get action on revising dusty codes, here is what it found: Although the study covered only nine construction items, ten of the 13 communities studied had requirements which added costs up to $554 per house above the cost of those same houses if they had been built under *an accepted model code* for the West Coast area. The average bite per house was $347.

In some places, the codes are simply poorly written, disorganized and confused. A Minneapolis builder, William D. Coffman, complained in a trade journal last September, that in his city builders had to "operate under no less than 27 different building codes—maybe not all at once, but during the course of a year's building most of us are exposed to at least several with marked variations and requirements." The situation in Chicago became so deplorable, with each community having different codes, that one newspaper headlined the problem this way: "Plumbers Need a Library to Keep Abreast of Chicago Suburban Codes."

Aside from the self-interest groups, who is to blame for this sad state of affairs? Quite bluntly, *you and I are*—all of us who, as homeowners, friends of owners, or just plain potential buyers, stand to lose out in the end. *House & Home* magazine squarely established our responsibilities when it said:

"The homeowners and home buyers who pay the $1 billion-a-year cost of code-enforced waste are so ignorant and so naive about codes that most people believe the only purpose of their wasteful requirements is to make their homes safer and healthier. So the public who pays for code waste *could hardly care less about code reform, and public inertia makes it easy for code profiteers to obstruct code progress and standardization.*"

Nor can we shift the blame to the builder for this unhappy situation. He is often caught in the middle. When builders were given a chance to sound off recently in several trade publications, here were some typical comments:

"Our building code was written in 1928. . . . That's why we can't keep pace with today's building methods—and why it costs us far more than it should to build our houses."

"There just doesn't seem to be any uniform thinking. . . . One month we'll get a negative decision on . . . the installation of prefab chimneys. Two months later, word passes around that these chimneys are accepted. When you're about ready to order one, you learn the department's reversed itself again."

"When the code is changed, we'll not only breathe easier, but in many cases we'll be saving as much as $1,500 per house."

"Right now we are trying to rewrite the Rockford (Illinois) code which dates back to 1923. . . . Our local difficulties have been with the labor unions and material manufacturers."

"I am building the same house in Montclair (New Jersey) for at least 5 percent less than it is costing in Livingston."

Code reform is an industry battle, of course. But even more important, it is our battle as private citizens. And here is why. Last fall, at the request of groups interested in doing something constructive about the whole preposterous situation, the American Standards Association called a meeting at the industry level to determine if there was a consensus in favor of developing voluntary uniform standards for residential construction.

When the vote was taken, only 62 percent of the groups represented voted "Yes"—not enough to meet the A.S.A. requirements of "general acceptance." Those who opposed the standards were: three groups of regional code sponsors; the Iron and Steel Institute; AFL-CIO; and about half of the small manufacturers' associations. The resultant cry that "local pressure groups" were persistently frustrating efforts at uniform national building codes had a ring of truth.

However, the problem is more complex than it appears on the surface. The regional groups point out that homes in the South cannot be built the same way as homes in the North. A roof which never bears snow, it is true, should not be constructed in the same way as one that is subjected all winter long to heavy loads. Yet this does not mean that *standards* cannot be drawn up for the *application* of "performance" codes all over the nation.

Such codes do not insist on the use of specific materials, products or methods. Instead, they designate what the builder has to accomplish. This is the only fair way to approach building regulations. For example, the reason your town's codes must deal with the strength of roof supports is to prevent unscrupulous builders from selling homes whose roofs might cave in under stress. If the code *specifies* that trusses must be "of standard 2″ x 6″ wood," it obviously favors suppliers of this product; but if it states that the roof must be built "in a manner so that it will be strong enough to support the equivalent of 20 pounds of snow," then it leaves a choice. The builder can use steel trusses, glue-laminated beams, even light, airy plastic supported by cables—if the end result meets the letter and spirit of the code.

Many nationwide civic groups are concerned over the $1 billion waste that occurs each year and would like to see obsolete and biased building codes junked. These groups include the League of Women Voters, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and many others. But very little will be accomplished until the public is made aware of the situation and takes action, according to Ralph J. Johnson, director of the N.A.H.B.'s Research Institute.

Code uniformity becomes more and more vital as the home building industry perfects better, cheaper ways of giving you prefabricated, factory assembled units.

Imagine the chaos that would result if automobile manufacturers had to supply different types of engines to meet the local regulations of 2,000 different sections of the country. And the increase in cost would be passed along to you.

Even if you do not own a home, and never expect to, the outrageous waste reaches into your pocketbook. Increased costs of home building hit our entire economy. And don't forget that the code mess affects industrial and commercial building too. If the codes in your community are antiquated, that means *all* buildings are affected. The supermarket down the street cost more to build; so did the stores where you do business; not to mention the schools, apartments, civic buildings and offices. Someone pays for all this, and you can be sure it is not the self-interest groups that have weighted the local codes in their favor.

Don't be discouraged if you meet opposition. In some communities you will meet plenty. Town after town and city after city have risen to take corrective action, and have succeeded notably. As recently as three years ago, Cleveland, Ohio, had such a mishmash of incompatible codes that many sections of the area were used as prime examples of code confusion. Then civic-minded people gathered. First, they decided to take steps to abolish the slum areas that had mushroomed through a lack of codes; and then to establish uniform codes for all neighboring communities to follow.

Cleveland is today far from perfect. But it is a good example of what *can* be done.

In Birmingham, Alabama, remarkable changes have come about recently because the new Southern Building Code, which is constantly kept updated, superseded the former illogical codes. Previously, prefabricated panels—those economical, lightweight and decorative assets for many a home—were banned, *regardless of how strong they were, how fireproof, or how perfect for their purpose.* On the other hand, you could put up almost any old kind of siding on a house—soggy cardboard if you liked—*as long as it was ⅝ of an inch thick!*

The "model code" of the State of New York is another example. It came into being nine years ago, and has been revised frequently—the last revision having been made in February, 1959, to take into account new materials and methods developed in the past few years. Though administered by a branch of the executive department, the model code is not compulsory. It must be accepted voluntarily by each community, and thus far has been adopted by 34 cities, like Binghamton and Elmira; by 96 towns, like Bedford, East Hampton and Pound Ridge; and by 162 villages, like Hastings-on-Hudson, Roslyn and Suffern.

Last year about 1,000,000 new homes were started. The figure will steadily increase during the next few years as the tremendous crop of "war babies" reaches marrying age and starts out to look for homes. How many of them will be out of pocket $1,000 because you and I and our neighbors failed to take a few corrective steps today? Let's think ahead—and act now!

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HUMAN COMEDY

OVER 1,000 REFUGEES were housed in a disused military camp on the outskirts of a small town in Ireland after the Hungarian revolution. When they appeared in the streets they were often subject to the sympathetic generosity of the populace.

Conspicuous because of their ill-fitting clothes, two men were pounced on good-naturedly one evening, rushed into a saloon and given free beer and cigarettes, as much as they could hold. Their hosts then placed them on the bus to the camp, and paid their fares.

However, just before the bus reached camp, the two refugees signaled to get off.

As they dismounted, the amazed conductor heard one say to the other: "It worked foine this evening, Mike. See you in the same place tomorrow!" —J. A. O'NEILL

WHEN MOTHER'S DAY came around last year, I suggested to my Sunday School class of seven- and eight-year-olds that they make Mother's Day cards.

I added that they could illustrate their favorite Bible tale and write a commandment such as "Honor thy father and thy mother." I passed out paper, crayons and gummed stars and they set to work immediately.

A while later, I collected the cards to look them over. The one card that I shall always remember said on the outside:

TO MY WONDERFUL MOMMY—
HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

And on the inside in big blue letters, it read:

THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY
LOVE, SCOTT

—MARY ANN ROSENFELD

IN CALIFORNIA, Stanford University, making some land available to its professors as homesites, stipulated that all architectural and landscaping plans had to be approved by the school.

One professor, no doubt tired of red tape, put in his bid and the school promptly approved not only his plans but also a list of plants that he had submitted with their Latin names.

Given the okay were: a border of poison ivy, opium poppies on the patio and a front yard of marijuana. —*Ventura Star Free Press*

SIX-YEAR-OLD PATTY had been the overnight guest of my little daughter, Penny. Early in the morning, before my husband and I were up, they tiptoed into our room and looked around. Going to the dresser where I have a picture of my husband taken during his college days, 17 years ago, we heard Patty ask: "Who's that?"

"My daddy," replied Penny.

"Then," said Patty, "who is that in bed with your mommy?"

—MRS. BILL TREADWELL

FOLLOWING A COMPLAINT from an angry husband that a telephone operator told him his new baby was a boy when it really was a girl, a London hospital placed this sign over its switchboard:

"No sex must be given out over the phone."

—RUTH FATATO

A FEW WEEKS AGO, I walked into a barbershop in a small rural community in South Carolina. As I sat down, I noticed a framed razor hanging on the wall. The handle was broken, the blade was coated with rust, and the shaving edge was jagged.

When it became my turn to sit down in the chair, I asked the barber if the razor on the wall was the one he had started business with.

"Nope," he said. "That's the razor I use when customers ask for credit."

—BOB RYAN

TWO DRESS MANUFACTURERS were exchanging troubles. "Business has been awful," said the first. "In January, I lost $25,000. In February, $50,000. And March even topped that—we had a $250,000 loss."

"What about me?" the second worrier asked. "I supported my son through seven years of medical school and one year's internship. I bought him a new car, new clothes, and sent him money every week. Then I set him up in a well-located office; it cost me thousands for the furniture, the medical equipment and the books. So what happens? Two months later, he tells me he's changed his mind—he wants to become a lawyer. Can you tell me anything worse than that?"

"Yes," answered the first manufacturer sadly, "April." —WILLIAM DALTON

MRS. SMITH hoped that she could get her maid to be more thorough in cleaning the house. "Now Carrie," she cautioned, "be sure you move all the furniture and sweep under the bed. I am having some ladies in to see me this afternoon, and I don't want them to see that dust under my bed."

After weighing the instructions a minute, Carrie replied, "Miz Smith, if they're ladies, it doesn't seem to me they'd go looking under your bed."

—NELLA CHAMBERS

ON AN ENVELOPE containing one of the thousands of income tax returns received by the State Tax Commission in Oregon was neatly printed this instruction to the postmaster from an obviously disgruntled taxpayer:

"Hand Cancel. My right arm is in here."

—MRS. R. R. COATS

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

An exclusive report from the editors of CORONET

Will POLIO strike in your neighborhood?

LAST YEAR, FOR THE FIRST TIME since the Salk vaccine was publicly introduced in 1955, there was a sudden, tragic rise in polio cases. Almost half of these were paralytic polio —the deadliest kind. Epidemics struck more than 6,000 people in many different spots in the U.S.

What makes this situation even more frightening is that there are other danger spots where similar epidemics may strike in 1959. Yet every one of these could be prevented.

To learn what happened, and why, let's take a look at what happened in Detroit last summer, where the worst 1958 epidemic hit. One blazing hot day in Detroit's sprawling Herman Kiefer Hospital:

A 30-year-old father of two boys died of paralytic polio on the same morning his new daughter was born.

A three-year-old boy lay weeping in his bed, trying to un-

With the discovery of the Salk vaccine came a spectacular drop in the incidence of polio. At last, it seemed, we were conquering this dreadful disease. Then suddenly, last year, polio cases rose to epidemic proportions in certain areas. This exclusive report explains what happened — and how *you* can help prevent a recurrence this year

derstand why his paralyzed legs and arms would not move.

A 26-year-old wife and mother was told that she would never be able to walk again.

It was late in July when the epidemic began. Until July 26, only 13 polio cases had been reported in Detroit and the rest of Wayne County. It looked as though for the fourth successive year polio would not be a major problem.

Then, suddenly, reports of new cases began coming in. By the middle of August, 93 adults and children had been hit by the disease. By the end of August, the tally was 204 cases.

In September, the situation exploded. In a single week, from September 7 to September 13, 96 new cases were reported. By the middle of the month, a total of 350 persons had been stricken. Dr. Joseph G. Molner, Detroit-Wayne County health commissioner, called the outbreak "the worst epidemic that I have ever seen."

On September 27, with the number of cases at 591 and 16 persons dead, emergency Salk vaccination clinics were opened throughout the Detroit area. More than 221,000 persons crowded the clinics in the first two weeks.

Meanwhile, the toll continued to mount. By year's end, the grim total was 877 cases and 23 deaths in the Detroit-Wayne County area.

What appalled officials most was the fact that, with the Salk vaccine available for more than three years, an outbreak as devastating as this could still occur. Ironically, it was at the University of Michigan, only 40 miles away, that the vaccine had been evaluated and declared "safe, potent and effective" in 1955. Yet these were the appalling facts:

Ninety-five percent of those stricken with paralytic polio in Detroit in 1958 either had not been inoculated or had received less than the recommended three shots. Children under five, youngsters not old enough to attend school, were the hardest hit. Of every ten paralytic polio cases in the Detroit epidemic, six were preschool children.

It soon became clear that the Detroit tragedy was a different kind of polio epidemic. In previous years, outbreaks occurred over relatively wide areas, striking impartially at all neighborhoods, suburbs as well as slums. But in Detroit in 1958, most polio victims lived in a crowded downtown section—an area where, it turned out, little or no polio vaccination had taken place.

Public health officials now have a name for such areas. They call them vaccination "soft spots." In these soft spots, where income and educational levels are generally low, defenses against polio are weakest and the danger is most serious.

The coal mining region of Virginia and West Virginia was another soft spot where polio hit hard last year. Virtually all of the 202 cases reported were from families living under the poorest circumstances, in crowded, unsanitary conditions.

It was estimated that only 15 to 25 percent of the inhabitants of Wise County, Virginia, among the stricken communities, had received any Salk vaccine at all.

Incredible as it may seem, reports also showed that no children born in Wise County since 1955 had received Salk shots, although The National Foundation had provided free vaccine in the area.

Last summer also saw polio strike at other soft spots in densely populated sections of northern New Jersey, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in Browning, Montana and in Hawaii and San Antonio, Texas.

In each situation, polio attacked where relatively few persons had been vaccinated. All these tragedies might have been avoided.

There is grave concern that in 1959 polio may take even a greater toll than in 1958.

The U. S. Public Health Service, the American Medical Association and The National Foundation base their fears on these chilling statistics:

At the start of the current polio season, *four Americans in seven, 98,000,000 in all, had not yet had a* *single shot of the Salk vaccine,* though at least three shots are needed for maximum protection. Only 79,000,000 out of 177,000,000 had received one or more Salk shots.

Among the unvaccinated were 6,000,000 children under five years of age, or nearly one-third of the total child population in that age group. An additional 4,500,000 youngsters had begun, but not completed, the recommended three shots and thus were at best only partially protected. It was among these preschoolers that half of last year's paralytic polio occurred.

EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN that the polio virus is more prevalent in some years than in others. While the Salk vaccine was obviously a key factor in the sharp reduction of polio in recent years, it is believed that the country may have enjoyed greater freedom from the disease in that period than the vaccine alone could have made possible. The possibility that less virus was circulating or that the virus was less virulent than in other years had to be considered.

Thus, many thousands of Americans who have not had Salk shots escaped polio only through luck.

One of the casualties of last year's indifference to polio vaccination was the Salk vaccine itself. A perishable commodity, the vaccine loses its effectiveness after six months on the refrigerator shelf. Because there weren't enough takers, 11,000,000 doses spoiled and had to be destroyed. The loss to drug manufacturers involved came to many millions of dollars. The loss to the American people was incalculable.

All this was in strange contrast to the first years after the Salk vaccine was introduced. During the nationwide vaccine field trials of 1954, more than 1,800,000 school children, with their parents' consent, helped test the effectiveness and safety of the polio preventive. When the vaccine was made available to the public the following year, injections at one point exceeded 1,000,000 a week. All that year and the next the demand was so great that serious shortages developed.

Widespread public acceptance of the vaccine produced a spectacular drop in polio incidence. In the pre-Salk years of 1950-54, there was an average of almost 39,000 polio cases annually. *In 1955, the first year of* polio inoculation, the number dropped below 29,000. In 1956, the number plummeted to 15,000 and in 1957, below 6,000. Polio seemed to be on its way out as a major threat to the nation's health.

Then last year, for the first time since the Salk vaccine went into use, there was an ominous upturn in the polio case load. The number of persons stricken again rose above the 6,000 mark. And most alarming, the *paralytic* rate climbed 44 percent.

Why did this happen? Why have more than half of all Americans failed to use the Salk vaccine?

During the Detroit epidemic, medical social workers asked this question of many of the polio victims. The answers told a sad story of ignorance, indifference and poverty.

Some thought the vaccination wasn't necessary. Polio was under control, they felt, and while some people still might get the disease, it surely would never strike them.

Some were afraid of the vaccine. Despite its proved safety and effectiveness, they believed it would give them polio. Others were afraid of having a needle puncture their arm.

Many had no family physicians. And with no one to insist upon vaccination, nothing was done.

Finally, many said they could not afford to pay for the shots, and at the time there was no place where they could be obtained free. Before the Detroit epidemic exploded, the State of Michigan had conducted a free polio vaccination program using state-purchased vaccine for children between the ages of five and 14 and for expectant mothers. Not being eligible, however, pre-school children and persons over 14 had to rely on private vaccination.

With 98,000,000 persons still unvaccinated at the start of the polio season, and 1959 epidemics a real possibility, what now is being done to reduce the threat?

Since March, a mass vaccination campaign has been under way, especially in concentrated population areas, sponsored by the U. S. Public Health Service, The National Foundation and the American Medical Association with the cooperation of The Advertising Council.

Its success depends heavily on what local communities are willing to do to solve the problem.

The major emphasis is on an effort, through a door-to-door campaign or in any other way feasible, to reach the large groups who do not rely on newspapers or television for information, who do not respond naturally to public appeals, but who do badly need the Salk vaccine.

As a first step in developing a local vaccination program, health officers are being urged to survey their communities to pinpoint where pockets of polio susceptibility might exist.

A house-to-house survey of this kind was made last November in Atlanta, Georgia, by the U.S. Public Health Service. This unit has offered to give local health departments advice and assistance in developing similar studies if the local agencies request such aid.

In the Atlanta survey, it was found that there is often a relationship between family income levels and vaccination. Families with high incomes were generally well vaccinated against polio, while low income families were not.

As a second step, local groups are being asked to establish neighborhood clinics where vaccine can be administered for a nominal fee or free of charge when families are unable to pay for their shots. One dollar per shot usually covers the cost of the vaccine and equipment such as needles and syringes. Injections are administered by doctors and nurses who volunteer their services.

In communities where Dollar Clinics have been conducted, the polio threat has been radically reduced. A major vaccination drive two years ago saw Dollar Clinics held in towns and cities across the country, such as Pittsburgh and Spokane, Medford, Oregon and Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. These local drives were spearheaded by chapters of The National Foundation working with service and fraternal organizations, PTA units, civic and church groups, newspapers, radio, TV and business and labor.

What was the response?

In San Diego, 19,000 were vaccinated in a single day. On a rainy Sunday in Houston, Texas, 79,000 lined up for vaccinations. In Dade County, Florida, a total of 605,000 adults and children visited clinics for at least one Salk shot.

To avoid embarrassment to persons who could not afford the shots, many communities placed wicker baskets in their clinics where those who could pay placed their dollars. About 80 percent paid for shots, providing enough income to cover the cost of all the injections given.

Who needs the Salk vaccine shots *most* today?

Children under five. These youngsters are highly susceptible and one of the most poorly protected groups in the nation. One pre-school child in three has had no Salk vaccine. Over half have had less than the necessary three shots. To meet the problem, some communities and states are making it compulsory for children to have their Salk shots before they enter school for the first time. Such a law goes into effect July 1, 1959, in North Carolina.

Persons from 20 to 39. Among these young adults, the parents of small children with probably the heaviest of family responsibilities, 58 percent have had no vaccine.

Persons over 40. Ninety-two percent of adults over 50 have no Salk protection. When the vaccine was first available and in short supply, emphasis naturally was placed on vaccinating the most susceptible groups, those under 40. People over 40, however, do contract polio, and now that the vaccine is plentiful, there is no reason for them to take chances by not getting the shots. People over 40 who *do* get polio, get it in severe and crippling form.

Information on how to set up a polio vaccination program is being offered through the 3,100 chapters of The National Foundation and the organization's headquarters at 800 Second Avenue, New York City.

Health officials are concerned over the possibility that 1959 will prove to be a year in which the polio virus is widespread. This in combination with the large number of unvaccinated persons could well have disastrous consequences.

Meanwhile, in Detroit, in Wise County, Virginia and elsewhere, doctors, nurses, and therapists are working to salvage the human wreckage of last summer's needless disaster.

Is it possible that your town could be next?

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for the loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

Smoke rings around the world

by Bernard Asbell

THE VARIETY OF WAYS we smoke tobacco these days is nothing compared to the variety of ways others have smoked in other times and places.

For example, when missionaries and explorers first landed on New Guinea, they discovered that the natives had invented the original king-sized cigarette. They were plaiting rolls of tobacco into ropes up to six feet long. For cigarette paper, they used banana leaves until Europeans introduced a modern wrapper—old newspapers—which soon became coveted objects of trade. And talk about king-sized holders—the giant cigarettes were stuck into holders four feet long and three inches in diameter. The smokers inhaled the smoke through their nostrils and blew it out through their mouths.

Pipe smokers might learn something new from the Himalayans' ancient practice of earth-smoking. The smoker digs two good-sized holes in the ground and connects them by an underground channel. In the first hole, he deposits tobacco leaves and lights them. Then he crouches at the second hole and sucks out the smoke. The more genteel natives employ a reed for a mouthpiece. Earth-smoking has also been practiced in Africa, but with a variation. Instead of crouching, the smoker lies down beside the hole, and really relaxes.

Persians and other Asian peoples developed the best filter ever known, the water pipe. The smoke is drawn through a chamber of water which cools it and traps virtually all the nicotine.

Members of the Ostyak tribe along the Ob River in Siberia, filled their mouths with water, then took a drag from a pipe, swallowing the water and the smoke in one gulp. The ensuing kick was enough to knock a man over. In fact it frequently did, which explains the tribal custom of smoking only when seated.

In some tribes of Upper Burma and Assam, women served their men by smoking the water pipe for them. When the water became saturated with nicotine, the men sipped the powerful liquid, rolled it around in their mouths and spat it out.

When a woman of the Ainu tribe

of Japan smoked, however, it meant she was in trouble. An Ainu woman accused of a crime was given several pipe loads to puff. The ashes from the pipe then were tapped into a cup of water which she was compelled to drink. Sound sickening? That's just the point. If the woman got sick, she was pronounced guilty. If she didn't, she was clearly innocent.

In the Amazonian jungles of South America, natives boil tobacco leaves in water until they have a thick, tarry brew. Then they dab small quantities of the concentrate on their tongues and get a real lift. The Arhuaco Indians of northern Colombia carry this fluid around in tiny gourds. When two men meet on the trail, each man dips his finger in the other man's gourd and touches the juice to his lips. It's a zestful how-do-you-do.

Almost everybody knows that Havana is the cigar capital of the world. But not so many know that the first European to discover cigars was Christopher Columbus while he was in Cuba in 1492, en route to discovering other things. The natives called their cigars *tabacos,* hence our name for the leaf.

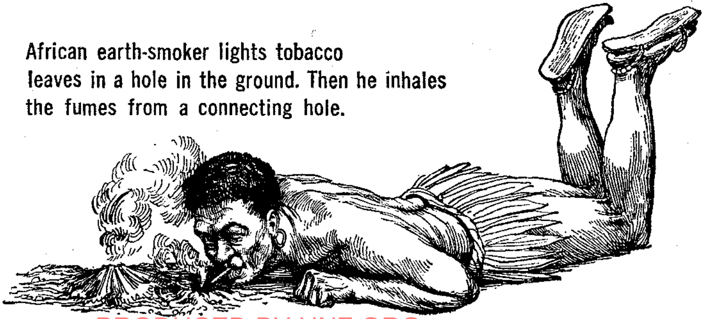
Sir Walter Raleigh, the patron of smokers, paid the price for his pioneering. One day he bade his man to bring him a tankard of ale. Delivering it, the man discovered Raleigh sitting in meditation, a strange object between his lips, his head almost lost amid swirls of smoke. The servant heaved the ale at Raleigh's face, believing his master's head was on fire.

King James attacked smoking in the Western world in 1604. In a tract called "A Counterblaste to Tobacco," he deplored the rising popularity of the habit among gentlemen, "some of them bestowing three, some foure hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many farre better uses."

While the gentlemen persisted in their love for the "precious stinke," it was years, in fact centuries, before ladies were allowed to light up. When women students of fashionable Smith College in Massachusetts were given the privilege of smoking, President Neilson summed up what seems to have been the going attitude almost everywhere:

"It is a dirty, expensive and unhygienic habit—to which I am devoted." ♛

African earth-smoker lights tobacco leaves in a hole in the ground. Then he inhales the fumes from a connecting hole.



"It's great to be 70"

by William F. McDermott

WHAT QUIRKS of memory we have—forgetting big things and sharply remembering trifles. For instance, I vividly recall how, as a teenager back in 1903, I wondered what it would be like to be an ancient guy in his 20s. I dreaded coming into such a ripe old age!

Since then a lot of water has passed over the dam, washing away a multitude of false notions. Among the discards is the fearsomeness of advancing years. I recently hit my 70th birthday, with no trace of three-score-and-ten blues. The future is bright, the horizon of inactivity seems as far away as ever, and I have an even more zestful outlook on life than I had at 40 or 50.

I'm looking forward to the Eager 80s and Nifty 90s, as well as to a pleasant second century's beginning.

"Aren't you spoofing yourself?" you may ask me.

Perhaps so, because the statistical odds are against me. But I'm determined not to be just a statistic. And recently an American Medical Association official predicted that ten persons out of 100 now living will be centenarians.

I'd like to overshoot that goal a bit, for I want to live to see the third millennium come in. The year 2001 A.D. should be a lot more exciting than 1001 A.D.—and there was plenty doing then. Many factors enter into making it great to be 70. Let's look at a few.

First, I'm thoroughly proud of my years, as I feel everyone should be of his—yes, milady, too. The Chinese, noted for their wise sayings, give us a cue. On meeting a stranger, they offer no insipid "How do you do?" but a bold "How old are you?"

The older you are in the land of rice and tea, the prouder you are to acclaim it. Greater respect and admiration are accorded you by the masses. They believe the gods hold you in such high favor that they grant you longer life.

I've found it a real morale-booster to junk some of the bromides about one's calendar years. Take the time-honored expressions "middle age" and "old age." Each is accepted, with a sigh of resignation, as inevitable; according to some phony tradition, life consists of an up-the-hill, over-the-hill and down-the-hill process. Too often, people in their 30s, 40s or 50s succumb to the delusion that the best of life is over for them, and with toxic self-pity let themselves slip into the doldrums. I like to classify our years as youth to 25; prime to 75; and senior years to 100.

It is true that one slows up physically as time passes, but what of it? Who wants to be perpetually adolescent? When I was a teenager I climbed Pike's Peak via the cog road, and returned on foot the same way—covering all 18 up-and-down miles between breakfast and supper. But I have no yen to hike it again. Today, traveling by train and auto, I enjoy the scenery rather than gasp for breath at every step.

Another assisting factor in making 70 delightful is living less below the neck and more above. Oh, yes, I still greatly enjoy picnics, luscious meals, football and baseball—from the grandstand or via TV. And I walk two or three miles a day. But I have no desire to start an athletic career. I find roaming the highways and byways of the mind intensely satisfying, and mental alertness is only whetted through the years by such brain exercises as reading, discussing, meditating and praying.

I get a real kick out of contrasting the old days with the new—to the glory of the latter. I like to get factually nostalgic about the past so I can be more zestful about the present.

Take the good old horse-and-buggy days, when we made four to six miles an hour in dust or mud behind our faithful Nell, freezing or scorching on the plains of Kansas. Compare that to the ease of riding over the same routes at 40 or 50 miles an hour in a motor car!

I have no love for the time when a girl I deeply cared for wasted away and died of typhoid fever, with the country doctor unable to stop its lethal ravages. Back in the 1880s, 20,000 people died yearly of typhoid in Chicago. Now there's not one death a year from typhoid.

Today I eat in cleanliness without barnyard flies batting their way into the dining room to roost on the butter plate. I no longer have to hurry to the front porch to pick up the daily milk supply before Old Tom, the house cat, discovers the open container.

One of my greatest delights—also, I believe, a real life preserver and enricher—is to cultivate the younger generation, even teenagers. I do not mean by simpering flattery, but by honest-to-goodness interest. In this era of confusion and frustration, youths are hungry for the confidence and approbation of their elders. When an older person shows a real concern for them by proffering friendliness and understanding, younger persons gravitate to him like bees to a hive.

It's better to smother the smugness of an "I'm-older-therefore-I-know-better-than-you" attitude toward the oncoming generation. And I quit offering advice long ago—unless it is definitely sought. I concentrate on giving encouragement to young people. Honest praise is always appreciated and is richly rewarding to the giver.

One time in a flight from Chicago to New York I complimented a stewardess on her courtesy, cheerfulness and efficiency. "You must have been on this job quite a while," I remarked. She beamed.

"How long do you think I've been a stewardess?" she asked.

"Oh, I'd say about three years," I answered.

"Mister," she whispered to me, "it's only two weeks. But you've given me the best shot in the arm I ever had. Thanks a million!" And bless me if she didn't reach over and pinch this septuagenarian's cheek!

I have long nurtured the idea that one can keep on maturing all one's life. There's no logic in believing that one reaches a zenith of maturity and then slumps into senility.

Maturing is a continuing, increasing process, if one wills it. Hundreds of older men and women in evening classes continue to acquire knowledge in advanced years, and even discover hidden talent. Grandma Moses, for instance, or the late Rev. Lloyd C. Douglas, author of *Magnificent Obsession* and *The Robe*, who began writing when past the half-century mark.

However, maturing is largely an emotional process. I have heard it said that 85 percent of our impulses come from the emotional realm—that isn't far off, at least in my case. In turn, I seek to keep a top-notch emotional responsiveness to life about me.

And with the passing years I have acquired more poise, more understanding of and more charity for others. I'm less inclined to the rash judgments of a cantankerous Irishman. This more mature and more gracious attitude toward others has made me new friends and widened my circle of interests.

I seek to make friends of the elderly as well as the youthful. Old people drop off, and one could wallow in loneliness if he wanted to—and many do. But one can find zest in encouraging the oldsters to keep up their interest in and grip on life. With good health, I can get about, when many of years comparable to mine cannot. I find the bedridden and shut-ins largely neglected by the outside world. Dropping in with a word of cheer and a few Irish jokes—needn't be new ones!—along with a prayer for brighter days ahead, serves better than almost any tonic to give the unfortunates a renewed hold on life. At the same time, I get a thrill out of it.

People are as old as their prejudices, as young as their ideas. Therefore, having new ideas is a boon at any age. As I approached my 70s, a jolting thought hit me: "You can't teach an old dog new tricks, but an old dog can teach himself some, if he wants to badly enough."

So I set an awfully hard goal for a naturally gabby person—to keep still when I had nothing to say, and particularly not to interrupt another person in the middle of a sentence. And learning to do it has given me a big kick.

Another thing I have learned is that indispensability is potentially a deadly word. Along with it goes the idea of self-importance. When I got a small-town reporter's position, I felt I was on my way to fame. After I hit the big-town, I was sure of my overwhelming importance. But by the time I had been fired from three different jobs—once for mixing names in the paper—without leaving a single ripple behind me, my ego was deflated. I started to concentrate on my work instead of myself, with ensuing satisfaction.

Fame is woefully transitory. A very gratifying substitute is usefulness, which builds up the morale, not the ego. It also eases tension: one does not seek to be a star performer, but a good team-worker. Service, not the spotlight, becomes the objective.

Many years ago, a noted Chicago society photographer abandoned his profession, and in small quarters, amid the ruins of a burned-out cathedral, founded a shelter. He arranged care for unwed mothers-to-be. He kept the penniless dead from being buried in Potter's Field. He fed and rehabilitated down-and-outers of skid row, restoring them to God and their families. He clothed the naked, fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless. Today, at 93, he still functions in another center. "I'm happier than if I had become the world's greatest photographer and had made millions," he told me.

One may be compelled to retire from importance, but never from usefulness. I once heard a dying man utter a transcendingly beautiful prayer for those about his bedside. Within two hours he was gone, but his prayer will continue to be an inspiration. He was useful to the end.

ONE OF THE BEST recommendations I can offer to add years to your life, and life to your years, is to make every day an adventure, never a chore. I refuse to be grim about anything; there's too much that is exhilarating to yield to the depressing. Dwell not on what has gone by, but on what lies ahead. A man of 50 with 20 years to go is, in a sense, younger than a man of 30 with only 10 years ahead. Life expectancy is more important than life history. I anticipate at least 30 years of busy living, then easing up.

I try to live sensibly, even a bit daringly in rash moments. I like three nourishing meals a day, especially a hearty breakfast; I sleep five-and-one-half hours a night, all that I need or want—and try to steal a half-hour snooze during the noon hour; and I try to get adequate exercise. But I refuse to make a cult of the body. I believe one can, by being obsessed about his health, actually think himself into sickness.

My family doctor is the one I go by. He checks me over, and then says with a grin: "Get out of here and live! Your body is for use, but not abuse. Keep your mind off yourself, and you'll live longer."

So, just as I turn the car over to a good mechanic, I entrust this frame of mine to a master mechanic with an M.D., and he keeps the machine in order. I simply run it.

A wholesome religious faith is, I've discovered, vital to my health and happiness, adding to my usefulness and, I am sure, to my longevity. I have no patience with those who vacillate in their devotions; such instability, in my book, is both a life-shortener and a frustrater. I heard once of a man who figuratively wore out the knees of his pants sliding forward and the seat sliding backward. He died young.

I believe in God as the Maker and Sustainer of life, and that His hand is everywhere in the affairs of men. It gives me a reassurance of spiritual resources always available, and brings into sharp focus the meaning of this life and of the life to come.

On the 70 mark—why fear for the future, or lament the past? I take life a day at a time, putting in and getting out of it the most that I can. I like it when one of my grandchildren crawls up into my lap and in a cuddly moment breaks out with the revealing remark, "Grandpa, you're mighty well preserved, aren't you?"

Well, I'm lucky to be "well preserved," but not in a can or in a museum. I feel that it helps to make 70 exhilarating for me. And I'm daily getting inoculated with the conviction that I shall greet the arrival of the year 2001 A.D. with a firecracker, a horn blast and a prayer.

HEAVENLY ADMONITION

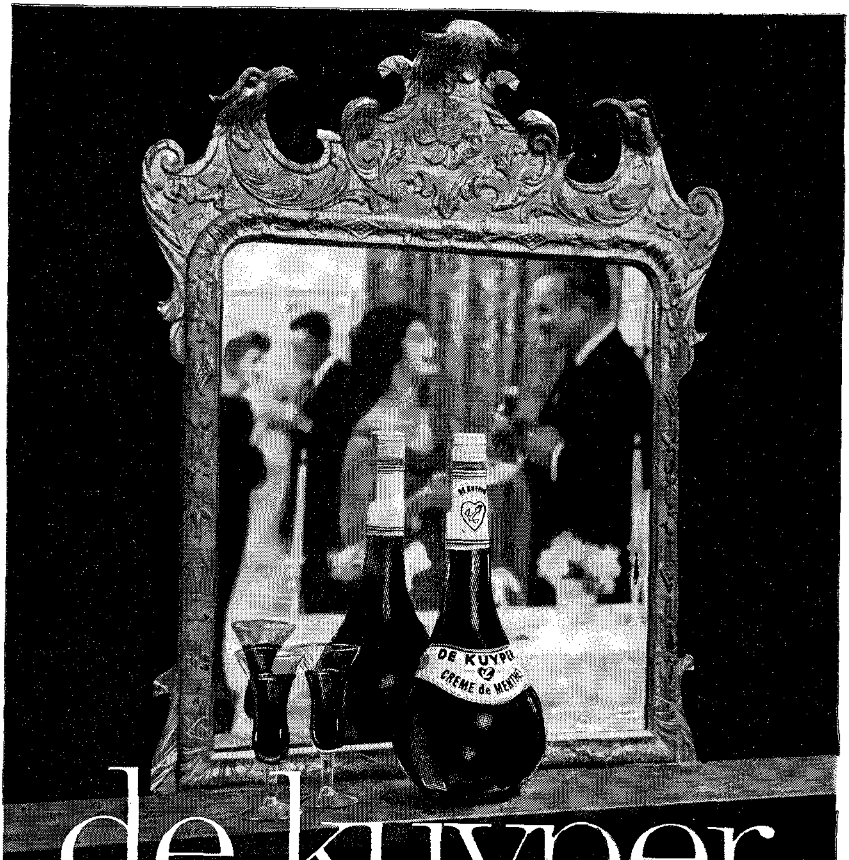
IN ORDER TO KEEP TRACK of his far-flung rural practice, my veterinarian uncle recently installed a two-way radio hook-up between his car and his home. A few days later, while he was ministering to a "patient" in the next county, his frantic wife radioed the news that their four-year-old son, Jonathan, had climbed a ladder to the roof and could not be persuaded to come down.

After a moment of thought, my uncle instructed his wife to turn the volume on her receiver all the way up. Then, in tones that fairly tore the speaker from its mountings, he bellowed into the microphone, "Jonathan! Get down off that roof!"

Her ears ringing, his wife waited for the results. Soon Jonathan appeared in the doorway, his face a study in awe and humility.

"Mommy," he said wonderingly, "God just told me to get down off the roof."

—DAVID F. ROBINSON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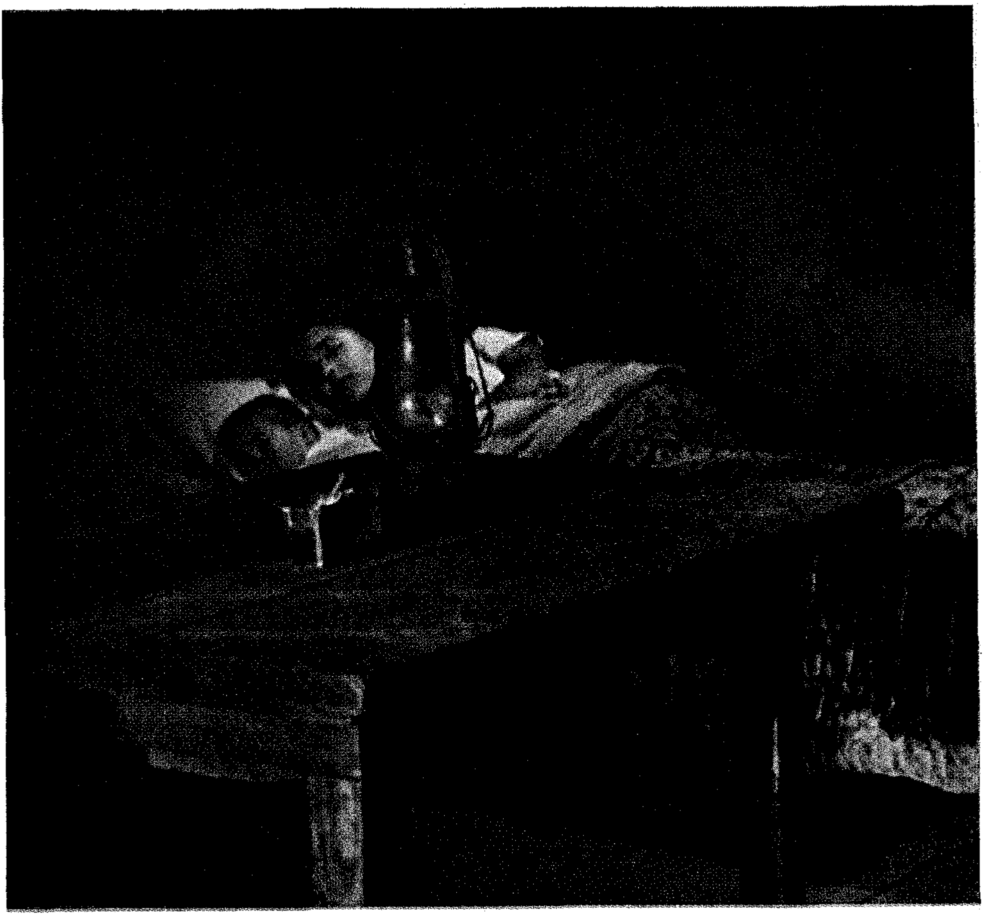
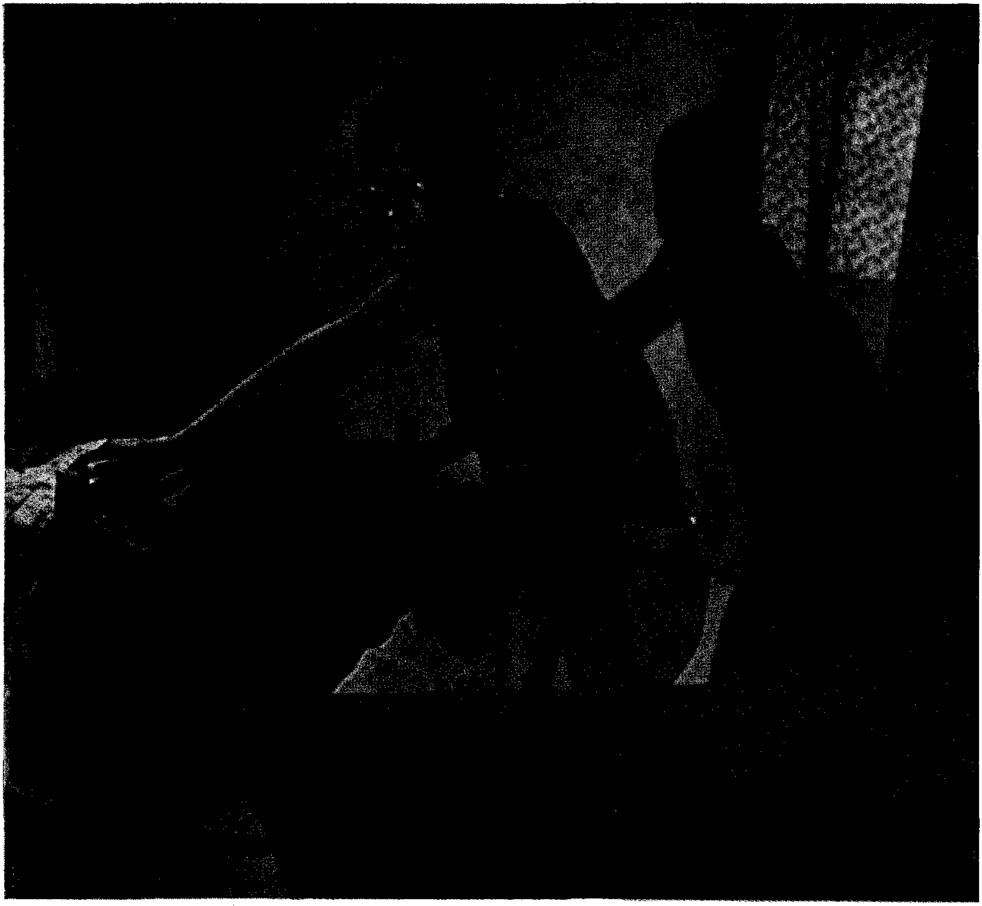
PHOTOGRAPHER GJON MILI "PAINTS" PORGY



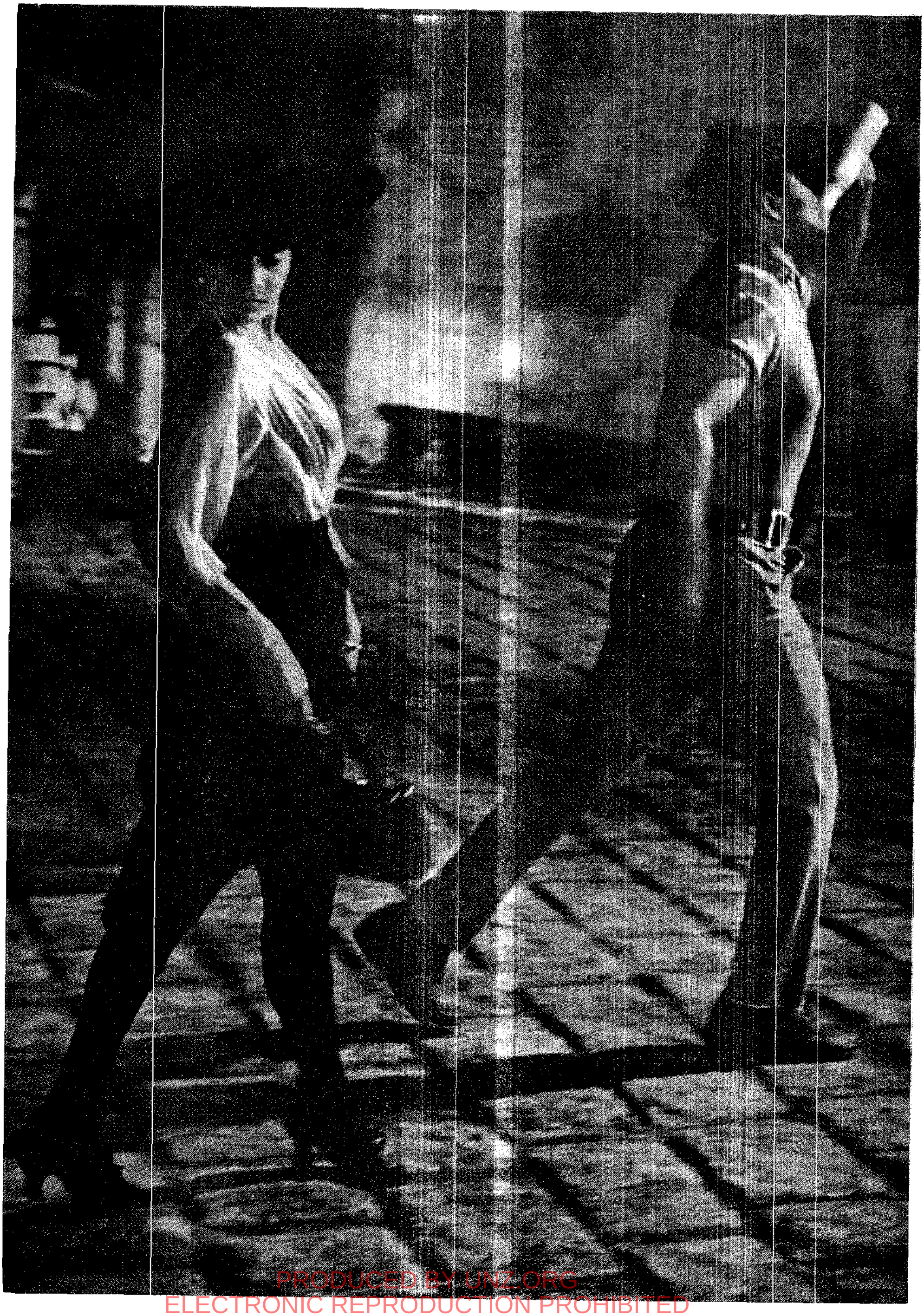
A dark blue cloud of impending doom seems to hang heavily over this picture, taken on the set of Samuel Goldwyn's new movie version of **Porgy and Bess.** The remarkable color was devised by the distinguished photographer Gjon Mili to add new dimensions of mood and meaning to "still" photographs. Using light, lens and film as an artist uses canvas, paint and brush, Mili—who pioneered

AND BESS IN BROODING, INSPIRED COLOR

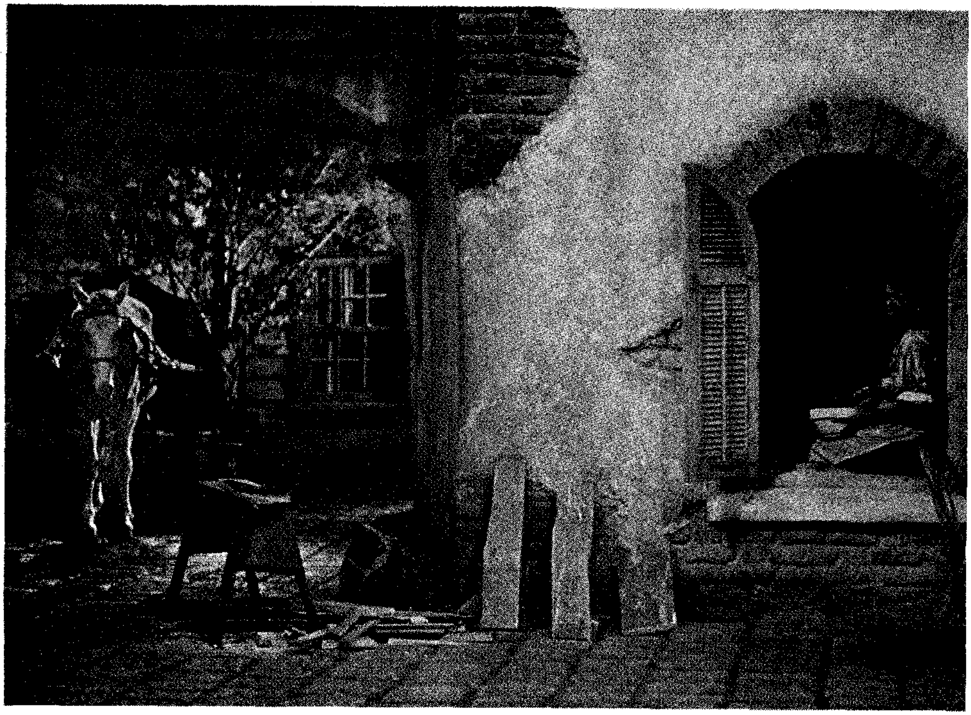
Text by James A. Skardon



such photographic techniques as strobe lighting—emphasizes, subdues, and even creates colors to interpret what he sees and feels in a scene. Here the blue heightens Porgy's (Sidney Poitier) fear and foreboding as he hears the stealthy footsteps of his archenemy. On the following pages, Mili uses an inspired variety of colors to capture the wildly ranging emotions of this dynamic classic.

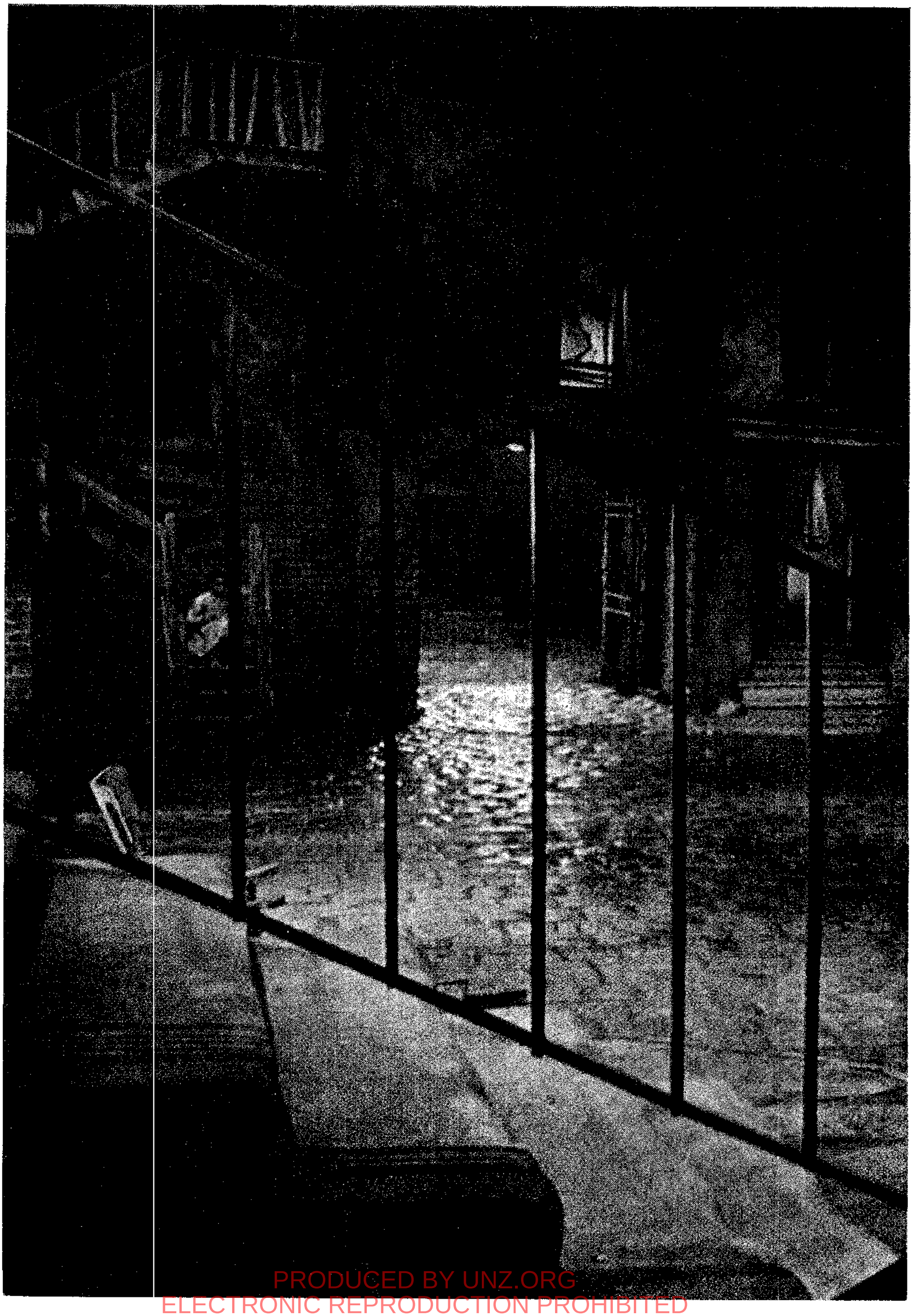


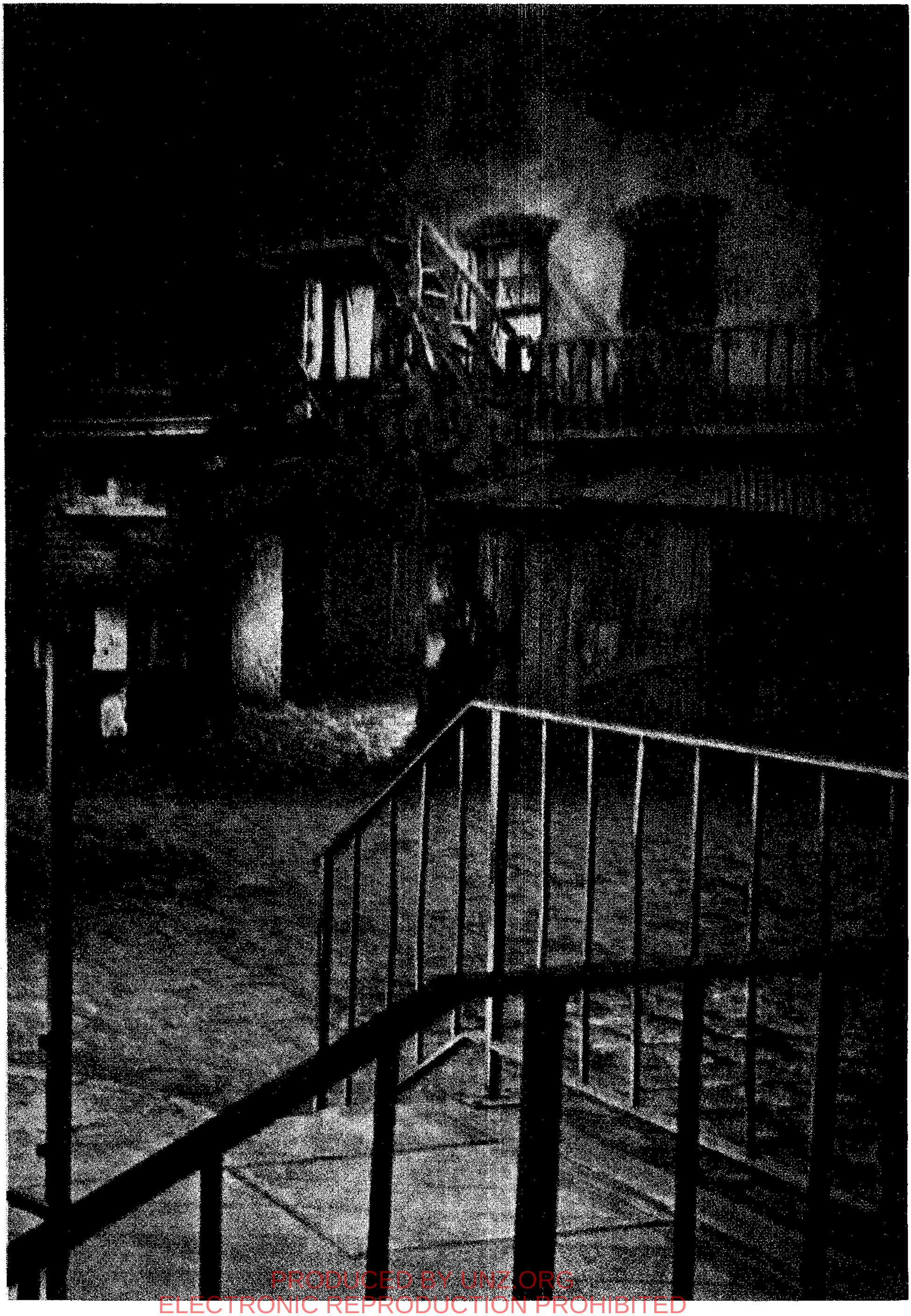
In sullen, sinister browns, suggestive, subdued yellows and murky,
passionate reds, Mili highlights Bess' (Dorothy Dandridge) seductiveness
and Crown's (Brock Peters) violent, explosive strength—
the picture, in its mood, foretelling a brutal crap-game murder.



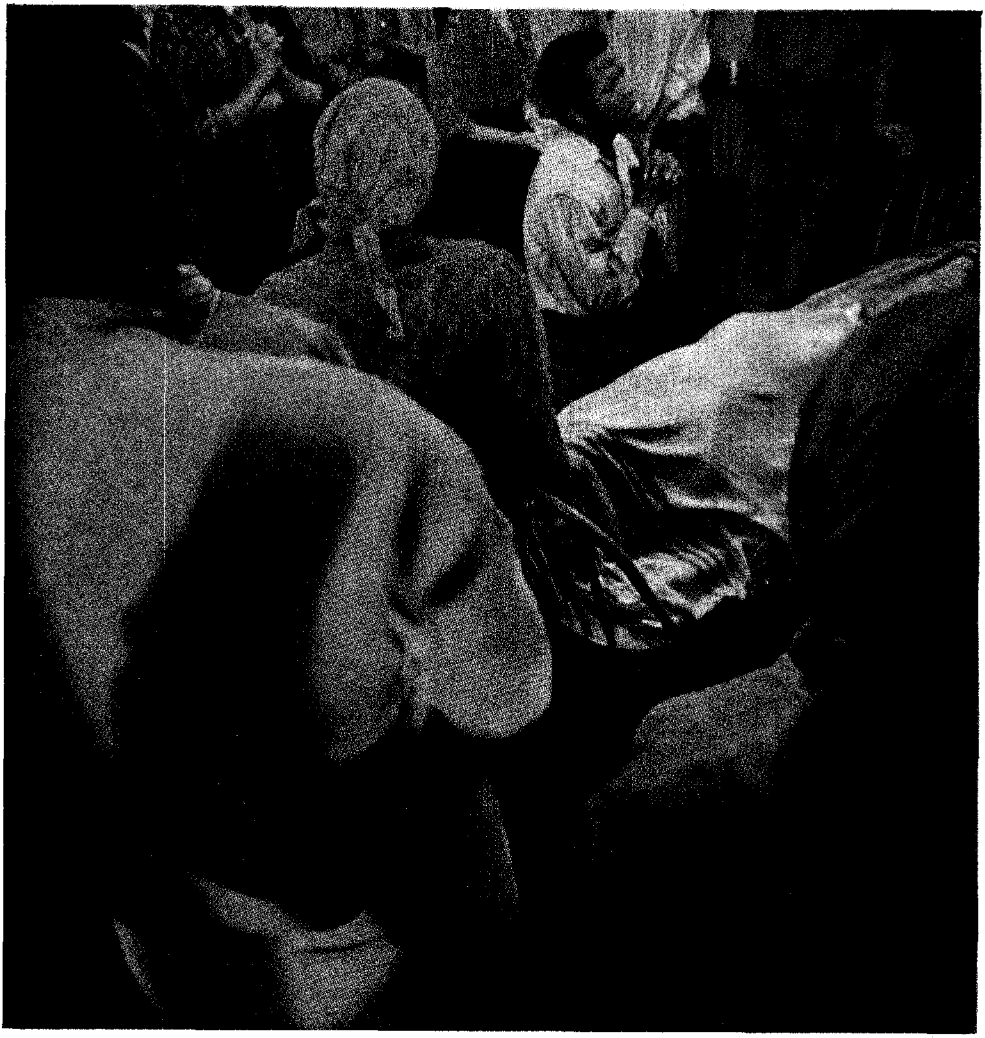
As Mili sees Catfish Row by day. Sun and shadow;
languid, sweltering, simmering summer heat in gold and tan.
Listlessly, as if becalmed by the tranquilizing colors,
Maria (Pearl Bailey) stirs her baking dough.

Standing in the ephemeral blue moonlight, Catfish Row awaits retribution. (➔)

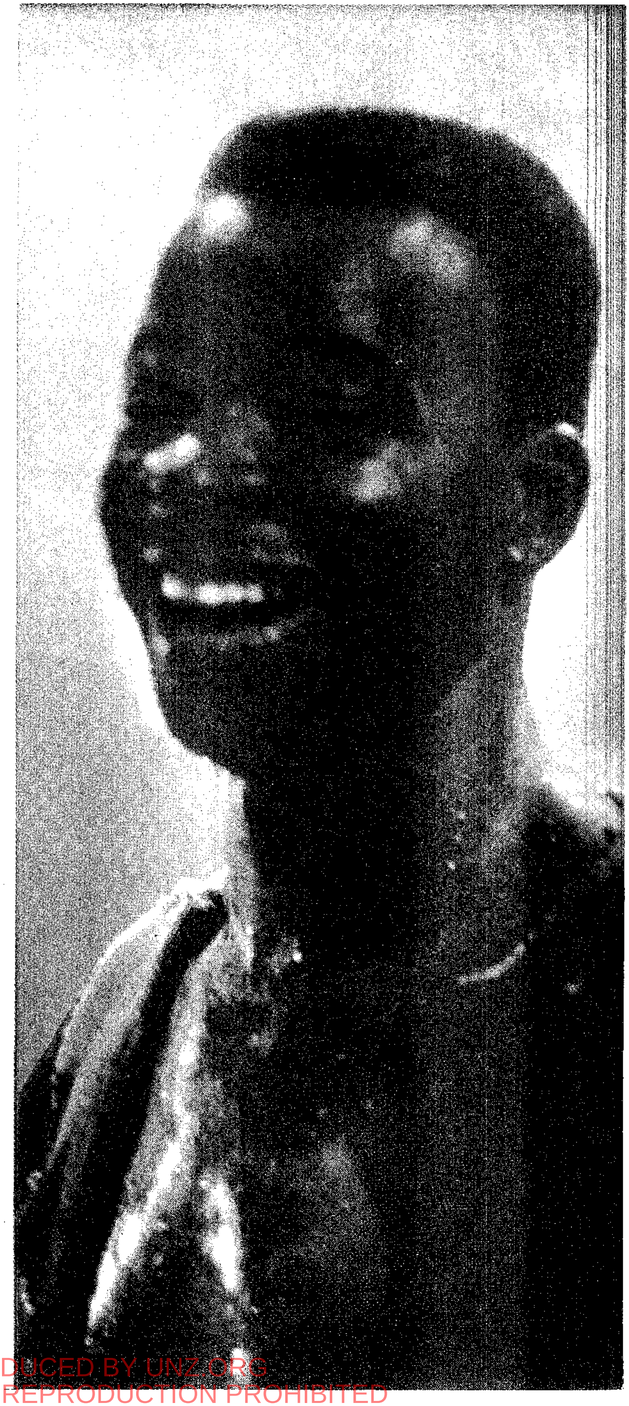


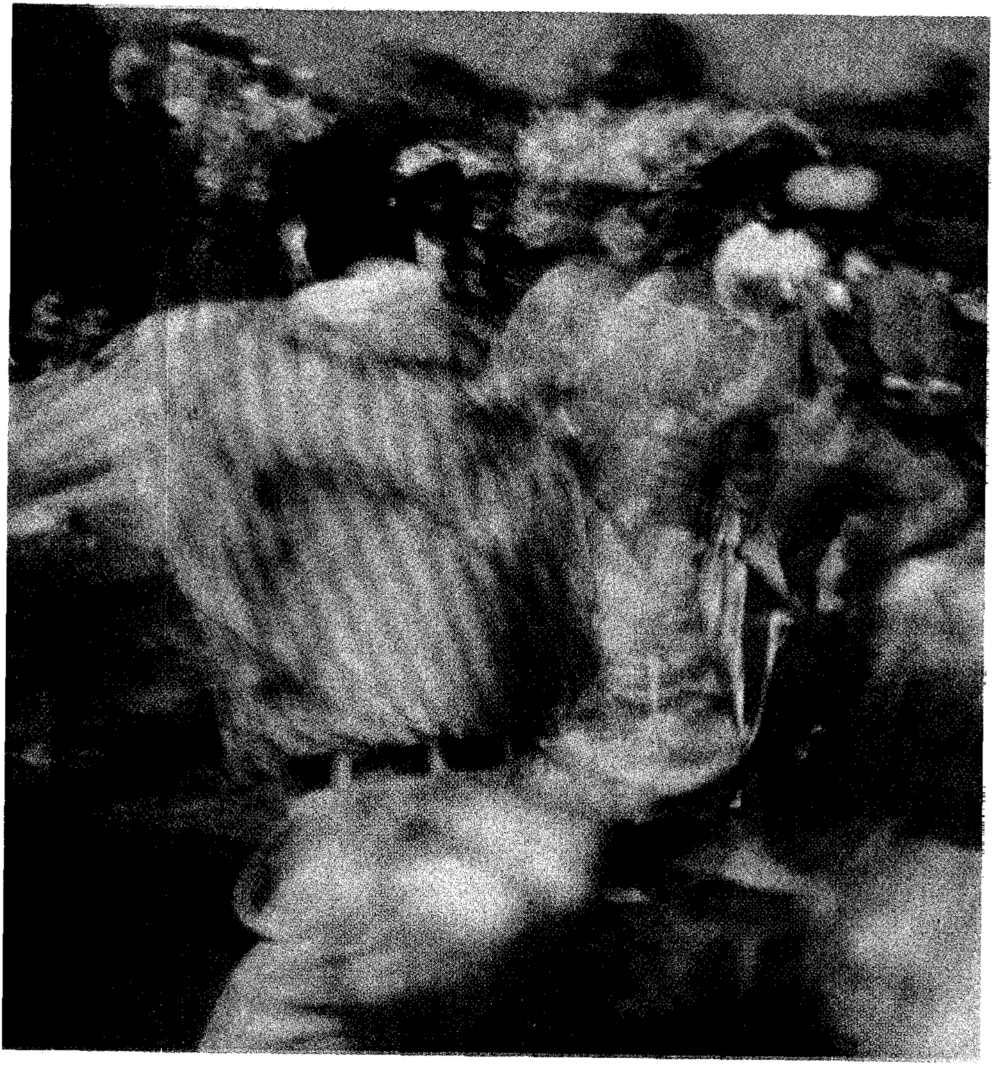


The pale, flickering yellows of the kerosene lamp,
illuminate the wake, reflecting
the clarity and the tragic certainty of Death.



Crown—glistening with arrogance and primitive power—mocks God with a flashing smile and roaring bull voice, his shirt a red cloak of turbulence.



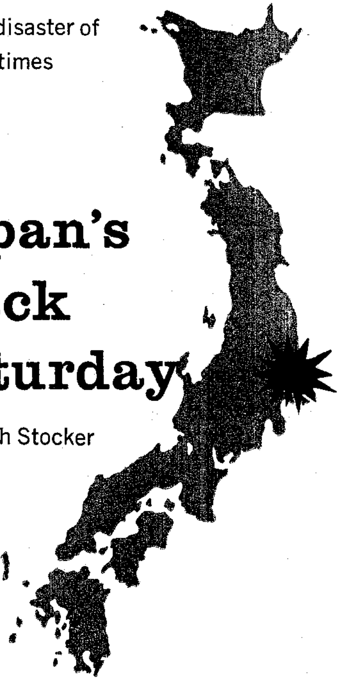


Esthetically and intentionally blurred by Mili, the wild, unrestrained picnic dance explodes in an orgy of color. A melted rainbow pours forth, spilling joy and gratification over the tumultuous bacchanal. ♛

Earthquake...
tidal wave...typhoon...
fire...all struck
the same
fatal day in the
greatest
natural disaster of
modern times

Japan's black Saturday

by Joseph Stocker



AT THREE MINUTES before noon on Saturday, September 1, 1923, Mrs. Cyrus E. Woods, the wife of the U.S. Ambassador to Japan, was descending the staircase of the big white Embassy building in Tokyo. Halfway down, she felt the stairs heave convulsively beneath her feet. Looking below, she saw a lamp dance across a table top, whirl off the edge and smash upon the floor.

Elsewhere in Tokyo, on the third floor of the Nippon Dempo building, an American newsman was engrossed in mapping out a story. "Suddenly," he recalled later, "there was a vast thud, a sort of vague universal noise . . . the cracking and twisting of all creation."

The worst natural disaster of modern times—the great earthquake of 1923—had struck Japan.

It struck the area encompassing Tokyo and Yokohama, the most congested area of one of the world's most congested nations. There were really four disasters in one. The earthquake precipitated a cataclysmic fire and tidal wave, and in the wake of all this came a typhoon. Approximately 150,000 people were killed, at least 125,000 were injured and 1,000,000 left homeless. Some 450,000 houses were destroyed and the catastrophe wiped out 70 percent of Tokyo and practically all of Yokohama. Combine the San Francisco earthquake, the Chicago fire, the destruction of Sodom and Pompei, and the devastation is only a fraction of that wrought by the Japanese 'quake.

"I was in the entrance of our office," an American in Tokyo said later, "when the shake shot me out on my hands and knees. When I tried to scramble up, it threw me down again. In the time it took me to get to my knees and look back—in the space of time that it would take you to clap your hands three times—the whole city had gone . . . vanished as if by some gigantic sweep of malevolent magic."

The "malevolent magic" wrought indescribable havoc. Six hundred people died in the collapse of a railroad tunnel. Six hundred more lost their lives when an electric power plant caved in. All Government buildings but two were obliterated. The 12-story Junikai Tower, in Tokyo's Asakusa Amusement Park, "made a bow like a living person," said one Japanese observer, "and crashed down upon hundreds of houses at its base." The crash killed 700 persons.

An insurance building in downtown Tokyo collapsed, and people struggling past the wreckage soon afterward noticed a sheet of paper tacked to a timber. It said: "Within this building there are 400 people. They failed to escape as the building fell. Deign to rescue them."

But nobody deigned.

There were, incredibly, over 1,300 shocks that week. But the first two on that first day, coming within minutes of each other, were the strongest and did the greatest damage. They struck just as mid-day meals were being prepared in hundreds of thousands of homes — fragile, jammed-together wooden structures. The earthquake's one-two punch shattered these frail houses, and then the flames from open cook stoves set them afire, and the holocaust was under way.

Hordes of Japanese were bottled up in narrow alleyways and roasted alive. Others made their way to open spaces, only to be trapped by flames roaring in on all sides. In one such area, 30,000 people perished. So great was the congestion that many of them died erect, packed together shoulder to shoulder.

Plunging into Tokyo's canals, people drowned and were crushed by floating debris. A few survived by crouching down along canal and river banks and covering their heads with mud to shield them from the blasting heat. Yokohama refugees waded into the harbor and stood in water up to their necks, hoping to elude the wind-whipped flames.

One of them was a Japanese *amah* or nurse, who had been employed to look after the infant child of a foreign couple. The child's parents were killed in the first shattering clap of the earthquake, and the *amah*, driven by the approaching fires, fled into the harbor with the baby. There, chin-deep in swirling water, she stood for a whole day and night, holding the foreign baby on her head. At last, she lurched ashore and collapsed from fatigue. The child was little the worse for the ordeal.

In the harbor, there was total chaos. The first shock wrenched dozens of ships from their moorings, and the wind sent them slamming into each other. Then the spreading fires ignited lumber-laden vessels, transforming them into floating torches that were driven by the wind toward ships standing at anchor.

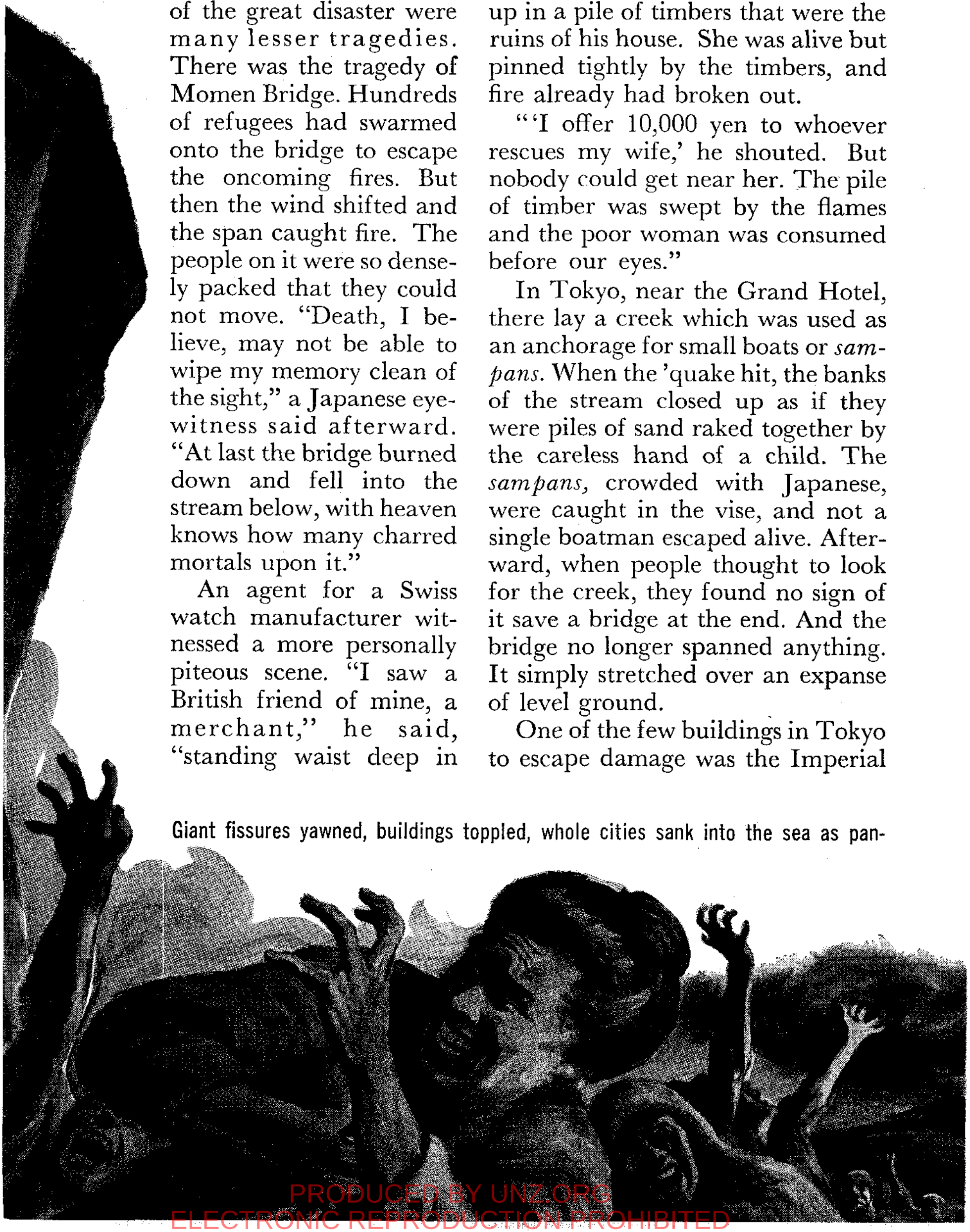
Within the framework of the great disaster were many lesser tragedies. There was the tragedy of Momen Bridge. Hundreds of refugees had swarmed onto the bridge to escape the oncoming fires. But then the wind shifted and the span caught fire. The people on it were so densely packed that they could not move. "Death, I believe, may not be able to wipe my memory clean of the sight," a Japanese eyewitness said afterward. "At last the bridge burned down and fell into the stream below, with heaven knows how many charred mortals upon it."

An agent for a Swiss watch manufacturer witnessed a more personally piteous scene. "I saw a British friend of mine, a merchant," he said, "standing waist deep in debris and dirt, pointing toward a woman's head which appeared high up in a pile of timbers that were the ruins of his house. She was alive but pinned tightly by the timbers, and fire already had broken out.

"'I offer 10,000 yen to whoever rescues my wife,' he shouted. But nobody could get near her. The pile of timber was swept by the flames and the poor woman was consumed before our eyes."

In Tokyo, near the Grand Hotel, there lay a creek which was used as an anchorage for small boats or *sampans*. When the 'quake hit, the banks of the stream closed up as if they were piles of sand raked together by the careless hand of a child. The *sampans,* crowded with Japanese, were caught in the vise, and not a single boatman escaped alive. Afterward, when people thought to look for the creek, they found no sign of it save a bridge at the end. And the bridge no longer spanned anything. It simply stretched over an expanse of level ground.

One of the few buildings in Tokyo to escape damage was the Imperial



Giant fissures yawned, buildings toppled, whole cities sank into the sea as pan-

Hotel. An odd-shaped edifice, designed by the late American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, it had been ridiculed by architects everywhere.

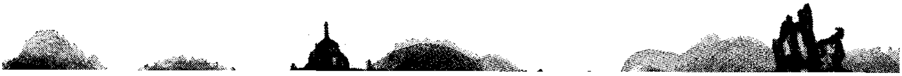
But Wright spent a year in Japan studying earthquake conditions before he designed the hotel. Rather than make it a steel skyscraper, which he regarded as "a trap for human sacrifice" in case of an earthquake, he fashioned a broad, low building of brick and reinforced concrete. For flexibility, he built it in 12 sections, each one free to move independently of the others. And instead of anchoring it to rock, he built it on a foundation floated on mud and tied down with concrete piles. The mud served as a cushion against the force of the great earthquake, and when the Imperial rode it out safely, Wright became world famous.

Tokyo's big penitentiary was not as durable. The first shock crumbled its walls. In any other country the inmates would have rushed forth to freedom. But not the obedient Japanese. Only one of the 1,300 inmates fled the prison—a life-termer who was worried about his penniless mother. He crawled out, took some money to his mother and then went back to the penitentiary.

The Japanese character manifested itself in other ways.

There was great bravery, for example. In a large open space, 1,000 people or more clustered in search of safety from the fire. Then flying sparks began to set fire to their clothing. So great was the heat that powerful air swirls developed—enormous vacuums that sucked up burning bodies and then hurled them back into the mob to set fire to others. But at last the flames died down, and a schoolmaster climbed on the smoking stump of a tree and cried in a thin, cracked voice, "All still living shout three *banzais* with me!" And from a hundred or so survivors came a feeble, valiant cheer.

There was also traditional Japanese courtesy. Foreigners were regarded as guests of Japan. Their well-being was considered ahead of all others. The American Ambassador, his wife and their Japanese servants took refuge in a compound on



icked millions fled from the disaster that killed 150,000 persons and injured 125,000.

the outskirts of Tokyo after the U.S. Embassy was destroyed. They were unharmed, but there was only a bowl of rice for the entire household.

Presently, the gate opened, and in came a weird procession of Japanese coolie-boys, some carrying lanterns on forked sticks, others bearing heavy sacks. Their leader was a Japanese dressed impeccably in European clothes. He walked up to the Ambassador, bowed low and then signaled his coolie-boys to open their sacks. Out poured fat ducks, potatoes, cabbages and loaves of bread.

"Your Excellency," said the leader, "I come from their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, who send you this food in sympathy for the trouble which has come upon you in their Empire."

And there was fatalism, bred by repeated earthquakes, typhoons, and wars, that verged on apathy. As the fires spread, people said, "*Shikataganai*" ("It can't be helped") and did nothing.

There were even instances in which Japanese bureaucracy hampered efforts to get help to the people. American destroyers bringing relief supplies were ordered away because of a rule against the entrance of foreign warships into Japanese waters. And at Yokohama, while U.S. and British passenger ships took aboard any and all refugees, many Japanese vessels accepted only those who could buy tickets.

Compassion for the suffering Japanese people swept the world. In the U.S., the Red Cross launched a campaign to raise $5,000,000 for earthquake relief and raised $11,000,000. School children dropped $5,000 worth of coins into boxes marked "Help Japan," the American Federation of Labor assessed its members 25 cents each for Japanese relief and Sing Sing convicts passed the hat and collected $457.

"It is utterly inconceivable," said the grateful Japanese Government, "that a situation could arise which could swerve for a moment from America the love, the human fellowship, the eternal gratitude of the people of Japan." As things turned out, "eternal" meant approximately 18 years—from a black Saturday in 1923 to a black Sunday in 1941, at a place called Pearl Harbor. ♛

PESKY PROBLEMS

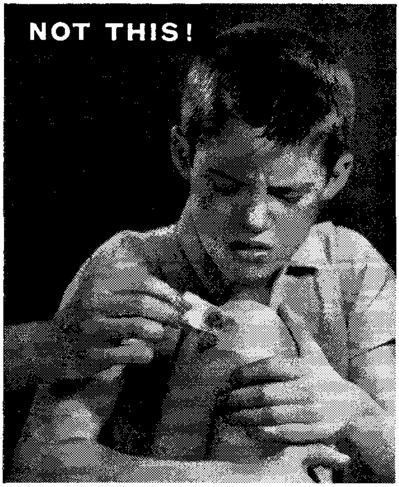
WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON, Railway Express employees didn't know what to do with a small burro who stood forlornly among the "lost" items at the local office. They couldn't deliver him—he had eaten his shipping tags.

A MASON, MICHIGAN, deputy sheriff was not quite sure what he could do to help a deaf woman who called to complain that she was receiving police short-wave radio signals on her hearing aid.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

CURAD® New "mercy bandage"

won't pull the scab off



Unlike gauze bandages, new CURAD with non-sticking Telfa® pad won't hurt when you take it off . . . won't reopen healing wounds

No more crying when the bandage has to come off. New Curad "mercy bandage" has a Telfa pad (like the Telfa Dressings used in hospitals). Gauze is covered with a plastic surface which never sticks to the wound, won't pull the scab off.

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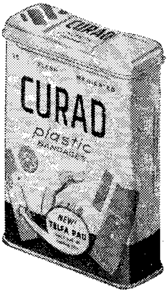

Curad bandages for cuts, scratches; Telfa sterile pads for larger wounds.

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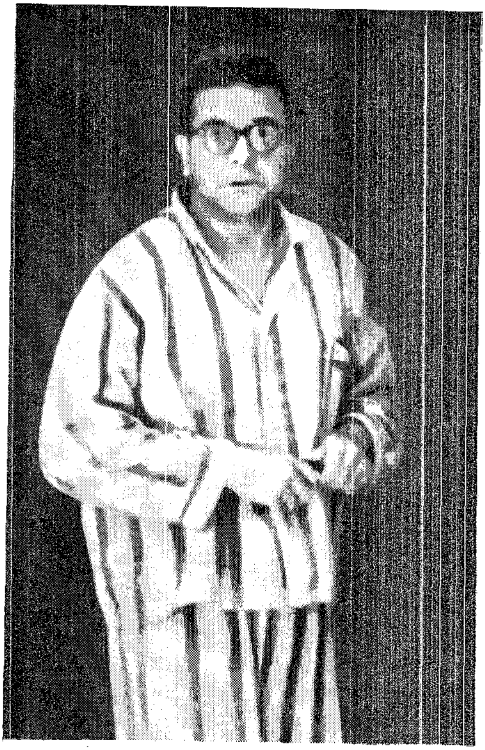
THE MAN WHO MURDERED TROTSKY

by Bernard Wolfe

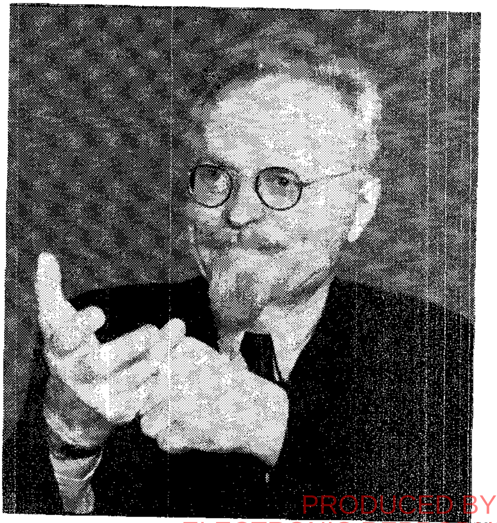
An authority rips the veil of mystery from the assassin, who for 18 years has lived in a Mexican jail in luxury—dreading the vengeance of his co-plotters

UNLISTED TELEPHONE NUMBERS are easy to obtain. But the one belonging to the man who calls himself Jacques Mornard van den Dreschd, of Mexico City, has one unusual feature. The owner answers his phone at a Federal penitentiary, where he is serving out his 20-year-and-a-day sentence. Since his arrest he has been in jail for more than 18 years.

A private wire connecting him with the outside is not the only comfort this prisoner enjoys. Mornard, as he prefers to be called, lives, not in an ordinary cell, but in a two-room suite which boasts bookcases, a radio, a typewriter and a variety of electronic equipment with which he likes to experiment. Since his refined taste rebels at prison fare, he has his meals catered by an expensive restaurant. The guards protect him against intruders, but he is allowed unlimited visitors, including "romantic" visits with women—although under Mexican law, a



In silken pajamas, the ice-ax slayer of Leon Trotsky strolls on his cell patio. Below: *Shortly before his murder,* Trotsky charges Stalin with ordering his death.



prisoner is allowed visits with his legal wife only.

The man enjoying these privileges is in Lecumberri Penitentiary, Mexico, for one of the most cold-blooded murders of modern times.

Mornard is the conspirator who, on the afternoon of August 20, 1940, drove to the Mexico City suburb of Coyoacán, entered a heavily-guarded villa, presented the elderly man who greeted him with some typed papers, waited until his host was seated and absorbed in these papers, then drew an Alpine ice ax from inside the raincoat he was carrying and with it pierced the reader's skull. The mortally wounded man screamed for help. His bodyguards rushed in and seized the ax-wielder.

The victim was Leon Trotsky, the organizer and first leader of Russia's Red Army, who had been exiled by Stalin. Twenty-six hours later Trotsky died and the Mexican secret police went to work to find out who their tall, dark-haired, dapper, nervous, tight-lipped prisoner was.

There was no mystery about him, Mornard insisted. According to his story, he had joined the Trotsky movement while a student in Paris. Later he had been summoned by his leader to Mexico; Trotsky had given him orders to smuggle himself through Manchuria into Russia, there to carry out acts of terrorism, the first target to be Joseph Stalin.

"I was to join Trotsky's supporters in the U.S.S.R.," Mornard repeated mechanically to his interrogators, "with the object of working for the demoralization of the army and to sabotage war factories and, if it was possible, to attack the leaders. . . . I came away from the discussion as though the house were falling on top of me." Disillusioned, desperate in the knowledge that he had given his life over to a vicious "enemy of the working class," Mornard said he had decided he must destroy Trotsky.

But large holes appeared in the murderer's story.

He was, he said, Jacques Mornard van den Dreschd, of a family long prominent in the Belgian diplomatic corps. The Belgian consul in Mexico City could find no trace of such a family in his country's Foreign Office archives. Mornard further insisted that he had lived at certain addresses in Brussels and gone to certain schools at Dixmude. These addresses and these schools did not exist. They never had.

Still another part of Mornard's story did not ring true: he accused Trotsky of inciting acts of terrorism, but Trotsky himself had, over the years, written voluminously against terrorism as a political weapon. Terrorism, however, was the one thing Stalin wished to prove against his archenemy. If Stalin could show that Trotsky had been plotting wholesale murders, nobody could be much concerned if and when *he* were murdered. Joseph Stalin would be the one to benefit if Mornard's story were made to stick. Thus Mornard could only be an agent of Stalin's secret police.

Bernard Wolfe is the author of **The Great Prince Died**, a novel based on Trotsky's life. The book has been likened to **Dr. Zhivago** in its political significance.

But knowing this was one thing. Proving it was another.

Mornard's trial was postponed for well over two years, until February, 1943. The legal maneuvering required the pulling of many strings. According to the report later published by former Secret Police Chief Leandro A. Sanchez Salazar (in collaboration with Spanish refugee Julian Gorkin), an agent had been dispatched from Moscow to Havana in December of 1941. Then, he presumably sent a woman agent to Mexico City with $20,000 to be used in Mornard's defense.

It was Julian Gorkin's estimate that Trotsky's assassination, the subsequent legal maneuvers, the plans for an escape and the maintenance of Russian agents in Mexico cost somewhere in the neighborhood of $600,000. The presumption was that only an adjunct of the Soviet state could or would hand out such sums for such purposes.

In 1943, a defense committee was charged with the preparation of Mornard's case for trial. Ignoring his original confession, it worked up a new version of the murder based on the argument of "legitimate defense." In this reconstruction of the crime, an argument had started, the "hot-tempered" Trotsky had brandished a revolver, and Mornard had simply struck out to defend himself.

But the evidences of premeditation were overwhelming. Mornard did not just "happen" to be carrying a raincoat on that bright, sunny day. He did not just "happen" to have a mountaineer's ice ax concealed in his coat, along with a revolver and a dagger as alternate weapons. The special loop that held the ax in place did not just "happen" to be there; somebody had deliberately sewed it to the coat's lining.

Mornard was found guilty of premeditated murder and of illegally bearing weapons, and was given a 20-year-and-a-day sentence. (There is no capital punishment in Mexico.)

But the real identity of the murderer remained a mystery. In their first meetings, General Salazar found his prisoner to be "an actor, a consummate actor . . . rather nervous, but with adroit self-control. . . . He had great agility of mind and . . . quite a wide culture. He was very fond of reading and had the appearance of an intellectual. He liked to eat well, and I noticed that he had a sensual nature. Surely if corruption had been involved, here was a man open to it. He was rather violent, sometimes cynical and even impertinent. He was often sarcastic. . . . He smoked to excess, greedily, one cigarette after the other. On the whole he gave the impression of an adventurer, of a man who had absolutely nothing to lose."

General Salazar was a shrewd judge of character. Months after Mornard's trial and conviction, further investigation turned up conclusive evidence that the cosmopolitan Belgian businessman was in reality a native of Barcelona, by name Ramón Mercader del Río. Willingly or not, he had inherited from his mother, Caridad Mercader del Río, an ease in conspiratorial living and a talent for false face.

For more than a decade before the Spanish civil war, in Barcelona, Madrid, Paris, Brussels and other capitals of Western Europe, the murderer's mother had carried out missions of the most confidential and delicate sort for the Russian secret police. She was so important a personage to them that in the '40s, when she was living in Moscow, she was in direct contact with the Secret Police Chief, Lavrenti Beria.

How did her son become a puppet of Joseph Stalin?

Actually, Ramón had never had much interest in politics; at Caridad's urging he had joined the Loyalist militias during the Spanish civil war, but when he received a minor wound at the Catalan front, he immediately returned home to his mother. What interested the secret police most particularly was that, even as an adult, Ramón remained unnaturally attached to his mother, stayed close by her side, could hardly take his eyes from her.

The man picked for the Coyoacán assassination would have to be more than personable, cosmopolitan, able to play a role, good at languages. He would also have to be ready to carry out the job even if it added up to a suicide mission.

Ramón was good-looking and presentable. He knew languages. Most important, he was pathologically dependent on his mother. The secret police had control over Caridad's life. They could manipulate the son —by manipulating the mother.

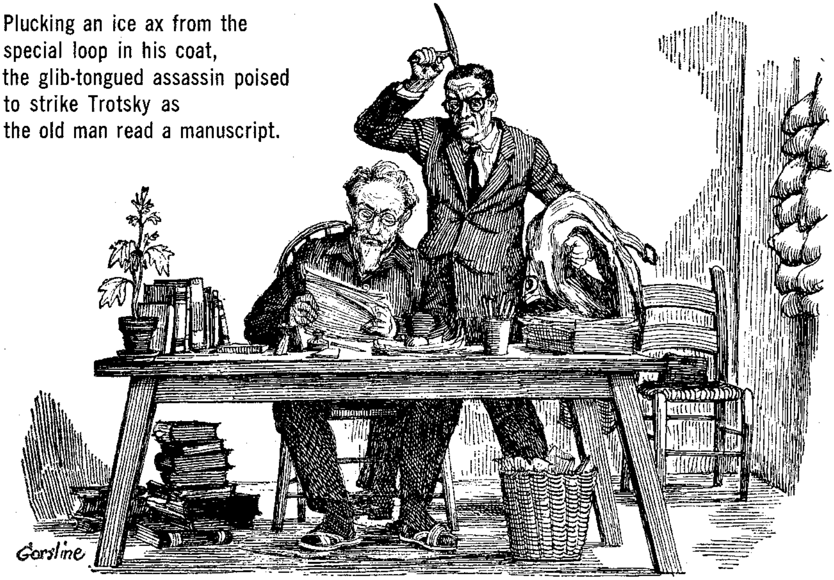
Nobody knows precisely what means were used to terrorize Ramón through the person of Caridad. But it is a historical fact that the '30s were a time of widespread purges in the Communist ranks. Caridad might have been called to Moscow and confronted with charges of some trumped-up sort. At this point, her son might have been informed of her troubles—and told that if he took on a tricky assignment for the secret police, the charges against his mother would be suspended or even dropped.

At first, Ramón must have been told that he would only have to maneuver himself into a position close to Trotsky so that he might report on the goings on in the exile's fortress-house. To do this, Mornard cultivated a close relationship with a New York girl who shared Trotsky's politics and often traveled abroad to visit him. Mornard's mission was to meet this girl, posing as a Trotsky sympathizer, and make her his mistress. Not only did he carry out the politically motivated seduction, he lived with the girl for over two years before the time came to open the vital door.

Says a Mexican police officer who came to know Mornard well: "A man who did not take some secret pleasure in abasing and humiliating women, covering them with mud, could hardly have carried out this kind of mission. It meant that every day of his life, every hour of the day or night, for over two years, he had to live the most fantastic lie—and make it convincing."

Finally, no doubt after Caridad had been threatened in a still more ominous way, Ramón was told he would have to kill. He struck with the ice ax—for his mother.

Now, nearly 19 years after the



Plucking an ice ax from the special loop in his coat, the glib-tongued assassin poised to strike Trotsky as the old man read a manuscript.

murder, Mornard has run a little to fat; his shoulders have a slight sag; but there is still nervous intelligence in his too-quick eyes. He is now in his 50s. But confinement has not been hard on the man. He has "connubial" visits from women more often than most prisoners, always from the same girl. "They say this girl is the sister of one of Mornard's prison mates," a Mexican penologist says. "The girl lives in one of the worst slums and there is no sign that she gets a penny from him, though by her standards he is enormously rich. He simply has no interest in her apart from her 'use value' once or twice a week."

As often happens in such men, Mornard's cruel streak is overlaid with considerable surface charm. Twenty years ago he was rather dashing, very much the continental, a good dancer, a devotee of mountain climbing and other vigorous sports. This racier side has not been entirely frustrated by prison. A California woman who lived for some time in Mexico City, on close terms with people in the "international set," reports:

"Life for the café crowd down there was a parade of parties. The most exclusive parties were weekend affairs arranged by a certain man who'd been a figure in New York night club life and then had to get out of the States to beat a tax rap. This man threw these 48-hour parties for one particular guest—Jacques Mornard. I don't know how he got out of jail but he always showed up, dressed in expensive clothes and surrounded by bodyguards. We all knew who he was but nobody particularly minded; it made him all the more fascinating, gave him a certain shivery glamor. . . ."

If Mornard has at times been free to come and go, why hasn't he escaped? It appears that he has been that rare and remarkable thing, a voluntary prisoner, perhaps from the very beginning. Some observers believe that an elaborate plan for his escape in 1942 went wrong only because of a tip that reached the police from—Mornard.

He knew that, having accomplished his mission, he could only be a nuisance to his friends; he could name the real inspirers and organizers of Trotsky's assassination. So long as he stayed in jail, he could blackmail his associates on the outside into taking good care of him. If he escaped and put himself in their hands—they might kill him.

When Mornard became eligible for parole in August, 1953, his reaction was puzzling. He did take the necessary steps to keep open what in Mexican law is called the *emparo*, the right to petition for parole; but for a long time the petition was not forthcoming. Well over a year later, however, the Mexican parole officials did receive Mornard's formal application. He had had time to mull over the crucial events that had taken place in Russia.

Joseph Stalin had died and the Soviet bureaucracy had been severely shaken up; Lavrenti Beria, dismissed from his post in 1953, had been executed. The day of unchecked terror was allegedly over.

Without strong off-the-record

guarantees of his safety, Mornard would hardly have made his belated move for parole. Word must have come to him from the secret police that he need have no more qualms about leaving prison.

But the parole board turned his petition down. According to Mexican penal law, a prisoner can be granted parole only if he has shown penitence for his crime, and there was only one way Mornard could convincingly do that—by confessing that he is Ramón Mercader del Río. Ironically, admitting his identity was the one thing Mornard could not do. That would infuriate the people who would be waiting for him when he was released.

No one can say what Mornard-Mercader plans for himself when he leaves prison. Wherever he goes, he will spend sleepless nights. The secret police know very well that if and when he should decide to reveal his true connections he could not stop with his mother's name. He would be obliged to go on and name all the others he knew, all his mother's old associates.

Many of these old-timers, at least those who survived the Stalin and post-Stalin purges, must still be doing undercover work for the Soviets in various parts of the world.

Wherever the murderer decides to settle when the Lecumberri prison gates swing open for him next year, he will never be sure that these old friends will not one day come to silence him. He knows better than anyone what a long and lethal reach the Soviet secret police has, how it can stretch across continents and oceans, into sealed fortresses, with an ice ax in its hand.

THE OPEN DOOR

"WHAT DO YOU THINK about when you see church doors open to everyone who wants to worship God there?" a teacher in an integrated Washington, D. C., Sunday School asked.

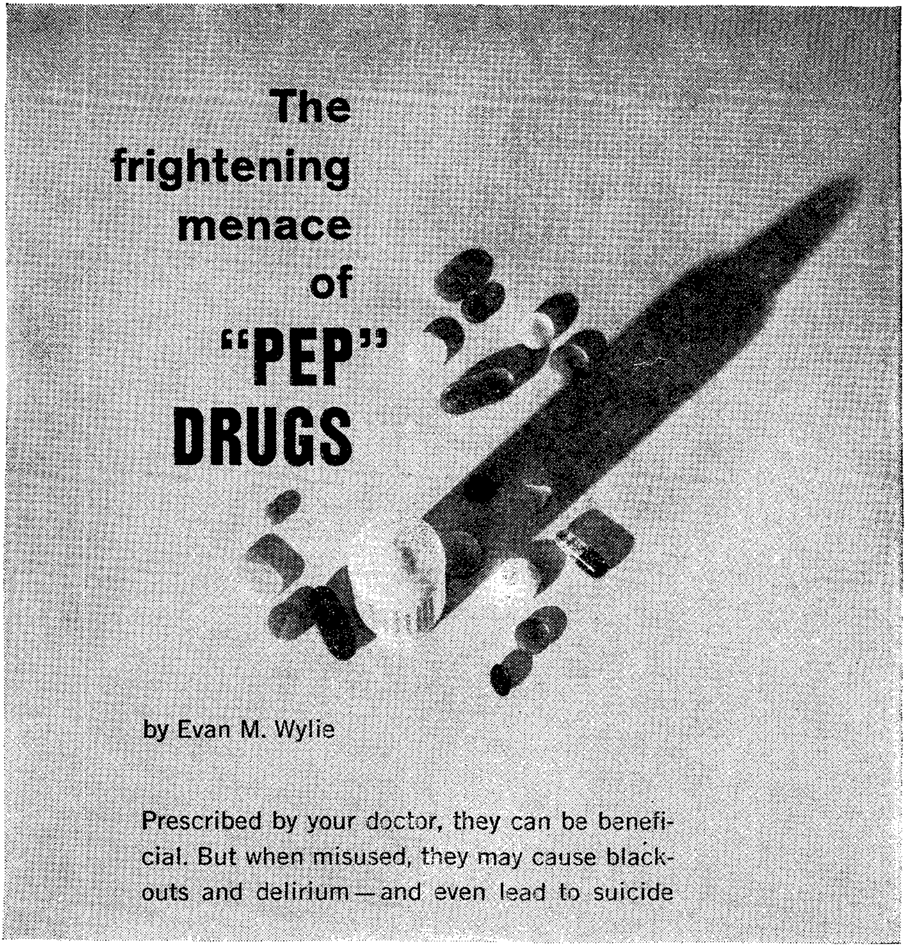
One of her ebony-skinned juniors painted a beautiful word picture. She said, "It is like walking into the heart of God."

—EVELYN L. NELSON

IN AUGUST CORONET

SOUND ADVICE ON STEREO
First it was hi-fi; now stereophonic sound has arrived and is here to stay. Read an expert's clear, concise question-and-answer explanation of what stereo is, how it works and what to look for before you buy.

THE TRUTH ABOUT X RAYS
Unwarranted fears of sterility and radiation sickness are causing thousands to refuse X rays. This authoritative report describes the dangers, but shows how, properly used, X rays are safer than sunshine.



The frightening menace of "PEP" DRUGS

by Evan M. Wylie

Prescribed by your doctor, they can be beneficial. But when misused, they may cause blackouts and delirium—and even lead to suicide

IN NEW YORK RECENTLY, a young college student killed himself; in Missouri, a teenage gang committed a series of robberies and engaged in prostitution; on a main Southern highway, a helper on a truck suddenly went berserk and attacked the driver with a knife. All these vicious antisocial activities had a single cause: excessive, illegal use of a drug called amphetamine.

In America, amphetamine is one of the largest selling drugs. It's been estimated that over six billion average doses are taken annually in the U.S. Approximately 150 firms manufacture amphetamine compounds in pill or nasal inhaler form. They are sold under innumerable trade names, and are known across the nation as "dexies . . . bennies . . . speedballs . . . thrill pills . . . co-pilots and pep pills." Recently the abuse of amphetamine has been increasing so rapidly that police, Federal authorities, doctors, druggists and the U.S. Congress are seriously concerned.

Just what are the amphetamine drugs? Are they dangerous, viciously conducive to addiction, or do they have a legitimate place in the practice of medicine?

The first amphetamine compound was developed in 1927, and was soon found to be a powerful brain stimulant and of use in relieving nasal congestion. The effect of one 10 mg. amphetamine pill is roughly equivalent to gulping eight to ten cups of coffee. As the drug is rapidly distributed through the body, it constricts blood vessels and may raise blood pressure. The heart may commence to beat faster and muscle tone and tension increase.

Within about ten to 20 minutes the combined effect of these physiological changes makes the pill-swallower feel increasingly alert, keenly responsive and fired up with energy and self-confidence.

He is able to concentrate on a single task for much longer periods. His brain and muscle fatigue are delayed and masked so effectively that he is capable of unusual physical and mental efforts. He also experiences a striking drop in appetite.

Medical science has found so many uses for amphetamine that it has become one of the most widely employed modern drugs. It has a miraculous ability to arouse a person from a dangerous mental depression and make him optimistic and confident. "It would be impossible to estimate," declares one prominent psychiatrist, "how many suicides have been prevented by the proper use of amphetamine."

Generally accepted today as the most effective means of controlling appetite, amphetamine is prescribed by physicians for overweight diabetics, for obese children and emotionally disturbed, overweight adults. Eating less, feeling more confident, these patients respond more quickly to therapy which may get at the psychic cause of their overeating.

Gynecologists frequently prescribe amphetamine pills to counteract the mental depression that sometimes strikes women before or during menstruation or at the menopause. They are used to combat lethargy and despondency in elderly people. Hospitals commonly employ them to counter the effects of anesthesia and to save victims of an overdose of sleeping pills. They are used to treat alcoholism, epilepsy, Parkinson's disease and narcolepsy, an overwhelming desire for sleep. Taken in prescribed doses, under the supervision of a physician, amphetamine rates as one of the safest drugs. Side effects are slight. Addiction, in the sense of the habit-forming physical craving caused by narcotics, is absent under proper medical supervision.

How then can so valuable a drug gain such a bad reputation that Congressmen call for laws banning it? The reason is that many of the billions of amphetamine pills that are swallowed annually in the U.S. go down the wrong throats, and many an amphetamine inhaler never gets near a stuffy nostril. Despite the efforts of the Government and reputable drug manufacturers, the bootlegging of amphetamine pills and inhalers has become an established, profitable, nationwide business.

Collegians use the pep pills to cram all night during crucial examination periods. Sleeping pill addicts take them to galvanize themselves out of their groggy hazes. Truck drivers, night workers, entertainers, professional men and businessmen swallow them to stave off fatigue and key themselves up beyond their normal capacities. Convicts swallow smuggled pills or misuse inhalers to deaden the frustrations of imprisonment or to hop themselves up for riots and escapes.

Doping of race horses and racing dogs with amphetamine became such a threat to these sports that urine tests of the winning animal are now made before race results become official. More recently, teenagers have been taking amphetamine for "kicks" and "thrill parties."

Not long ago, a storm burst on the front pages of the country's newspapers when Dr. Herbert Berger, Chairman of the New York State Medical Society's Committee on Narcotics and Alcohol Addiction, told a convention of the American Medical Association that there was reason to believe that amphetamine was being widely used by athletes to improve their performances.

The doctor's charges were heatedly and convincingly denied by famed four-minute milers such as John Landy and Roger Bannister. But a spokesman for the U.S. Olympic Association found that record executives of the Olympic, university and amateur athletic organizations, doctors and others were of the opinion that a startlingly large segment of the entire population in schools and colleges resort to this type of drug.

Newsmen obtained statements supporting the USOA charges from amateur and professional athletes, coaches, trainers and team physicians. Dr. Fred Davies, physician for the Ottawa Rough Riders, said that all Big Four Canadian football clubs make the drugs available to their players. And according to *The New York Times,* Davies said many players had learned to use the pep pills in college sports in the U.S.

A former San Francisco Forty-Niners football star recalled: "I played through all the games without getting tired and I doubt that it would have been possible without bennies." Professor Thomas K. Cureton, director of the University of Illinois' physical fitness research laboratory, reported that the use of amphetamine apparently was common among Australian Olympic swimmers in 1956.

What those who misuse pep drugs

do not know is that amphetamine can boomerang with grim and frightening consequences. The reason it is classified as a "by prescription only" drug is that, when used in high doses without proper medical supervision, amphetamine can cause headaches, dizziness, delirium, epileptic seizures and sudden blackouts. Panic states, reckless antisocial behavior and even urges toward suicide and homicide may result from excessive doses.

In a nationwide investigation, the Food and Drug Administration turned up evidence of what happened to truck drivers who relied on "bennies" to help them highball their big ten-ton rigs without stopping to sleep. Fatal crashes, bizarre hallucinations and pill-crazed drivers who pulled knives and guns on their teammates were reported.

THE EFFECT OF bootleg amphetamine on an impressionable youngster can be tragic. "He used to have trouble concentrating on his books," said the father of the New York youth who committed suicide, "so he started taking pep pills to key him up for studying."

Although he pleaded with his son to stop, the boy continued to take the pills. "Let's face it," he wrote home, "my periods of productivity are few and far between, but when I partake of (the pep pills) I am possessed of an almost insatiable desire for study."

When the pills wore off, however, the youth would often be seized with fits of deep despondency. A week after the last letter to his family, he suddenly left school and took his life.

Unquestionably the most pathetic victims of bootleg amphetamine drugs are the nation's teenagers. "In all the complexities of adolescence," observes one authority, "there is constant pressure on the young person to win and keep the social approval of his group.

"When a susceptible youngster who suffers from a sense of inadequacy or social inhibitions gets his hands on a drug that makes him feel talkative, confident and carefree, he begins to use it. His friends try it.

"It is precisely here that amphetamine can be most dangerous. Laboratory studies have established that its stimulating and exciting effects are much more pronounced on individuals in a group than on a single person. The effect . . . on a roomful of teenagers is contagiously progressive. The youths suddenly feel as though they are ten feet tall."

Some of the teenagers who have experimented with amphetamine buy the pills from bootleggers. Others have picked up the infinitely more perilous practice of taking amphetamine inhalers apart and chewing the drug-impregnated paper cartridges or swishing them around in a soft drink or coffee. Lately, since manufacturers have added a nauseating chemical to inhalers, teenagers and others have been extracting the amphetamine from the cartridge and then injecting the "soup" into their veins with hypodermic needles.

Whereas a single pep pill usually contains about 10 mg. of amphetamine, the inhaler cartridge may contain as much as 250 mg. Thus, a teenager who would never down 25 pills at once, will swallow or inject into his body the equivalent of such a massive dose.

One attractive teenage girl who was involved in a series of burglaries told police, "When you're on that stuff you just don't care. I was even a prostitute for three months."

How can misuse of amphetamine be stamped out in the U.S.?

The Food and Drug Administration now has a nationwide campaign to arrest and prosecute all illegal peddlers of amphetamine pills. The FDA has also issued an order to put sales of all amphetamine nasal inhalers on a "prescription only" basis, as amphetamine pills have been for a long time. Drug manufacturers are removing amphetamine from their inhalers and substituting a non-stimulating drug.

The use of amphetamine in athletics has been outlawed by the American Olympic Association and the American Athletic Union.

But meanwhile, profits to be obtained from bootlegged pep pills remain so tempting that doctors and druggists agree that the American public must be educated to the harm and suffering pep drugs can cause.

Dr. Herbert Berger told CORONET that he terms amphetamine, "one of the most dangerous drugs existing today," because of its widespread misuse. "A person who unknowingly suffers from heart trouble or high blood pressure may cause his own death by dosing himself with these pills. Boys or girls who recklessly take large doses may drive a car 100 miles an hour.... Fathers and mothers, teachers, school physicians and athletic coaches should beware the pill bootleggers."

If you are prescribed amphetamine by a physician, you can take the drug with the knowledge that it is potent and safe. You need have no fear of addiction. Under competent medical supervision, millions have taken amphetamine for long periods of time without any injurious effects.

But let all others beware that shattered lives and chronic ill health may be the price paid for using the drugs for purposes for which they are not intended. Don't play around with pep drugs—they're dynamite! ♛

GOOD QUESTIONS

WHEN MY SISTER'S HUSBAND commented on the fact that he was considering taking his former job back as a ranch hand, his seven-year-old daughter asked, "Were you a cowboy, daddy?" When he answered "yes," she wanted to know, "What channel were you on?"

—CAROL BATES

WOMAN TO CUSTOMS OFFICIAL who was closing her bags after rummaging through them:

"Does that mean you give up?" —*English Digest* by Ralph Bass

"Prejudice won't make us sell our house!"

The news exploded in the quiet suburb: a Negro family had moved in...Then came panic...dissension...neighbor against neighbor...until it seemed the peaceful community would be torn apart by the mounting pressures...

When I came home one evening about six months ago, my 12-year-old and nine-year-old sons greeted me with the news: "Dad, colored people moved into the house across the street."

My youngest, seven, knew something big had happened. But he did not quite know what it was. "What color, what color?" he kept asking.

My wife and I had met all kinds of people and thought of ourselves as reasonably liberal. But this was a new situation and neither of us was quite sure how to take it. We wondered what a changed neighborhood would do to the value of our house, into which we'd put most of our savings.

About 10 p.m. the phone rang. The voice at the other end was ingratiating. "Mr. Bass," it said, "I want to buy your house."

For a moment I was taken aback—things were moving quickly. The fellow at the other end was as sure of himself as I was uncertain. "I'm in the real-estate business," he said. "I'll give you $20,000."

"That's more than it's worth," I wanted to say, but didn't.

"I really don't know," I blurted. "I hadn't thought of selling."

Suddenly the voice turned hard and cold. "Listen, mister," it barked, "next week I won't pay 18. And a month from now you'll be glad to give it away."

It took me 30 seconds to get the idea. The real-estate broker was trying to buy the houses in our area in his own name and then re-sell them at a tidy profit to house-hungry Negroes.

I blew up. If the phone company had been monitoring, they probably would have yanked the phone for improper language. "O.K.," the voice snarled back, "so be the last white family on the block!"

Next morning the storm really broke. There were wild yarns everywhere—the new people were going to run a rooming house; Harlem was emigrating en masse to our neighborhood. Scenes of crime and passion were envisioned in Springfield Gardens, our quiet residential community in Queens, New York.

Looking back I realize that these fantasies did not spring up by themselves. They were part of an ordeal that had been skillfully prepared for us—by real-estate agents. Most of them were not as crude as the one who had called me. In most cases, more was hinted than actually spoken. But every word, every gesture, was designed to make us feel we were idiots if we didn't sell immediately.

It was at this crucial moment that the house next to the one already sold to the Negro family was put up for sale and prospective purchasers, mostly Negroes, were seen looking at it. That same day one woman, reputedly an "advanced thinker," lost her head and insisted that her husband move their family away at once. "We'll go to a hotel," she sobbed.

I think it was the spectacle of this unhappy lady that led to our first community meeting; we *had* to know where we stood. About 40 of us got together in a neighbor's home. As my wife and I entered, a beefy, red-faced woman was orating. "I know this," she wound up, "I don't want my kids to socialize with them."

"That's right," her husband chimed in, "and what about when I work nights? Who's going to take care of her and the girls?"

A policeman who lived nearby eyed the couple sourly. "People are people," he rumbled. "I arrest as many whites as I do colored."

As we stumbled over feet to find seats, an elderly woman intoned, "If God wanted black and white mixed he would have mixed us in the beginning." Immediately, a retired merchant arose with a quotation from, he said, the *Book of Leviticus*: "The stranger who settles beside you shall be treated as native; and you shall love him as yourself." The woman subsided.

"I'll do anything legal to keep Negroes out of the neighborhood," blustered a local tradesman. Bernard Berlly, the young lawyer-president of the Springfield-Hillcrest Homeowners Association assured him that there was nothing legal he *could* do.

An earnest young utility company employee declared, "We're staying! I had a friend—colored people moved next to him; right away he sold his house. Bought another house for $20,000, been there a year—colored people moved next door. I said to him, 'Now what are you going to do?' He said to me, 'I'm staying.' And we're staying, too."

It was at this point that my wife made up her mind, and I have never been prouder of her. "Too many of us," she told the crowd, "live in boxed compartments. The more compartments you break down, the more kinds of people you know, the more interesting life becomes."

Then came a big surprise. A couple whom we had considered on the snobbish side spoke up: "We certainly won't move," they announced. "Why should we? We like it here."

Right after that, a World War II fighter pilot spoke up firmly. "I'm going to put up a sign in front of my house," he said, "it will read, 'Not for Sale. We believe in democracy.' "

Two men I will call Wilson and Johnson had been eyeing each other furtively across the room all evening. Finally Johnson said to Wilson, with a look of contempt, "I hear you're selling." "Not me," said Wilson, "you're the guy who's selling." The same real-estate broker had told each the same lie.

Berlly brought the meeting to a close with a hard-hitting array of facts and figures. He was able to prove that property values do not go down when a Negro moves into a white neighborhood; that they drop only if white residents dump their houses on the market.

Through police reports, Berlly showed that in decent communities Negroes are as law abiding as anyone else. Most important, he convinced us that the entry of a Negro into a neighborhood does not necessarily signal a complete change unless white residents permit themselves to be hoodwinked by conniving real-estate brokers.

This meeting was only one of many, for the community continued in a turmoil. But gradually recog-

NOT FOR SALE

At our community meeting, a World War II fighter pilot spoke up: "I'm going to put up a sign in front of my house," he said. "It will read, 'Not for Sale. We believe in democracy.' "

nition of what was right and decent in human relations grew in our minds, and there was never the slightest threat of violence in our community. We were helped tremendously by people like the Rev. David Sheldon, minister of the First Presbyterian Church. His parishioners had learned to "welcome other people as they had come."

"These other people have been able to say, 'We are wanted here,'" said Rev. Sheldon, "that this is a wonderful community to live in."

After Rev. Sheldon's statement we felt pretty good and then all of a sudden we felt a lot better. He and eight other local clergymen—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—joined in a warning to high-pressure real-estate agents: "We will cooperate with every proper step to insure that these unethical activities shall prove to be unprofitable."

We sent copies of their statement to 350 real-estate firms in Queens, and the pressure dropped. But there were exceptions; for instance, the Negro real-estate man who admitted that he *wanted* to see neighborhoods taken over completely. "My people's strength is in staying together," he said, "and besides, I have 200 colored families right now who want houses. Where are they to get them?"

But the majority of Negroes we spoke to did not want to see neighborhoods abandoned by whites. They felt that such abandonment was a strongly implied slur on Negroes. The average Negro wanted his children to know and feel at ease with white children so that they could grow up free from the fears and hates that have warped so many, white and Negro alike.

Besides the clergymen, we had other valuable allies. For a number of years an inspired elementary school principal, Mrs. Myra C. Flinker, had spent most of her spare time organizing intergroup relations "workshops" and "clinics." When our crisis came we had a hard core of people trained by her in cooperation with the Tri-Community Council.

Through Mrs. Flinker and Mrs. Wilma Buchanan, the Council's president, we got in touch with a number of civic and governmental agencies and learned about the successful housing integration in other communities—Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Ft. Wayne, Seattle, St. Louis, Germantown, Oakland and elsewhere in the country.

In Bloomfield, New Jersey, for instance, 200 local residents paid for an advertisement in their local paper—"welcome to all good neighbors"—regardless of race and religion. We heard about Teaneck, New Jersey, where white residents successfully resisted panic selling, and about Concord Park near Trevose, Pennsylvania, where a planned integrated community has maintained high standards (CORONET, August 1957). Said one white resident of Concord Park: "We're like people in any other community. We all choose our friends selectively. Some have all white friends, some have friends who are Negro and white, and some choose not to be friendly with anyone at all. . . ."

Everywhere we ran into statements like this one from a white Air

Force sergeant, living near Sunny Hills, California: "There are three Negro families on my block. Our children play together. There has never been any trouble, and in my opinion there never will."

In Springfield Gardens today, people have calmed down considerably. The first Negro family—a couple—turned out to be average people with a liking for classical music. Amazingly, they even keep their hi-fi down low— which is more than we can say for some of the older residents.

Of course, we don't know what our neighborhood will be like five years from now. We hope it will be a balanced one. To this end we are trying to get banks and loan associations to give mortgages to Negroes and whites alike—something they have not always done in the past.

We know that as time goes on, people will move for business or other reasons. But when they do, we are very sure that it will not be out of panic. The stampede was over before it really got started.

DEFT DEFINITIONS

EFFICIENCY EXPERT: A man who waits to make up a foursome before going through a revolving door.
—*Irish Digest*

ATHEIST: A man with no invisible means of support.
—*English Digest*

FLIRT: A woman who believes it's every man for herself.
—*General Features Corporation*

SUBURBIA: A place where people wait for their kids to grow up so they can move back to the city.
—FLETCHER KNEBEL *Detroit Free Press*

GOLDENROD: A plant that makes hay fever while the sun shines.
—*General Features Corporation*

CHARACTER: To have the same ailment the other person is describing—and not to mention it.
—*General Features Corporation*

INFLATION: Something that cost $5 to buy a few years ago, now costs $10 to repair.
—DR. L. BINDER

HEREDITY: Something you believe in when your child's report card is all A's.
—DR. L. BINDER

WOMEN'S FASHIONS: All of those things that go in one year and out the other.
—KENNETH J. SHIVELY *The American Legion Magazine*

by Harald Jaediker Taub

How to spot

Summertime is vacation time, and for the canny shopper it is also the time for a vacation from high prices. Across the country, stores make a policy of clearing out their inventories soon after July 4, in order to make room for the new fall lines.

For most of us this means a chance to buy something better for less. "Giant Summer Clearance Sale!" says the sign in the window, "Values to $21.95. Selling out at $8.95."

This does not mean that every item in the sale was formerly priced at $21.95. It means that **some** of them were. A variety of qualities have been lumped together; often the brand name will have been removed, and so will the original price tag. It is up to you to spot the bargains. In making your selection, you will do well to look for some of the following signs of high quality.

Air conditioners

You can save $100 or more by waiting to buy your room air conditioner when the sales are on. Prices (which usually run from $200 to $350) are then reduced to clear out the current stock before the manufacturers bring out the next year's models. But since the air conditioner is a closed unit that you cannot examine very well yourself, you will have to read the manufacturer's specifications and question the salesman closely.

The biggest point to remember is that the horsepower rating (generally 1 hp or 3/4 hp) means very little. The actual cooling capacity of the conditioner is rated in British Thermal Units (BTUs). To determine the rating you need, you must take into consideration such factors as the square feet of floor space in the

a summer bargain

room you wish to cool, the location and use of the room and its exposure to the sun. If you can get the desired cooling capacity in a 3/4 hp air conditioner, there is no point in spending more money for a larger unit.

Ask the salesman to show you the air conditioner's fan. If it is small and operates at more than 1,000 rpm, it will probably be noisy. The larger the fan and the fewer revolutions, generally, the quieter the operation. The squirrel-cage type fan makes less noise than the propeller blade type.

Do not pay extra money for gimmicks like so-called "portability" and room heating by air conditioner. The "portable" units weigh about 60 pounds or more and require a built-in installation in each window, if you want them to cool efficiently. Air conditioner heating capacities are small; and the heat you get costs very much more, in electric current consumed, than your normal method of heating. It is no substitute for central heating; whether room heating by air conditioner is economical depends largely on local utility rates and prices for fuel.

Make certain that the price includes installation. Shape, style and brand name are a matter of individual preference.

Nylons

Factory overstocks of "first quality" stockings are disposed of at low prices under private brand names of retail stores, unknown brand names and as "irregulars." (Prices drop to as low as 69 to 89 cents a pair.)

Proportioned length (short, medium, long or extra long) will give better fit and probably better wear. It is only in the more expensive lines of stockings that the manufacturers go to the trouble of making proportioned sizes, and so this is one sign of a well-made stocking.

In full-fashioned hose, which

are less popular but fit and wear better than the seamless, look for the "full-fashion mark" (an open-stitch line running along both sides of the seam).

Examine the welt (the stocking top) for elasticity. The very best stockings have the whole welt knit in an elastic stitch. Full-fashioned hose always have an oval opening on the underside of the welt, bound with stitching like a buttonhole, set into the seam. If the welt has no provision for stretching, then the stocking is not one of the best. Seamless stockings also should have a stretchable welt. The better stockings will usually not be shiny, and will compensate for sheerness by using more stitches to the square inch.

"Seconds" are stockings that have some defect where it will show, and where durability may be affected. They are not a good buy unless the price is very low. Many "irregulars," on the other hand, are actually perfect stockings that were mill surplus, marked irregulars to sell at a lower price.

Swim suits

In men's shorts and trunks, look for a "pre-shrunk" label attached to a cotton or woolen garment. A good pair of shorts should have a lining. If there is a built-in supporter, it should be heavy enough to give some support. Turn the shorts or trunks inside out and look at the seams. They should be strongly sewn and completely finished. Unbound edges of fabric and loose threads are signs of skimping. Most important, try them on before you buy. And see to it that shorts are cut generously enough to give you freedom of movement.

Swim suits for women are a more complicated matter. Fine quality swim suits range in price from about $20 to $39. Much of this difference is a matter of costlier fabric or added detailing such as embroidery. A suit in the $20-$25 range is, for all practical purposes, as finely made as any. Even when reduced to $12-$14, however, these fine swim suits are quite expensive and you have a right to one that will control and flatter your figure.

Unless you have a perfect figure, the elasticized fabrics and knits that predominate in swim suits will be best for you. Make certain the suit is either tailored to act as a bra or has a bra built into it. The bra constructions of most good suits are sized to a medium bust. If you are unusually small or large, look for one of the suits that are put out in a range of bra sizes, and get one in the size you really wear. Some well-made suits come with removable bones at the sides of the bra for better support if needed.

The more seams there are in a suit, the better it will fit. Examine the seams on the inside.

They should be strongly sewn (with elastic thread if the fabric is elasticized). They should be reinforced with extra tacking at the ends, where the sewing stops and can most easily break loose. The crotch should be formed by contoured pieces fitted together for comfortable, wrinkle-free fit.

Remember that even at a bargain price a fine swim suit is no good—if it isn't just right for you. Try it on and make certain it looks and feels as it should.

Luggage

This is an item in which the most important detail — the frame—is completely hidden and cannot be examined. But here are the qualities you can see.

Raise the lid. It should stay up, and the device that holds it up should be sturdy and work smoothly. The lining—usually satin—should be strongly sewn. Skimping on the lining will indicate even more skimping where it doesn't show. The locks should work easily. All closings should snap into place without manipulation. The hardware should impress you as sturdy.

The material of the case is a matter of personal choice. The more popular materials include solid plastic, solid metal, leather, or a covering material on a metal or plywood frame. If well made, the covered plywood case, which is generally cheaper, will wear and look as well as any. But always examine the unbound edges where the lid comes together with the case. Any bulges will indicate skimping on workmanship—the hidden plywood frame may be shoddy and likely to warp or break.

Lingerie

The rules for spotting quality in swim suits apply equally well to lingerie—particularly slips, half slips (petticoats) and panties. Selling normally at from $8.95 to $15, high quality nylon tricot slips will be reduced by as much as 40 to 50 percent at a good summer sale. Labels and tags may be removed, however. If so, look at the inside of the garment. The hems and seams should be completely finished. If your fabric preference is nylon tricot, make sure that all sewing is done with nylon thread. Cotton or silk will break on the tougher nylon fabric. In a slip, look for darts sewn in at the waist and fine seams joining contoured pieces of fabric for a good fit.

You can easily recognize the quality of any fabric by holding it up to the light. The cheaper fabrics will be transparent and have a grainy look because they are stretched. You should be unable to see through the material, and the knit or weave should look perfectly regular.

Beyond fabric and tailoring, value depends on easily-seen extras such as edgings and panels of lace, or embroidery or hand stitching. These increase the strength of the seams and usually improve the fit. Make certain that any lace trim is securely stitched. Silk, a rarity these days, is not necessarily more expensive, unless it shows up well under the light test. The same is true of cotton, which, in a fine quality, can be as expensive and luxurious as silk. Both can be cheap and flimsy. Never take for granted that a fabric is a good one; look for yourself.

Furniture

There is nothing wrong with plywood furniture, even though it is much cheaper than solid hardwoods. However, it must be a good plywood that is used. Make certain it has several layers of wood, and that the underside is as perfectly free of chips, scratches or sanding burns as is the top. If the furniture is well designed, all visible edges will be covered with veneer wood and the plies will not show.

In tables and chairs, any screws used for joining pieces may eventually work loose and cause annoyance. Generally, the more wood joints, and the fewer screws, the better the furniture. Very shiny furniture may be a sign of poor workmanship. Heavy varnish may be used to hide the fact that the wood itself is not properly polished. Well-polished wood is usually only lightly varnished and has a semi-gloss.

In modern furniture, imports from Denmark and Sweden sometimes have more hand finishing at no greater price. Hand rubbing and polishing are important in light-colored woods, whose finish is not embellished by varnish. In style, too, hand finishing lends a soft beauty not matched by any existing machine process.

Make sure any furniture with legs stands level without rocking. Try all drawers and see to it they fit well and move easily. Drawers completely unfinished on the inside indicate cheap manufacture.

Look at the back of any cabinet, bureau or other kind of box-design furniture. If it is a thin plywood and the outer veneer is soft enough to scratch with your thumbnail, the chances are that there has been skimping throughout the piece. Even a plywood back should have a hardwood face to prevent warping.

Beds

These are items whose qualities are so completely hidden that often even the dealer doesn't know how good or bad they are.

Always check the fiber contents label and ask if the materials have been properly sterilized before use. Generally, it's best to stick to reputable brand names. Aside from brand, the ways of identifying quality are few. In mattresses, the finest, most expensive filling material is horse hair. White horse hair is best. But it is practically unobtainable today. If the fiber content label specifies white horse hair, it is probably re-used hair. A good content of black horse hair—100 percent if you like a hard mattress—is your best bet for a high quality mattress that will give long wear.

In buying foam rubber, make certain it is a single piece. If not specified, the mattress will probably be filled with odd lumps of foam rubber, which will give you neither comfort nor wear. As for box springs, there is even less to go by. Hand-tied springs have greater resilience and longer life than those held in place by a metal strip. Ask the salesman how the box spring is constructed. If he doesn't know, you can sometimes tell by digging your hand between the wooden slats of the construction, and feeling. A greater number of springs is not necessarily an advantage. The springs will be individually smaller and lighter, and hence may not wear as well.

White sales

August white sales are famous. You can find a bargain at a reputable department store, if you buy your bed and bath linens from among the markdowns.

On bed linens made of cotton, you will always find a label that tells you how many threads there are to the square inch. If you want the tough muslin, look for about a 140-thread count for good wear that will not be too coarse. If you want the luxury of percale, look for a high thread count—200 or over. In the best grades of percale you are likely to find the most resistance to shrinkage.

Markdowns on linens will usually not be over 20 percent. If you can find a sale that offers a reduction of 25 percent or more you are getting a bargain indeed. Make certain the threads run straight and even and that there is no "graininess" in the appearance, whether percale or muslin. In bath towels, get the thickest and softest you can find at your price. Look for the ones that were originally priced at $3.98 for the 27 x 52 size. They will absorb water better and wear better. A towel should have a soft springy feel. In imported table linens, softness and closeness of weave are again the important characteristics.

You will find the above merchandise on sale this summer everywhere in the U.S. If you exercise reasonable caution in buying, you can expect to save anywhere from 25 to 50 percent on your purchases. The great American institution of the clearance sale is your chance to get the very best for the least. Happy hunting!

The greatest problem of marriage:

"We can't talk to each other"

by **HUGO A. BOURDEAU**
Executive Director, Marriage Counseling Service, Baltimore, Md.
as told to **ROBERT LISTON**

ALL OVER AMERICA husbands and wives cannot talk to each other. This, I am convinced, is our number one marriage problem.

Husbands cannot speak of financial worries, and hide their insecurity behind "manly" silence. Wives conceal spur-of-the-moment purchases or veil convictions they are no longer loved or found attractive.

Couples, once excellent companions, have learned to rope off areas of their lives into a kind of marital no-man's land. Trespassing into it ends up in a quarrel. Conversation declines to "truce" subjects such as weather, television, latest gossip. Problems go unsolved and magnify. A new, "sympathetic" person is found to talk to. The marriage dissolves into misery and sometimes into divorce.

This inability to converse—it might even be called a conspiracy of silence—shows up in 85 out of every 100 couples visiting marriage counselors. Frequently it is their only problem. Thousands of others go directly to divorce courts without counseling.

There is probably not a marriage in America entirely free of "communication" problems. In just one workday I encountered these:

"I had *that* for lunch," the husband said at dinner. He only meant to comment on the coincidence. The wife, however, heard it as a nasty crack at her cooking—and the argument was on.

"But I just gave you $10 yesterday," another husband said. He meant he hadn't any money to give her today. His wife heard it as a sneer at her ability as a manager.

"Grace, your hair looks lovely tonight," another husband said to a woman friend at a party. His wife heard it and thought, "He doesn't like *my* hair." She pouted the rest of the evening.

It is obvious this young man said nothing about his wife's hair. How could his wife assume he had?

She failed to "listen with understanding," as Dr. Carl R. Rogers of the University of Chicago, puts it. She raised to Chinese Wall proportions what Dr. Rogers calls the "major barrier" to communication—"our very natural tendency to judge, to evaluate, to approve or disapprove the statement of the other person."

People with communication problems are so busy putting up barriers, they don't listen to what is said. Instead of trying to understand, they attach their own and frequently wrong meaning.

Some months back I received a call early one morning from a well-to-do man. He had gotten up that morning, looked out of the bedroom window and exclaimed, "My, what a beautiful day!" His wife bolted upright in bed and snapped, "Are you trying to start something?"

The husband went to the phone and called me.

How can such an absurdity happen? In later talks with this couple, I learned Betty had been lying in bed, thinking about her plans for the day. She had ironing to do and planned to go shopping. She heard Paul's remark not as a comment on the weather, but as the opening gambit to a suggestion they go on a picnic. She saw her plans thwarted and reacted with anger.

It takes two to communicate. It can never be one-way. The speaker must say words his listener can understand. Furthermore, he must keep in mind how his words will sound. This involves basic courtesy and thoughtfulness. There is no point in continuing to berate your mother-in-law if it makes your wife unhappy. It cannot make her love her mother less.

At the same time, the hearer must not color words with his own attitudes and what sociologists call "value judgments." He must not let his own political philosophies, morality and opinions about religion, life and myriad other matters prevent him from hearing what was said and meant.

But many couples cannot do this. They get divorced over just such pathetic situations as this: A wife, seeking information, asks, "Did you call the television repairman?" Her husband, who had, considers it nagging and replies, "Do you think I'm deaf?" The fight is on.

Marriages do not begin with such misunderstanding. When a groom tells his bride she is beautiful, it never occurs to her he is flattering her so that she won't object to his going out alone. When the steak is burned, he tells her he loves the charcoal flavor.

During courtship, they spend hours together, just learning what they have in common, sharing attitudes, planning their future. They have abundant understanding. Their only secrets are birthday presents.

In my freshman classes at the University of Maryland, I teach students that a satisfactory marriage is a product of this companionship of courtship, plus the domesticity that comes from living together and sexual satisfaction.

But you can have none of these without communication, the real key to marriage. In this closest of all human relationships, couples must first develop understanding or "empathy." They must learn with a reasonable degree of certainty how the other will feel about a given action or situation.

Such understanding leads to "autonomy." A wife can buy a new hat without consulting her husband, because she knows he likes her to be attractive. A husband can go bowling because he knows his wife understands his need for recreation.

Autonomy leads to selectivity. A couple can decide to go to the movies instead of the ice show or any of the other alternative ways to spend an evening. And, if they look out and see it is raining and decide to stay home and have fun reading, they have creativity, the highest state of good marriage adjustment.

Without communication there can be no adjustment at all. Ability to converse on any subject, to air any problem which might arise, to share with the other the private fears and worries and desires is the bedrock of marriage.

And it isn't always verbal. Attitudes are expressed by a smile, a frown, a shrug of the shoulders. These are powerful. We *sense* disapproval, even though the spoken words are reassuring.

COMMUNICATION problems are insidious. They have a way of growing from trivialities. A wife doesn't tell her husband about the children's misbehavior because it was such a "little thing." Later, when the children's behavior worsens, he demands to know why he wasn't informed—and a quarrel ensues.

Or perhaps a husband simply forgets to tell his wife about the old friend he saw on the street. Later, he mentions it at a social affair and she feels hurt because he didn't tell her in the first place.

Both lead to areas of distrust, where complete trust formerly existed. Instead of being "talked out" the doubts fester and spread.

With many couples the causes of poor communication are more deep-seated. I remember the case of Dorothy and Walter. She saw an expensive dress in a smart downtown shop. Unable to resist it, she bought it. When she got home, she realized they couldn't afford it and Walter would be upset. She decided to tell him later, when his mood was better. Walter learned about it while balancing the checkbook. They argued. She felt uncertain about making purchases after that—and was often belligerent.

At almost the same time, Walter was rebuked at the plant for a mistake. He felt it was very unjust, but nevertheless worried his boss might continue to "ride" him until he lost his job. He decided not to mention the episode to Dorothy—after all, why worry her? He could handle it himself. Later, however, he mentioned it to a friend in her presence. She wondered how many "secrets" he was keeping from her.

In the first instance, Dorothy was expressing her need for independence or autonomy. Just because she married, she didn't give up being an individual. Her purchase was an expression of her "rights." But the trouble was Dorothy and Walter had not progressed far enough in their marriage adjustment so autonomy could be expressed. Lacking communication, they could not develop the empathy which leads to autonomy.

Walter's "secret" was an expression of his insecurity. He had doubts of his own ability to succeed in his job, but felt the need to convince his wife he was confident and "manly." He had to keep his difficulties at work from Dorothy so she could not know he was afraid.

But if lack of communication is the most common problem in marriage, it is also one of the easiest to solve. Husbands and wives can be taught how to talk to each other. Learning is enjoyable and results are quickly observable. There are three simple rules:

1. Be sure you understand what is said. Know what is meant. Do not color the words you hear with your own meanings.

2. Discover "safe" topics you can retreat to. If talk about money begins to turn into an argument, switch quickly and deliberately to a discussion of bowling scores or Aunt Fanny's idiosyncracies.

3. Learn to laugh at your failures. Expect them to happen and make a game of your efforts.

We teach our non-communicating couples deliberately to repeat in their own words the opening statement of the other. A husband says, "That's a funny hat." Before she jumps to any conclusions, the wife asks, "Do you mean you don't like it?" He may clarify, "No, I just mean it's unusual. I'll admit it does do something for you."

This "repeat after me" technique helps eliminate wrong meanings.

Part of the process, too, is consciously attributing the best—not the worst motive—to the other. When your wife greets you with "Guess what happened today?"—learn to guess that a check came in the mail, not that a fender was dented. We unconsciously attribute our motives to another. Suppose you see a person help a blind man across the street. If you assume he helped because he wanted to "show off," chances are that was your motive—not his. Communication depends on learning his motives, not yours.

The couple who phoned me after their angry "My, what a beautiful day!" discussion, finally learned to communicate. It took a long time. But both honestly tried. There were many times Betty awoke Paul—a deep sleeper—in the middle of the night to clarify a misunderstanding. "Did you mean you liked my salad when you said it was *different*?" she would ask. Paul would reply, "Of course. I thought you knew that." Then they embarked on a safe and sensible discussion of her cooking.

Sometimes Betty even called Paul at work to straighten out points of misunderstanding. On one occasion Paul drove all the way back home from the office to straighten out a mistaken impression. They spent an hour talking it out.

When he finally got to work, Paul had to invent an excuse for his boss. "I sure couldn't explain to him my wife and I are learning to communicate," Paul later told me.

Perhaps his boss would have liked to learn.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

FORMER PRESIDENT Harry Truman was briefing Democratic Senatorial candidate, Clair Engle, about the so-called "Exclusive Gentlemen's Club" on Capitol Hill.

"Now Clair," said Mr. Truman, "you're going to be nervous at first, but don't let it get you down. When I first went to the Senate I was completely overawed and confused.

"Then one day a fine old Senator came over and patted me on the back and told me:

" 'Don't worry about it, son. The first six months you're here you'll wonder how you made it. After that, you'll wonder how the rest of us made it.' "

—ANDREW TULLY, *Scripps-Howard Newspapers*

A TAVERN KEEPER IN A SMALL TOWN had a friend who ran a business a few doors down the street. They delighted in playing practical jokes on each other. Since the tavern was a small establishment, the owner acted as the only bartender.

He was tending bar as usual one day while his friend and several other men played cards at a nearby table.

A Salvation Army lass came in and asked the bartender for a donation, not knowing that he was the owner.

The bartender taking this opportunity to play another joke on his friend pointed him out to the Salvation Army solicitor and said in a loud voice, "That's the boss sitting over there. He'll probably give you a donation."

Upon hearing this, the friend, without batting an eye, said, "Okay, give her $5 out of the till."

—DAVID H. SMITH *Quote*

letter perfect

BETTY JANE, left motherless at birth, had grown into a tall, slender youngster under the watchful care of a loving aunt. On entering school she brought home a terse report from the new and inexperienced school nurse: "This child is underweight and too tall for her age."

Her aunt sent back the prompt reply. "Am feeding Betty Jane the most nourishing diet possible, as prescribed by her doctor. As to her being too tall, which end would you suggest I cut off?" —FERNE A. BARKER

URGENTLY IN NEED of sleeping cars, a Canadian railroad inserted the following advertisement in one of the trade journals:

"300 Sleepers Wanted. At Once."

A short time later they received a letter from a minister of a church in Iowa offering his entire congregation. —MELVIN E. LUKENBACH

A WORKER IN A RED CROSS BLOOD CENTER was sending out appeals to blood donors. After typing the letter, she found she had written: "Won't you please drip in at your earliest convenience?"

—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal*

THE FOLLOWING APPEARED in the "Letters to the Editor" column of a Canadian newspaper:

Sir: Without cheating, I scored a perfect 120 on your Mystery Quiz, designed as "a barometer of emotional stability." This is a remarkable tribute to the efficiency of the Toronto Mental Health Clinic, where I am presently undergoing psychiatric treatment. (signed) SICK

—W. S. KIMBLE

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "How may one attain a good posture?" one boy wrote on his class examination paper: "Keep the cows off of it, and let it grow awhile." —SAMMY MILO

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD PHILADELPHIA MISS who wanted to be a Senate page has lost her first skirmish in the war between the sexes. When she wrote to U.S. Senator Joseph S. Clark and asked about the job, the young lady found the position is for males only. Senator Clark, in writing her that the appointments are given only to boys, added:

"There are numerous reasons for this, including the fact that many times when pages must round up the Senators, it is necessary for them to go into places where a female is not permitted." —A/2C J. J. SHEDELBOWER

Nature's living clocks

by Peter Farb

Amazing built-in timepieces help birds, bees, crabs and ants tick off the hours as accurately as mechanical clocks

One of the most amazing of living things, the honeybee, has recently been shown to possess still another remarkable skill. It has a built-in alarm clock that goes off exactly every 24 hours.

Scientists have long known that bees carry a sort of wrist watch inside their bodies. They will return to the same spot, day after day, right to the minute, to feed on sugar-water left for them. To find out how the bees manage to tell time, an unusual experiment was carried out four years ago. Two young German biologists in Paris trained bees to come out for sugar-water every day at exactly 8:15 P.M. The scientists then set out to baffle the bees. When it is 8:15 P.M. in Paris, New York City's Eastern Daylight Savings Time is only 3:15 P.M. If the hive were flown to New York between feedings, which time would the bees follow—Paris' or New York's?

So, immediately after a night feeding in Paris, the hive was sealed and rushed off on an air liner. In New York, scientists from the American Museum of Natural History placed the hive in a specially prepared laboratory in the museum. At exactly 3:15 P.M. New York time—a precise 24 hours after having been fed in Paris—the bees swarmed out of their hive. The experiment proved conclusively that in spite of a 3,500-mile flight and differences in local time, the bees' alarm clocks rang right on their 24-hour schedule.

As further proof, the experiment was repeated—only this time the same hive of bees had its alarm set in New York and was flown to Paris. There, too, they emerged from their hive exactly 24 hours later for their accustomed feeding.

Scientists now believe that many, if not all, living things are born with some type of hidden clock. These clocks are sometimes set by the number of hours of light or darkness in a day, by the rhythm of the tides or by the seasons.

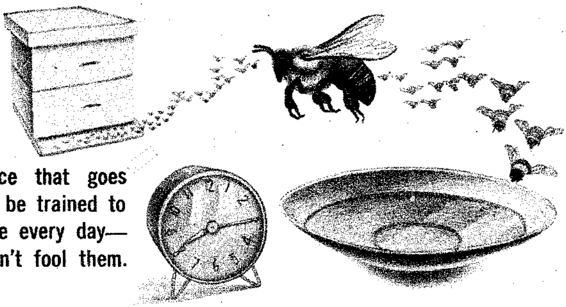
One of the most remarkable of nature's living clocks belongs to the fiddler crab, that familiar beach-dweller with the overgrown claw. Biologists have long known that the crab's shell is darkest during the day, grows pale in late afternoon, then begins to darken again at daybreak. This daytime darkening is valuable for protection against enemies and sunlight, and for many years it was thought to be a simple response by the crab to the sun—just as if we were to get a tan during the day and lose it at night.

But when an enterprising scientist placed a fiddler crab in darkness, he was amazed to find that the color of the crab's shell kept ticking off the hours with the same accuracy.

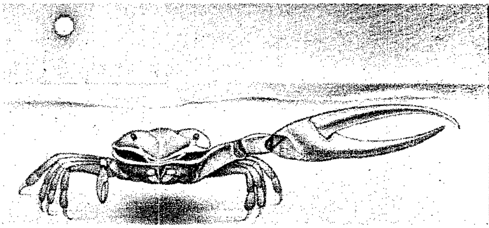
Then another startling fact was observed: the crab's shell reached its darkest color about 50 minutes later each day. There was a *second* clock inside the crab, for the tides also occur 50 minutes later from day to day. Moreover, even when the crabs were taken from the beach and put back in the dark, they continued their tidal rhythm. More research disclosed that a crab from Cape Cod, Massachusetts, reached its darkest color four hours earlier than the one taken from a beach on a neighboring island. The tides on the nearby island were found to be exactly four hours later than the Cape Cod tides.

Ants don't carry calendars around with them any more than fiddler crabs possess real wrist watches. But ants show amazing accuracy as to the date of the year. Each year, an ant nest sends out winged, young queens on mating flights. Hundreds of them may fly out of a single nest in the soil. Last summer, at the crest of my mountain, I watched an ant city prepare to send forth its young queens. At the precise moment that they took wing, a colony of the same species that my wife was watching near the bottom of the mountain, also sent its queen on a wedding flight. There was, of course, no way the two colonies could have checked take-off time with each other.

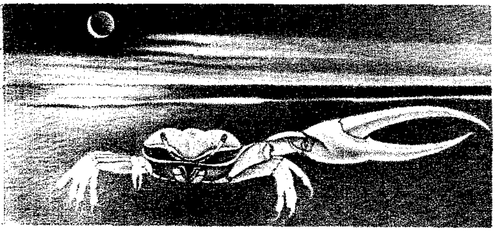
Entomologist Albro T. Gaul once jotted down in his notebook that a particular species of ant in northern Massachusetts began its wedding flight at a certain day and time. He later learned that another entomologist in New Jersey, 260 miles away, observed a wedding flight by the same species of ant, on the same day, and at exactly the same time! This split-second timing is not always the rule. However, most flights take



Honeybees carry alarm device that goes off every 24 hours. They can be trained to feed at exactly the same time every day—even changing time zones won't fool them.



In daytime, the fiddler crab's shell darkens, guided by a light-sensitive internal clock.



At night, the crab turns pale. It also has a second "watch" set to the rhythm of tides.

place within a definite period of time.

Birds also have built-in timepieces which send them off on fall and spring migrations. What the birds really have is a clock-like mechanism which allows them to time the hours of darkness or light in each day.

One fall, a scientist at the University of Alberta in Canada trapped crows and juncos which were migrating southward, and placed them in outdoor cages. He strung electric lights over the cages and each sunset kept the lights burning a few minutes longer, imitating the pattern of lengthening days in the springtime. Although the freezing snows had already arrived in Alberta, the birds were completely fooled. They thought it was spring and donned their breeding plumage. When they were released from their cages in the middle of winter, they flew *northward,* as they would have done in the spring.

The Japanese have been fooling their pet songbirds in a similar way for centuries. An ancient custom calls for artificially lighting up bird cages after sunset during the fall. The extra hours of daylight make the birds think it is spring, and they continue to sing throughout the winter season.

But what sends birds northward again in the spring? New research by Dr. Albert Wolfson of Northwestern University seems to indicate that the timing of the return flight is extremely complex. In the fall of the year, the short days and long nights cause the "clocks" in migratory birds to undergo a kind of "winding" in preparation for their spring return and breeding. Then during the late fall and winter as the clock "ticks," certain physiological changes occur in the bird. The length of each day during the winter determines how fast the clock will run, and hence when the "alarm" will ring for the spring migration. The clock continues to run through breeding time, then stops—to be re-wound again the next fall.

Scientists are now learning that many of the clocks of nature can be reset, speeded up or slowed down—all for our benefit. Pioneering experiments at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's research center in Beltsville, Maryland, have shown that plants can be helped to develop faster in less time. By increasing or lessening the hours of darkness in each day, the scientists have been able to turn plant growth off and on like an electric switch.

This technique is proving of tremendous benefit, although not all is yet known about its actual workings. We can now buy chrysanthemums year round, instead of only in the fall when they bloom naturally. That is because fields of these flowers in Florida and California are now illuminated at night by artificial light to retard flowering to a later season.

Sugar cane growers in Hawaii give the plants short doses of artificial light in the middle of the night during the fall. The sugar cane's stop watch is slowed down by the shorter dark periods which are unfavorable to flowering. Thus the valuable sweet stalk can grow longer.

New knowledge about nature's living clocks has practical applications. For man, too, seems to follow daily rhythms. The amount of sugar in our blood stream varies with the time of day, as does our temperature. More of the cells in our skin and muscles divide during the night hours than during the day. By tinkering with the clocks of plants and animals, scientists may learn more about the fascinating way our bodies work.

FUNDS FOR FUN

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—*Banking*

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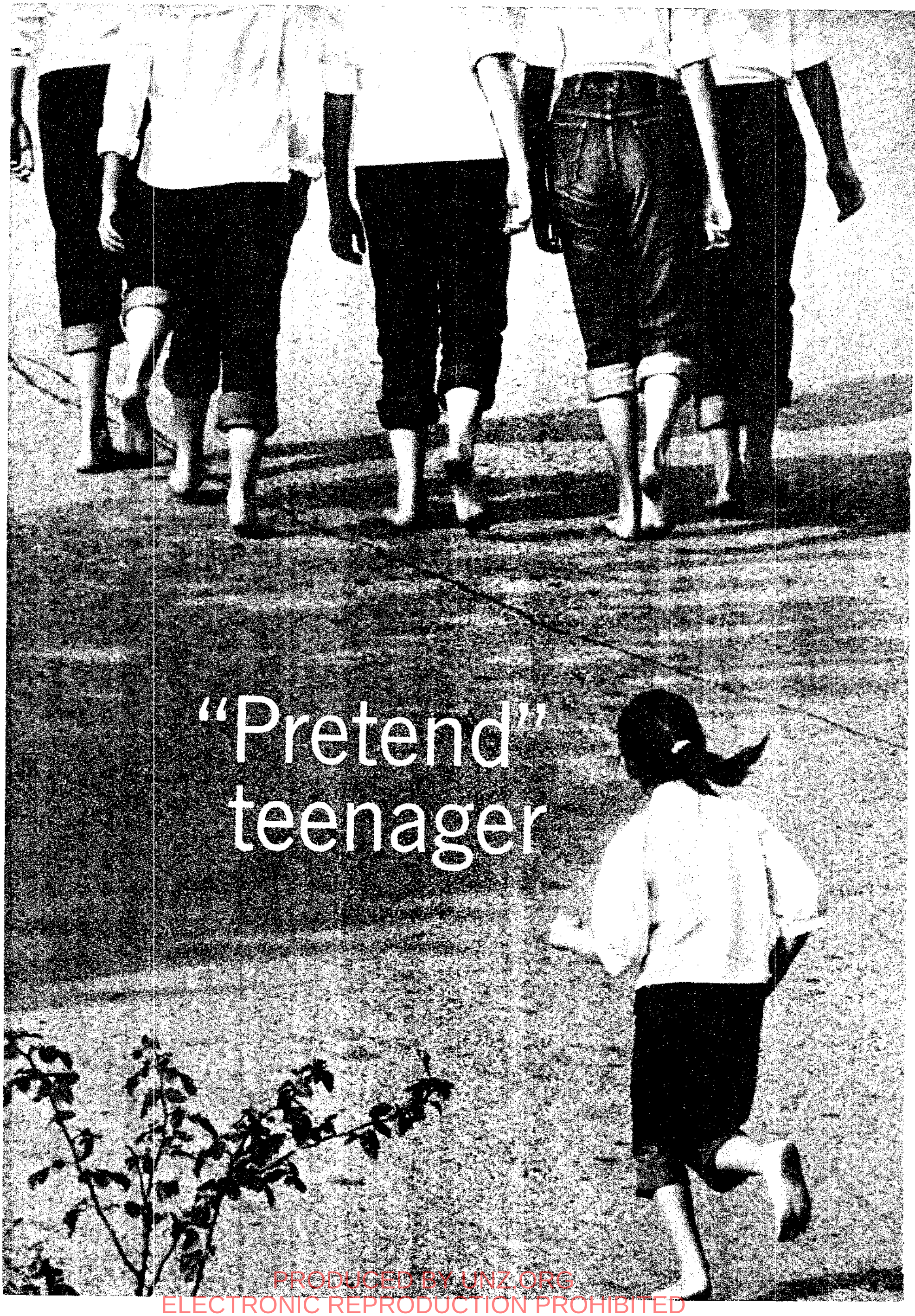
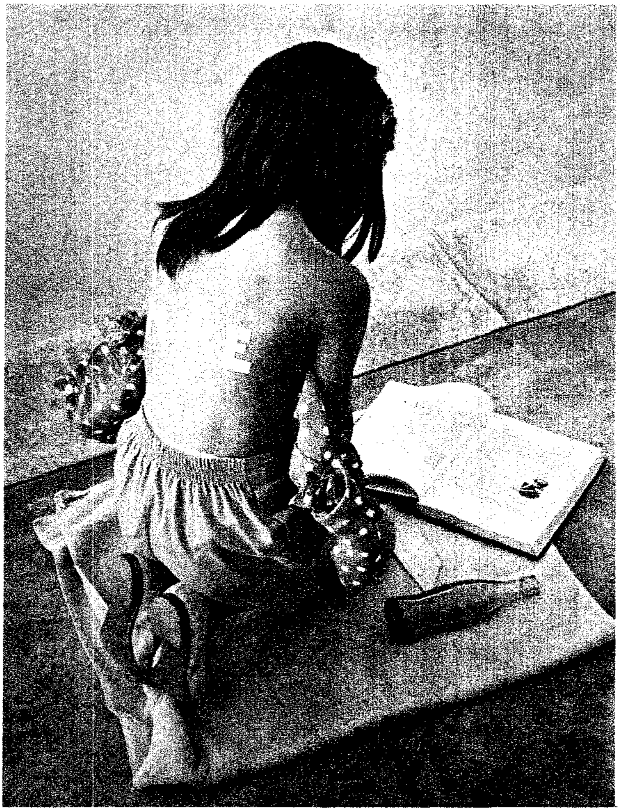


"Pretend" teenager

Dreamy-eyed Laurel Ornitz (left), 10, wishes she were three years older. Then she would be a real teenager—to her, the happiest of all ages. But for the present, Laurel can only "pretend," eagerly pursuing and copying the pony-tailed, blue-jeaned older girls she envies (far left). The pictures on the following pages, taken by Laurel's father, Don Ornitz, a Los Angeles photographer, sensitively portray life in this wistful world of make-believe.

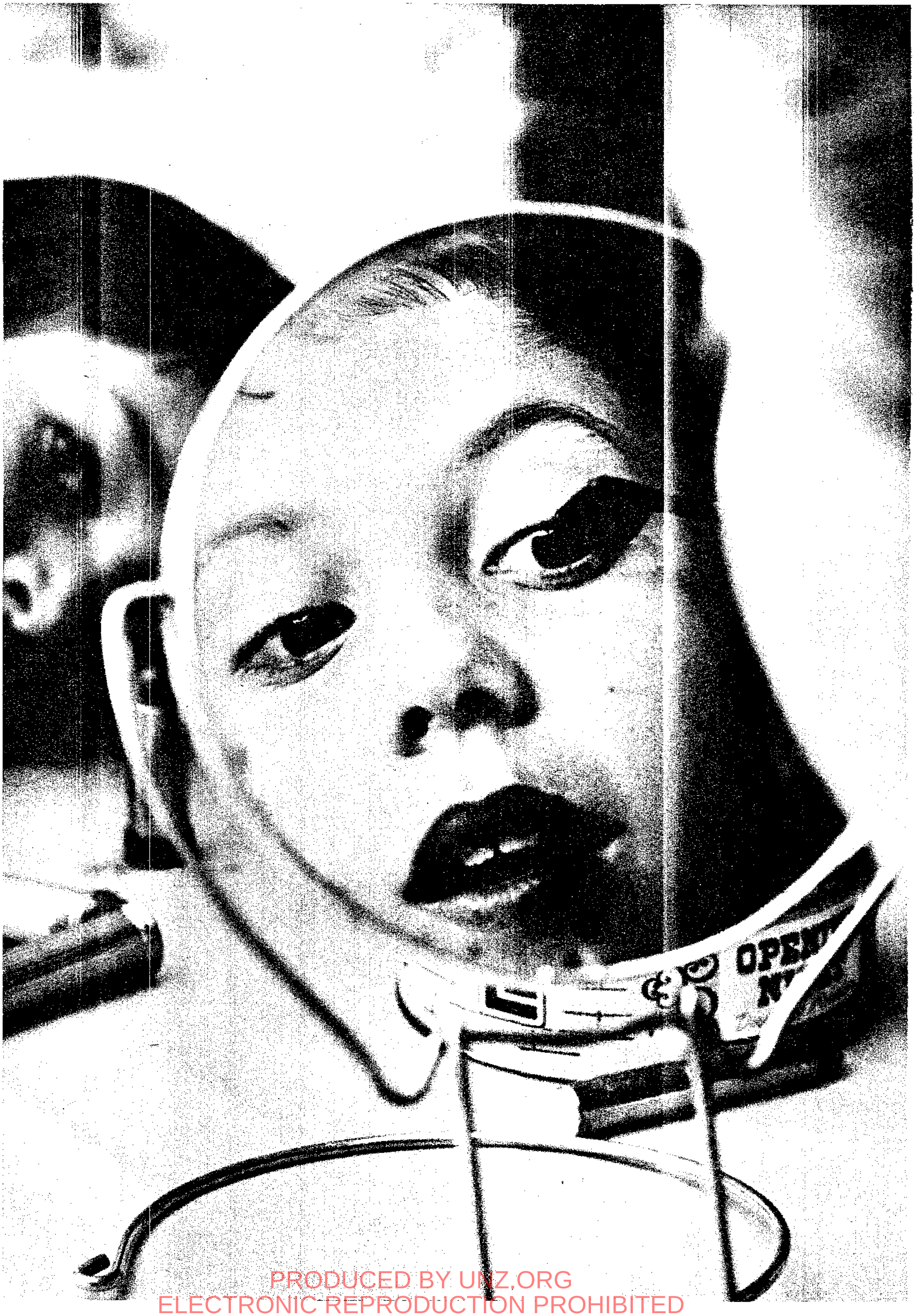
Text by Richard Kaplan

Adopting teen fad, Laurel sun-bathes with boy's name taped on her back. Later, letters stand out against tan.



THE PROSPECT of becoming a grownup doesn't intrigue Laurel. It's too far off. But blossoming into her teens is an experience she can almost feel; and wearing teenage trappings half convinces her the magic change has already taken place. More and more she gravitates toward the mirror to play with her most prized possession—a lipstick—and experiment with exciting new hairdos and glamorous poses.

Laurel expertly rearranges friend Lorraine Friedman's ponytail. Unless hair is gathered at the correct spot, you're a "square."


OPEN

Under her veneer of teenage "sophistication," Laurel is still just an active little girl who often must be reprimanded for not cleaning her fingernails. Such parental scoldings are doubly galling: they outrage her budding sense of maturity and give her younger sister Ellen, 7, more ammunition with which to tease her. Recently, Laurel stopped wearing her own jeans and now squeezes into Ellen's—although they're too tight. "*Everybody* wears them tight," she protests.

Small for her age, Laurel squeals with delight when she and her father discover that she's sprouted half an inch.

Twitted by her younger sister, she defiantly daubs on mascara.

Laurel practices latest rock 'n' roll dance step with Lorraine. She scorns children's records in favor of Pat Boone and Ricky Nelson.

She objects loudly to wearing dress she considers too childish. "Oh, Mother," she wails, "none of the girls wear them *any more."*

Mimicking her teenage idols, Laurel has "boyfriends" about whom she chatters incessantly—but rarely speaks to. When she has a baby sitter, she loves to lie quietly in her bed, eavesdropping on the girl's phone conversations — which usually involve boys. Laurel's parents are aware of the stage their daughter is going through. "Under the make-believe," says Don Ornitz, "is the reality of growing up. That's why we don't mind Laurel's 'pretending.' For her, pretending is really preparing for life." ♛

Laurel has toenails painted by chum, Kathy Tannen.

Enviously, she bids a belated good night to baby sitter and boyfriend. Later she preens before mirror, sighing, "Kiss me, darling."

The clinic that rebuilds faces

by Elsieliese Thrope and Dan Paonessa

TEN YEARS AGO this month, an airplane spun out of control above Paris and plunged into the Seine River. A police patrol boat raced to the sinking craft in time to save Jacqueline Auriol, the daredevil daughter-in-law of the President of France.

Although Mme. Auriol was only 31 years old at the time she was fished from the Seine, it seemed certain that her career as an internationally-known aviatrix had come to an end. The plane crash had broken every bone in her face. Her jaw was shattered, her mouth was horribly torn, her nose broken and crushed. Ironically, only her eyes were untouched, so that after her body had healed she could still look in the mirror and see the grotesque face that stared back.

But out of this personal tragedy was eventually raised a monument of hope for those who are scarred or physically disfigured—the Institute for Reconstructive Plastic Surgery.

The Institute's clinic, which is free to those who cannot afford treatment, began as the first clinic devoted especially to treating facial disfigurements. This year, with a vastly extended and improved program, the Institute has become allied with the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center.

The clinic had its origins in the dramatic case of Mme. Auriol, who accepted her ruined beauty with a spirited stoicism that amazed Europe and America. A series of operations to restore her beauty were only partially successful in France. Then the famous plastic surgeon, Dr. John Marquis Converse of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital invited her to come to this country.

When Mme. Auriol arrived in New York, a team of top surgeons set to work. Like sculptors they began to rebuild Jacqueline's lovely face an inch at a time, waiting for each bit of grafted tissue to grow and heal before going on to the next step. Counting the French operations, it took 22 delicate operations to reconstruct her face.

Meanwhile, the indomitable aviatrix announced that she wanted to learn to fly a helicopter, and the late Lawrence D. Bell, then president of Bell Aircraft Corporation, arranged for flying lessons at his Buffalo, New York, plant. From Jacqueline, Bell heard the incredible story of how specialists were pooling their talents to design a new face for her. When she later returned to France, her beauty restored, Bell discussed with her doctors the general problems of people with disfigured faces.

As a result, the Society for the Rehabilitation of the Facially Disfigured was organized with Bell's help, and chartered on October 29, 1951. Its first step was to start building a new $100,000 clinic for reconstructive surgery. Four years later, on December 8, 1955, Bell cut a ribbon in a simple ceremony dedicating the model clinic as a gift from the Society to the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital.

Eight-year-old Tommy was the clinic's first patient. Nature had given him a strong, sturdy body and a handsome little face, but had left out one important feature. Tommy was born without an ear.

The clinic's team of 15 experts measured Tommy's skull, studied his bone structure. Then, carefully spacing their operations to allow time for healing, the doctors snipped pieces of sliver-thin cartilage from his chest cage, shaped and molded them, then transplanted them to the side of Tommy's head.

Six months later, after his custom-built ear had taken "root," they grafted skin from his thighs over the delicate frame. The boy was discharged the day before his ninth birthday.

Other cases, far more tragic than Tommy's, followed: a pretty blonde secretary who had lost chin and jaw to cancer; a burly lawyer whose nose had been sheared off in an automobile accident; a college student whose face had been burned in a laboratory accident; and hundreds of children born with harelip and cleft palates.

"The scope of the problem of facial reconstruction is enormous," says Thomas D'Arcy Brophy, president of the Society for the Facially Disfigured. He points out that there are well over 100,000 children in the U. S. requiring treatment for cleft lip or palate. One out of every 750 children in the U. S. is born with one of these defects which may require as many as 20 operations to correct during the first 20 years of the victim's life.

For many other serious cases, the procedure for reconstruction involves the patient being taken to the cephalometric X-ray room, where an anatomist measures the patient's head with special equipment to determine exactly what planes of the skull should be built up with bone graft and skin, and to what extent. This information is turned over to the clinic's medical artist, who blueprints the future face, much as an architect blueprints a building.

One of those the clinic is now helping is a middle-aged French priest. In 1945, his features and hands had been cruelly shattered by an explosion in his native Normandy village. He came to the clinic, and listened intently as the staff discussed the series of 22 operations that would restore his face.

The operations will be finished this year, permitting the priest to return to his native country with a newly-sculptured face. He will be able to take up a normal life again among his parishioners.

Today's miraculous methods of mending broken faces stem from the dawn of medicine. Accounts of experiments in patching noses and lips with skin from the patient's body are found in India's sacred books, and in early Greek literature. Crude forms of plastic surgery were even referred to in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Two world wars sent countless soldiers, sailors and airmen home with mutilated faces. Surgeons, orthopedists and dentists grimly patched, grafted and repaired them to the best of their ability. Then other branches of medicine lent their know-how to plastic surgery. Safer methods of anesthesia developed in the laboratory made it possible for the doctor to work on a patient for longer intervals. Shock was no longer feared, as means of preserving blood and plasma were perfected. Finally, the "miracle" drugs reduced the danger of infection.

In May of 1955, the new plastic surgery was put to its most crucial test when 25 young women arrived in New York from Japan. Ten years before they had been caught in the atomic blast in Hiroshima and suffered dreadful burns. At Mt. Sinai Hospital a team of specialists performed a total of about 150 operations to restore their appearance. The girls returned home infinitely grateful for their new lease on life.

Plastic surgery is not always that dramatic. But all of it is infinitely painstaking, and combines skills which range from diagnosis to dentistry, surgery to sculpture. And there is often need for a psychiatrist. For injuries, especially facial injuries, may jar a patient to the inner-

The remarkable plastic surgery that restored the beauty of famed French flier Jacqueline Auriol after crash fired plans for clinic.

most core of his emotional being.

Unlike a crippled leg or an arm, a maimed face cannot be hidden from view and is the target of consistent curiosity and cruelty. Some victims suffer quietly for years and then give up the struggle.

Take the case of the man named George who had lost half his face in a train wreck. Unable to cope with the stares and whispers any longer, he gave up his engineering job and slipped out of sight. When he finally appeared in the consulting room of the clinic, the former engineer told how, for the past five years, he had left his house after dark to go to work as a driver of a coal truck on the night shift. Cynical and bitter, the ex-engineer needed the aid of both a psychiatrist and a social worker—in addition to plastic surgery.

Problems such as these have led to the Institute's present expansion plans. Doctors have come to realize more and more the pressing need for a system of treatment that will allow for the patient's physical reconstitution as well as psychological reorientation.

But this calls for a greatly expanded budget. The program got its big start when the Avalon Foundation, after a two-year study of the Society's achievements, granted $1,000,000 toward the establishment of full-scale facilities at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center and the endowment of the Lawrence D. Bell Chair of Reconstructive Plastic Surgery.

One of the conditions of this grant was that the money be matched by other donations totaling another $1,000,000, which the Society is soliciting currently.

Scheduled for completion by the end of 1961, the new enlarged Institute for Reconstructive Plastic Surgery will be able to profit from the experience and knowledge of the adjoining Medical Center. The Institute will probably serve as a model for similar establishments dedicated to making whole again those suffering the agonies of disfigurement.

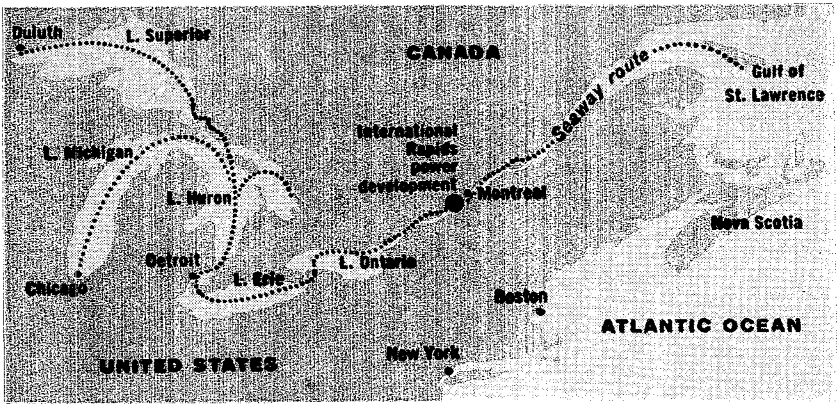
WIFELY WISDOM

VIOLINIST FRITZ KREISLER had always disliked practicing. This was a source of distress to his wife, who was more zealous about his career than he.

Several years ago, he and Mrs. Kreisler attended a banquet in his honor. The world's foremost musicians were present, and one after another they rose to pay him tribute. Each praised him glowingly and hailed him as the "greatest living violinist."

Kreisler, beaming, turned to his wife and said: "Did you ever hear such praise?"

"Just think of what they would have said," retorted Mrs. Kreisler, "if only you had practiced!" —E. E. EDGAR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Chicago
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ATLANTIC OCEAN
New York
UNITED STATES

St. Lawrence Seaway: boon or boondoggle?

by Ted J. Rakstis and Wilbur Cross

With the St. Lawrence Seaway receiving its formal dedication at the end of June, and the official blessings of Queen Elizabeth II, the questions surrounding the biggest problem child in maritime history move closer to the answer stage.

Hailed as the key to the greatest economic boom in the history of the Great Lakes region, the Seaway is the culmination of many generations of thought, from crackpot schemes to grandiose plans. For the first time, ocean-going vessels will be able to steam from the Atlantic more than 2,000 miles inland to the heart of the U.S. and Canada. Chicago will, in effect, become an ocean port; Duluth will serve as a gay port of embarkation for European cruises; and Milwaukee may turn into the "Le Havre" of the Midwest.

But if the promises of things to come seem big, so do the problems. Both U.S. and Canadian construction costs increased greatly over the original estimates while work was in progress. The sum of $16,000,000 estimated as the annual operating cost—to pay off construction fees and interest charges—has now puffed itself up to over $28,000,000.

There are two reasons why the project cost more than planned: 1) *Inflation.* Added to the normally rising costs of labor and equipment was the tremendous boom in business all along the Seaway route.

2) *Changes in engineering plans.* These were made to compensate for unforeseen circumstances, such as the discovery that the soil in one section was as hard as concrete.

The engineering problems were enormous. The stupendous face-lifting operation required the movement of enough earth to fill about 50,000 train loads of 100 cars each. It involved almost 200 miles of the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario east to Montreal. Some 30 miles of dikes had to be built to protect low-lying territory from flooding.

Locks had to be designed to handle ships longer than two football fields laid end to end. And methods had to be determined to lift these ships and lower them in a series of locks to compensate for the 602-foot difference between the surface of Lake Superior and the sea level along the Atlantic.

In the process of making way for the Seaway, seven entire towns had to be uprooted and relocated, along with 35 miles of highways, 35 miles of railroads and innumerable bridges, farms—and people. The relocation and assistance given to some 6,500 Canadian citizens cost millions.

But that problem was not solved merely by money or mechanics. Some of the big questions at the start were: How do you convince Ontario farm folk—many of whom were descendants of the original pioneers—that they can be moved without sacrificing the way of life they have known for years? How do you move a town so that its character is retained? What will happen to pioneer artifacts, relics, shrines and symbolic historical links with the past?

While a few grumbled at having to leave their old homesteads, or complained that the prices received for homes and land were unfair, most of the people were satisfied. But the question now is whether the sacrifice of these people, and the stupendous cost of the Seaway, will be justified in the future.

What problems may arise from the 27-foot depth limit of the channel, which will prohibit the Seaway's use by many ocean-going vessels? Will "bumper-to-bumper" traffic pile up at some of the bottlenecks, like the Welland Canal, which is a narrow artery entirely on the Canadian side of the Seaway?

Since ice will close much of the Seaway during the winter months, what will happen each April when "price wars" may occur between railroads which take over haulage, and the Seaway, which will be trying to recapture the business lost for the season?

Part of the Seaway was opened in April of this year, but only for ships of less than 25-foot draft. This traffic, combined with that of the months to come (which includes ships of as much as 25-and-a-half foot draft) will amount to an estimated haulage of about 25,000,000 tons of cargo for 1959. But it may be ten years before the Seaway will be handling the 50,000,000 tons a year necessary to bring in the tolls to pay for that $28,000,000 operating cost.

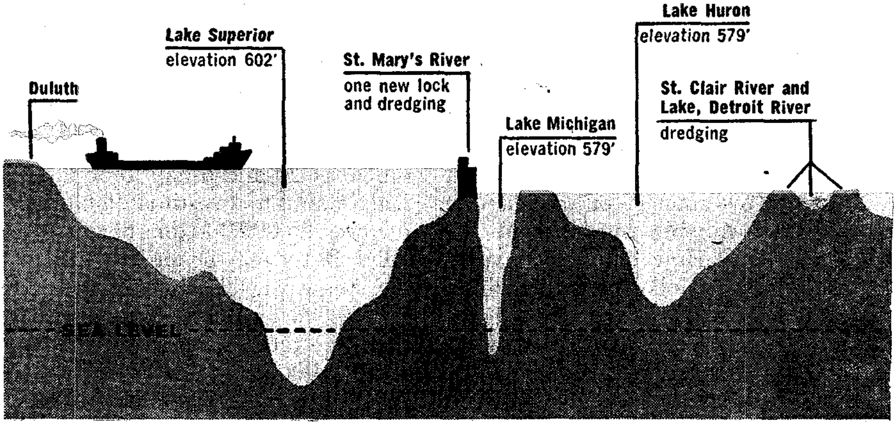
Theoretically, this great new waterway should be beneficial in reducing inflation. On paper, it cuts shipping costs from about $13 a ton by rail from the Midwest to the Atlantic to only $1.70 by ship. This would amount to an annual saving of some $50,000,000 for Canada and the Great Lakes region.

On the other hand, those who stand to lose business because of the Seaway claim that the toll rates are far too low. Railroad companies, voicing their opinions jointly through the Association of American Railroads, have gone on record to say: "Our studies indicate that the tolls will cover less than two-thirds of the total Seaway cost. This indicates that the American taxpayer is about to be taken for another multi-million-dollar ride."

There is a maximum 50-year period set by law in which the Seaway costs *must* be paid off. If the amount is not collected, it may have to come from the taxpayer's pocket. Seasonal problems may completely devastate all systems of transportation. Although the railroads will experience a great boom in cargo haulage during the winter months when much of the Seaway is ice-locked, they will then go through some eight months of doldrums while the Seaway is open. The same will be true of truck transporation. This "seasaw" arrangement will result in an unsteady employment situation, as well as price wars.

Another problem is that very few ships of the American Merchant Marine can make it through the channels when they are loaded to capacity. And very few of the Lake vessels are designed for service in the open ocean. This calls for an entirely new type of "Ocean-Seaway" ship; but it will be costly to build a fleet of these.

The U. S. stands to have a considerable amount of shipping snatched right out from under her nose. American shipping lines have



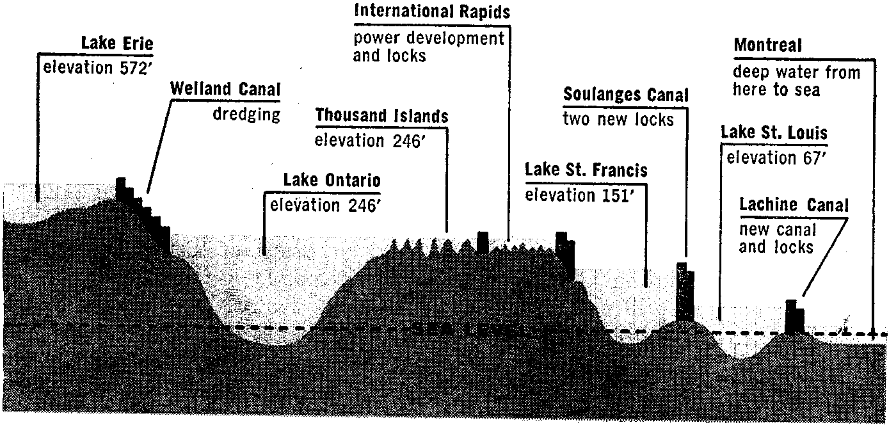
Using the St. Lawrence Seaway, tourist and cargo vessels can now sail directly from Duluth, Minnesota, to the Atlantic Ocean. During the 2,342-mile trip, a ship is lowered 602 feet in been hesitant about investing much money in special Seaway vessels, but a number of foreign shippers are eyeing the situation expectantly and in some cases taking action. The Netherlands' Oranje Line has launched a 115-passenger ship, the *Prinses Irene,* for example, and will have a sister ship, the *Prinses Margriet* in operation by next year.

But for the cities of the Midwest, the Seaway situation looks like a gigantic jackpot. Chicago has perhaps the brightest outlook. The Windy City has the advantage of having no competitive ports to its west; and only Milwaukee stands as a challenge in the north. Maxim M. Cohen, general manager of the Chicago Regional Port District, says, "If this city doesn't become the largest in the nation, it will be the *greatest.*"

Within the next ten years, Chicago expects new industry to spend $10 billion on purchase of land, buildings and equipment in the city—a splurge that will create 900,000 new jobs in the area.

Think what this metamorphosis might mean to New York and other great cities along the East Coast. Chicago, closer to the geographical heart of the nation, has, to a large extent, lagged behind New York because of being inland. Now, as a synthetic seaport, Chicago is limited only by the size and tonnage of the ships that can get to her docks through the Seaway.

The glowing optimism of Chicago officials is dampened somewhat, however, by a few of the growing pains the city will experience. A great influx of workers will bring housing and educational problems, and the entire port system will need development. Commenting on the situation, Cohen says that the Port District now owns "2,200 acres of fra-



Lake Erie
elevation 572′
Welland Canal
dredging
Lake Ontario
elevation 246′
Thousand Islands
elevation 246′
International Rapids
power development and locks
Lake St. Francis
elevation 151′
Soulanges Canal
two new locks
Montreal
deep water from here to sea
Lake St. Louis
elevation 67′
Lachine Canal
new canal and locks
SEA LEVEL

a series of locks. To permit this costly engineering feat, seven towns were completely flooded or moved, 6,500 people were relocated and highways and railroads were re-routed.

grant garbage and marshland in the Lake Calumet area that we are converting into harbor facilities." Some $15,000,000 worth of harbor development is being finished this year in the area, in addition to about $75,000,000 worth of harbor work in Chicago. When completed, the entire program will have cost about $250,000,000.

Other midwestern cities are experiencing the same kind of growing pains. Cleveland has made wide improvements already in its port facilities, based on the fact that it is now 250 miles closer to Liverpool, England, than Baltimore, and 150 miles closer to Copenhagen than it is to New York! Toronto has built a $1,000,000 freight terminal, and is filling in waterfront sites for two more. Wide harbor improvements have also been made in Toledo, Duluth, Buffalo, Hamilton, Montreal and Quebec.

In Michigan, both Detroit and the smaller cities are seeing benefits already. Detroit's foreign cargo alone is expected to increase from the 80,000 tons shipped last year to some 300,000 tons during the first full year of the Seaway's operation. Muskegon expects a 100 percent rise in foreign tonnage next year. Bay City recently benefited from the award of a $68,000,000 Navy contract to the DeFoe Shipbuilding Company. This single contract will assure 1,450 workers of steady employment for the next three years.

This history-making contract could be a prelude to things to come. With four U. S. Navy guided-missile destroyers on the way, the company is the first to build ocean-going ships of such large tonnage in inland waters. Thomas J. DeFoe, president of the company, explained that this was almost like building a sailboat in your basement that won't fit through the cellar doors. "But, because of the scheduled opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway *before* the date set for completion of the first of these ships, we were able to bid for, and obtain, this important contract from the Navy."

E. J. Goebel, executive vice president of the Georgian Bay Line, which operates the lake steamships, *North American* and *South American,* each summer, said that the inland seas of the Great Lakes will now become an ocean route to Europe for tourists.

This new traffic route is just one indication of how the money markets of the nation may shift from the East Coast to the Midwest.

Two years ago, Austin J. Tobin, executive director of the Port of New York Authority, made the blunt statement, "I predict that this project will ultimately be recognized as the greatest boondoggle in our political history. It can never pay for itself or justify itself economically. The taxpayers of this Port District will be supporting it from here on out, despite the fact that it will divert about 3,000,000 tons of general cargo a year from New York."

But another more human appraisal of the Seaway was given by Miss Isabella Farlinger, a descendant of the old-time river-boat captains. Now in her 90s, she had to abandon her 123-year-old family home in Morrisburg, Ontario, to make way for the Seaway. But she sees it as a fulfillment of a dream of "something better" for the St. Lawrence and its bordering peoples. Miss Farlinger summed up her feelings about having to leave with "I will miss my home . . . but I've been prepared for it all my life. I know it's all for the good of the country."

It will be a long time before any one can say with certainty what the Seaway will mean to travel, transportation, industry and our economy. But, for better or for worse—boon or boondoggle—it now stands as one of the biggest, toughest engineering feats in history. ♛

APT OBSERVATIONS

NOTHING IMPRESSES the young go-to-schooler
Like a teacher who uses the Golden Ruler. —SUSAN LLOYD

THE TYPICAL AMERICAN is an optimist from the word go. He believes he can afford anything he is able to buy on credit. —*Typo Graphic*

A WOMAN HATES to see another woman who looks as though she's been poured into her dress, especially if she knew just when to say when. —LESTER D. KLIMEK

THE POPULARITY of the automatic dishwasher is due to the fact that most husbands would rather buy than be one. —HAROLD COFFIN

FOR EVERY MAN who lives to be 85, there are seven women—but by that time it's too late. —*Kurpacoan*

IF YOU REALLY LOOK like your passport photo, chances are you're really not well enough to travel.
General Features Corporation

IT'S NOT SO HARD for a woman to keep a secret as it is for her to keep it a secret that she's keeping a secret. —SYDNEY J. HARRIS

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How to fillet a gourmet

by Selma Raskin

Swimming around the world
in 80 menus leaves
this gorged housewife with
a fishy-eyed stare

If I look a little drawn, it's from traveling on my stomach.

What I mean is I've gone to a few dinner parties lately. And while it isn't a fact yet in the council rooms of the United Nations, it's definitely One World in the kitchens of America and you never know what portion of the One World you are going to find on your dinner plate.

For instance, three weeks ago Saturday, I went to Cele and Percy's house. That is, *I* went to Cele and Percy's. But my stomach took a trip to Sweden.

For dinner we had *smorgasbord.* This is a big table set with big platters of little pieces of herring in wine sauce and lingonberries; herring in dill sauce and meatballs and lingonberries; herring in sour cream and boiled potatoes; herring in tomato sauce. And lingonberry layer cake. Cele said we should help ourselves. So I walked around the table and helped myself to some of everything.

Well, you know what they say about unchaperoned togetherness. By the time I sat down to eat there were a few illicit romances going on. The lingonberries were embracing the potatoes—and the herring in dill sauce and the meatballs were One.

But I was too hungry to dwell on the proprieties. I just closed my eyes to the situation and ate.

Sooner than you think I wasn't hungry any more.

I was thirsty.

I drained my glass. I drained the water pitcher in the dining room. I drained the water cooler on the service porch.

I was still thirsty.

So I pulled a stool up to the kitchen sink and spent the rest of the evening tête-à-tête with the faucet.

As I sat there, I found myself thinking compassionately about my fellow man. My *Scandinavian* fellow man. Imagine all those people eating that kind of food *every day!*

But then suddenly I remembered something.

I remembered that Scandinavia is practically *surrounded* by water—and that inside Scandinavia there are hundreds of lakes and rivers and fiords and things like that—and I must admit I felt much better.

After all, you can't feel *too* sorry for people who have plenty of what they need most—even if some of the water is as salty as the herring.

Actually, I was still thirsty on the following Friday when I went to Ruth and Mortimer's for dinner. I was past the stage where I had to carry a water flask in my purse. But I was still timid about venturing too far away from a faucet.

Ruth and Mortimer live in Hollywood, so naturally for dinner they had a Hawaiian *luau*.

A *luau* is a feast which Hawaiians serve on special occasions. Now that I have partaken of such a meal, I think the Hawaiians are very wise to serve it just occasionally.

First we all congregated on the porch, I mean *lanai*, and we ate pineapple and coconut and *poi* to the strains of *Sweet Leilani*.

(Of course we are all familiar with pineapple and coconut. We have been importing tons of both from Hawaii for years. Now I know why we do *not* import *poi*.)

Later we all went outside and sat on damp grass and ate pineapple and coconut and *mahi-mahi* and pineapple and *papaya soufflé* and barbecued pig garnished with pineapple and coconut and hot ashes.

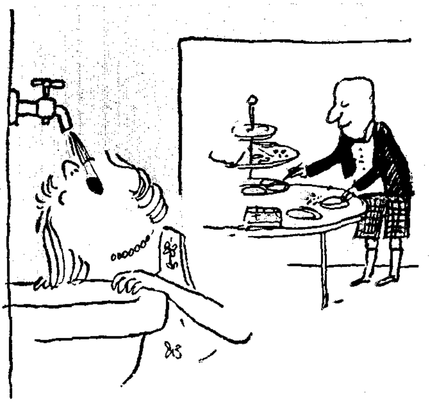
For dessert we had pineapple. In coconut shells.

Maybe this wasn't the most exciting dinner I have ever eaten. But it certainly was educational.

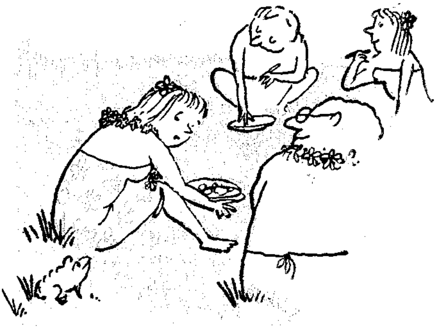
You know what I learned?

I learned that if I sit on damp grass I get a rash where I sit.

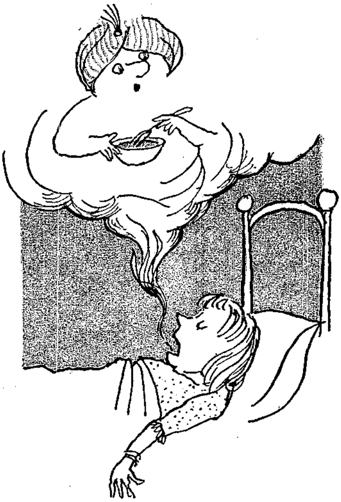
Last week I ventured away from



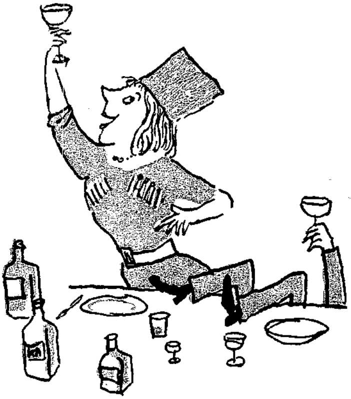
This smorgasbord business has liquid assets— but strictly from herring.



Hawaiian dining, as you sit in the damp grass, can be rash—on the sitter.



After eating that Indian curry, I had no illusions—just nightmares.



I don't know vodka gotka into me. But it sure was a wild hick-sperience!

my own cooking again. On Wednesday I went to Sam and Ella's.

They served India.

They had a big brass tray of curried cheese, chutney and peanut canapés; a big brass bowl of curried lamb; a big brass casserole of curried rice; little brass bowls of chutney and peanuts and brass cups of vanilla ice cream laced with chutney and peanut cookies.

There's no doubt about it. It takes a lot of brass to serve a meal like that.

And what it takes to eat it is a brass esophagus.

Man, that curry was *hot*.

Halfway through dinner I felt as if I had swallowed July and August. Right after dinner I left. Because what I needed *immediately* was air, salt tablets and no clothes at all.

The following morning I called Ella and told her that she had given an absolutely dreamy dinner. What I meant was that all night long I had dreamed I was an Indian widow joining her husband on his funeral pyre. All night I was burning up.

The next day, Thursday, I went to Vanessa and Willie's.

They served Russia.

They had vodka and red caviar; vodka and cabbage borsht; black caviar and vodka and blintzes.

On Friday, I went to St. John's Hospital.

I don't need to tell you what *they* served.

Now that I'm home, I'm busy preparing for a dinner of my own. Not large—just Cele, Percy, Ruth, Mortimer, Sam, Ella, Vanessa and Willie.

After all, when people have entertained you the way they've entertained me, you feel *obligated*. They've all had me, and now it's only fair. . . .

I don't mind telling you that I had a terrible time deciding on a menu. I just kept thumbing through the atlas and there were the same old countries over and over again. (I must say I was terribly tempted by Hungary—I've had a jar of paprika around since a year ago June.)

But finally I got an idea which you might say has everything. It's New, it's Different, it's Non-Discriminatory, it's positively *Creative!*

I call it *le Dîner International.* Here's the menu:

Curried Poi and Herring Dip

Vodka

Cabbage Borsht with Chopped Peanuts and Shredded Coconut

Vodka

Barbecued Lamb with Caviar and Papaya Gravy

Mahi-Mahi Rice   *Boiled Potatoes*

Vodka

Chutney Blintzes with Lingonberry Sauce in Coconut Shells

Vodka

Honest, I can hardly wait to serve it. I have such high hopes for it. What I mean is I'm hoping that afterwards everybody will agree that as far as this latest trend in entertaining goes I went—and that this little dinner was simply, undeniably and *absolutely* . . .

The End

A WORD TO THE WISE

HERE IS A WORD of warning to the ladies! Until these new fashions are commonplace and accepted, be careful.

A lady decked out in the ultra-latest came through Chicago the other day. She didn't know exactly what train connections she was supposed to make. So she said to the conductor:

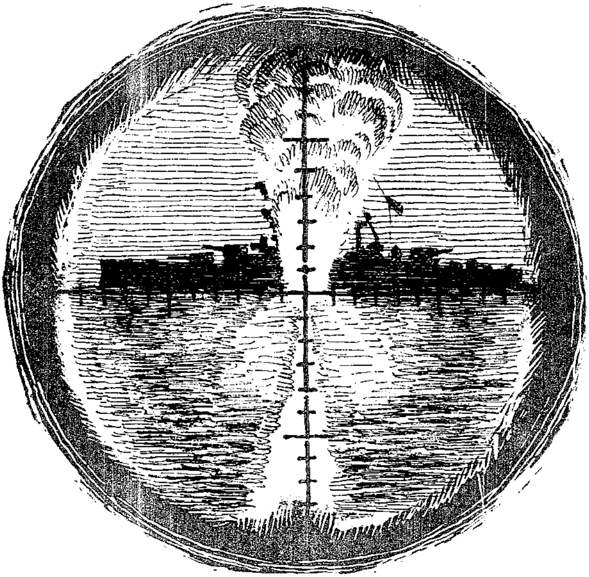
"Ought I to change here?"

The conductor looked her over. She was in a sack with an inverted mixing bowl for a hat. He nodded his head.

"Yes, lady, you should—unless you want to be mobbed at the next stop." —HOFF (*Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*)

The man who sank the Royal Oak

by Dana G. Prescott



Here, for the first time, is the story of the German master spy who grimly plotted for 16 years to destroy the pride of the British Navy

IN THE CHILL DARKNESS of a mid-October night in 1939, the thin stem of a periscope pierced the surface of the harbor of Scapa Flow, where the British fleet lay at anchor. The periscope slithered through the murky waters, scanning the line of cruisers, destroyers, subchasers and battlewagons, until caught in its crosshairs was the huge silhouette of the 29,150-ton H.M.S. *Royal Oak*. A split second later, two torpedoes spit forth. Suddenly, the night was rent by two terrific explosions. Within minutes, towering flames had turned the sinking battleship into a funeral pyre for over 800 of His Majesty's 1,200 sailors.

Morning headlines blazed forth to a stunned world:

BRITISH BATTLESHIP SUNK!
U-BOAT SCORES HIT;
370 RESCUED!

The British Admiralty remained silent as to where the *Royal Oak* was when she was sunk. But Captain Guenther Prien, 31-year-old commander of the submarine that sank the *Royal Oak*, reported to jubilant Germans that she was "sunk at her base, within fortified waters and amidst the whole fleet."

Strangely enough, in spite of the tumultuous acclaim that the Nazis

From ROUGH PASSAGE by Dana G. Prescott, copyright 1958, by The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

accorded Prien and his crew, their enthusiasm was erroneously placed. The man who *actually* sank the *Royal Oak* was never publicly credited.

He was Alfred Wehring, who for 16 long years had planned thoroughly—and in utter obscurity—to bring about this master stroke against the British Navy. Then he chose to vanish into the oblivion that successful secret service operatives so much desire.

Wehring was an officer in the Imperial German Navy during World War I, and saw action against the *Royal Oak* at the battle of Jutland. In Spain he served as a naval attaché under Walter Wilhelm Canaris—the crafty, formidable Canaris who was one of the chief figures in German intelligence during World War I, and who would head the much dreaded Nazi secret service in World War II. Canaris pegged Alfred Wehring as a man whose finesse and knowledge of naval architecture might one day prove invaluable.

Then, in 1923, Hitler began his power struggle. Canaris called Wehring in and told the Kaiser's ex-naval officer that England was to be his "permanent" secret service assignment, and that he was to keep a close watch on the British fleet.

Not long afterwards, Wehring left for Switzerland where he wangled a job as a salesman of jewelry and watches. For three years he studied at one of the best watchmaking schools in Switzerland, and then was graduated as an expert watchmaker. To have a solid "Swiss" background, he took a solid Swiss name: "Alfred Ortel." A few months later, in 1927, Alfred Ortel, armed with a newly-forged passport, emigrated to England. When he passed through customs, nothing in his bearing suggested that he had ever trod the bridge of a German battlewagon.

As Alfred Ortel, Wehring became a man of sincere warmth and friendliness. He was most careful not to lose the "common touch." He also let it be known that he had a zealous interest in the sea and in the ships that sailed it. That he preferred a seaport town was natural. What better place could Wehring have selected than the Orkney Islands coast town of Kirkwall? Situated as it was on Pomona Island, Kirkwall was conveniently near the British naval base at Scapa Flow.

Kirkwall welcomed the Swiss watchmaker with his genial smile, his skillful hands, and his inherent love of the sea. Ortel found these simple seafaring people delightful—perhaps it was because he remained a sailor at heart; perhaps for them, too, this great love of the sea explained Ortel's intense interest in the activities at Scapa Flow.

Ortel, the watchmaker, prospered. Within a few years he became the owner of a well-stocked jewelry and watch shop. He was often consulted by the captains of the larger Kirkwall ships regarding the proper setting of chronometers and watches. He mingled graciously with Kirkwall's best society, and yachting and fishing became two of his hobbies—at least as far as his friends could tell. In 1932, Alfred Ortel became a British subject. His "relatives from Switzerland" often came to see him. They seemed genteel folk, spoke German in cultured tones, and were well dressed. Mail came from an aged "father" in Germany.

The years passed. Hitler ranted at Prime Minister Chamberlain. Then came Munich . . . and finally Hitler's blitzkrieg on Poland in September, 1939.

Alfred Ortel shook his head sadly, spread the Union Jack up over his shop door and, along with all other good Britishers, dug deep to buy bonds to pay for this fearful war. No longer was he a Swiss neutral, he explained tearfully to his many friends in Kirkwall, he was now a loyal subject of King George! He regretted that his age kept him from taking up arms against Hitler.

TIRELESSLY, Ortel devoured periodicals, books and reports, especially shipping reports. At his modest home he spent long hours with his ears glued to an ancient radio set, listening to the war news.

The roadstead at Scapa Flow, extending east and west some 15 miles and about 8 miles wide, quickly became alive with naval activity. Two very narrow passageways mark its only entrances—Holm Sound at the east end; Hoy Sound at the west end. Kirkwall nestles on the coast of Pomona Island, just north of the western entrance, and lies a scant few miles due west of the Island's southeast tip. Both passages had been further narrowed by sunken hulks, purposely scuttled at these strategic points. A maze of strong fortifications—mines, steel nets and sunken piles—protected the British fleet within Scapa Flow.

The war was scarcely a month old when Alfred Ortel—ever mindful of his *true* purpose of being at Kirkwall, and his instructions personally given to him by Canaris 16 years before—managed to learn that certain obstructions were out of place at the eastern entrance to Scapa Flow. How he acquired such top secret knowledge is unknown.

Alfred Ortel moved swiftly. Low scudding clouds, he casually mentioned to his clerks one bleak October day, meant a storm. Since there probably would be few customers, the clerks were welcome to take the rest of the day off. Ortel closed his shop and sauntered home. He wanted no appearance of haste.

When the old clock struck four, Ortel drew up a chair in front of his antiquated radio set and flipped a switch. Within the ancient cabinet a high-powered short-wave transmitter and receiver hummed to life. Deftly, Ortel turned to a certain frequency and spoke in guarded code, holding a small hand microphone close to his mouth. He poured out the words in sharp, guttural German—then repeated his message slowly. His listener must make no mistake—there was no margin for error now. . . .

A Nazi naval attaché in neutral Holland relayed the message to *No. 14 Bendlerstrasse, Berlin, attention of Walter Wilhelm Canaris!* (Bendlerstrasse was the home of the German War Ministry.) Canaris acted instantly—his confidence in Wehring's skill was about to pay off. All German U-boats in European waters were alerted in code to stand by for urgent orders. A naval attaché in Holland had coded instructions to radio-contact the Kirkwall operative—a certain watchmaker known as Ortel. Nazi patrol charts showed clearly that the submarine under the command of Captain Guenther Prien was nearest—in the waters adjacent to Scapa Flow. The orders given him were simple: "MAKE THE KILL TONIGHT!" Prien's U-boat proceeded at once to Holm Sound, the eastern passage to Scapa Flow, then surfaced at the southeast tip of Pomona Island, opposite Kirkwall.

Prien cut the engines, then stood on the steel grating of the conning tower deck. He scanned the dim outline of the shore with his powerful night glasses, but there was nothing in sight. The North Sea slapped softly against the hull of the submarine. Then suddenly, off the starboard bow, a tiny light blinked from the shore. A long flash—two shorts—another long flash!

Prien gave a hushed order. A sailor manned a collapsible rubber boat, lowered it and moved silently toward the flashing light. Minutes later he returned with a grim-faced passenger—Ortel, the watchmaker of Kirkwall. Prien and Ortel silently shook hands, then Prien ordered the boat aboard and they hurried below. Seconds later the submarine slid cautiously beneath the surface of Holm Sound.

No navigating officer in the British fleet knew the waters around Scapa Flow as did Ortel. Hadn't "yachting and fishing" been his hobbies during the past 16 years? He had systematically charted the great roadstead, pin-pointing with deadly accuracy the bearings of *all* defenses—from Holm Sound on the east to Hoy Sound on the west. Ortel, with his carefully marked chart before him, took over at the wheel while Prien concentrated his efforts on the preparations for the "kill."

The U-boat maneuvered under half throttle, inching along foot by foot, and twisting past obstructions into the waters of Scapa Flow. It took split-second timing to dodge the cunningly contrived defenses, sometimes with only a few feet to spare on either side; sometimes with less than a fathom of water under the keel.

Silently the *Unterseeboot* swung into the open waters of Scapa Flow. The U-boat's crew was quietly jubilant. Naval history was being made. Prien and Ortel cautioned them against undue optimism—a false move now could mean sudden death! Prien ordered the periscope up. Ahead, British warships were dimly silhouetted against a dark skyline—cruisers, destroyers, subchasers and battlewagons of huge proportions. Down the line moved the U-boat, while Prien studied the ships at a safe distance.

Still more cruisers and destroyers, then another battleship loomed large in the periscope. Prien called to Ortel to confirm what he saw.

"*Ja*, the last one in line," nodded Ortel. "That's the *Royal Oak!*"

Prien ordered the torpedomen to

load the forward tubes. The great bulk of the *Royal Oak* loomed larger, riding silently at anchor. She was low in the water, massive, solid, with deck armor ranging from one inch to four in thickness, and 13-inch thick "anti-torpedo blisters" along her sides, extending below her waterline. She was the pride of the British Navy, and her eight death-dealing 15-inch guns bristled menacingly from their turrets. Prien ordered the engines stopped when the U-boat was abeam the *Royal Oak's* starboard quarter.

Distance and bearings were carefully checked by Prien. Ortel marveled at his precision.

"Prepare to fire!" ordered Prien.

The U-boat's commander again peered intently into the sighting lens of the periscope. Slowly, he raised his hand above his head; a second passed as he waited for the crosshairs to "zero in" on the target—then his hand swept downward. . . .

"Fire one!"

Number One torpedo sped destruction toward the great British battlewagon. Up went Prien's hand again . . . then swished down!

"Fire two!" snapped Prien.

Number Two torpedo was away a split second after the first had blasted through the *Royal Oak's* 13-inch "anti-torpedo" armor with a tremendous underwater explosion . . . the second explosion was even greater. Prien checked results through the periscope. Ortel then stole a quick glance. What he saw he would not soon forget!

Prien turned the U-boat sharply about and headed for the east passage under full throttle against the strong currents. A slip-up now meant their own destruction, so Ortel again took over the throttle and worried the U-boat through tortuous Holm Sound.

Out in the open waters of the North Sea, the U-boat's crew went berserk with joy. Nazi discipline went by the board.

But Ortel, the watchmaker from Kirkwall, was entirely forgotten. He sat apart, features immobile, a faraway look in his eyes. His 16-year-old mission had been accomplished. Now he was leaving England forever—that was all that mattered. . . .

Two days later Alfred Ortel—he was now Wehring again—was in Berlin, making a personal report to Canaris at No. 14 Bendlerstrasse. Even as they talked, the sounds of a tumultuous ovation for Captain Guenther Prien and his crew came to their ears from the street below. But the two men were not interested in celebrations. It was enough for Alfred Wehring that the tight-lipped Canaris *knew who sank the Royal Oak!*

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

EVERYONE ADMIRES THE FELLOW WHO doesn't let grass grow under his feet—unless he uses your lawn to prove it.

—MORRIS BENDER

by Fred Warshofsky

The Hapless Highwayman

He had brains, brawn and guts as podners.
But almost every time he tried to ride a horse he went
that-a-way—head over heels into the dust

On the morning of December 4, 1875, a bearded ex-convict named Dick Fellows rode south out of Caliente, California. As he rode, he pondered a plan to acquire a fortune in gold and everlasting fame as the greatest stagecoach robber in the West's history.

Earlier in the day, the bandit had noticed James Hume, head of the Wells Fargo detectives, and Jerome Meyers, Chief of the Stockton Police, boarding the stage in Caliente. The sight of two of the greatest lawmen in the West—armed with shotguns and riding alongside the driver—was enough to convince Fellows that this stagecoach was hauling a treasure worthy of his ambition.

Fellows had gone about a half mile out of town when the big roan he had rented from a local livery stable realized the man in the saddle was an inexperienced horseman. The horse had been nursing a growing dislike for Fellows and his unsure hand ever since the bandit had first mounted.

Just around the bend was a cluster of trees where Fellows planned to wait in ambush for the treasure-laden stage. The horse decided he had had enough. He stopped abruptly, pawed the earth and with an angry snort bucked the bandit head over spurs onto the dusty road.

The roan then turned and galloped back to town, leaving the ambitious outlaw dazed and humiliated by the side of the road.

The incident was typical of Dick Fellows' frustrating forays into banditry. All of which was a distressing (for him) paradox. Because when it came to the basic ingredients that made a successful and picturesque outlaw, Dick Fellows had it all over other lawbreakers of his era.

Dick was a tall, heavy-shouldered man with bright eyes that blazed out over a fierce, black beard. He was highly articulate; some said he was a Harvard alumnus. Bold and imaginative, he was a brilliant planner.

Fellows had one serious handicap—he could not ride a horse. During his 13 years as a bandit, he attempted 28 stagecoach holdups. He successfully seized over $100,000 and almost destroyed public confidence in Wells Fargo. Yet he saw millions ride away untouched as he bit the bitter dust, for in his time he was bucked, thrown, kicked and bitten by scores of horses, from purebloods to dray animals. His inability to swing into the saddle with the ease of other badmen has forever labeled Dick Fellows as the most inept outlaw the West has ever known.

Fellows first came to the attention of California peace officers in the winter of 1869. The Sheriff of Santa Barbara slammed into the saddle as the Coast Line Stage rattled into town without its money box. Less than 500 yards from the scene of the holdup, the law officer found the daring bandit — Dick Fellows — screaming, "Git up!" as he clung desperately to a dappled mare.

This was the first time a horse sent Dick to jail. Fellows served four years and returned penniless to Caliente. Now, as he painfully climbed into the saddle and headed back to town, he burned with shame over his latest fiasco. Then suddenly a chance to restore his self-respect presented itself. It was in the form of a scrawny quarter horse tied to the general store's hitching post. Deftly, Fellows unknotted the reins, clambered aboard and dashed out of town to waylay the northbound stage.

Somehow he managed to stick to his mount all the way out of town. As the stage jounced into view, he spurred the horse from behind a shale outcropping, clawed his six gun from its holster and roared the classic, "Throw down the box!"

It crashed to earth and Fellows waved the terrified driver on his way. Then he hoisted up the chest and staggered back to his horse. The beast took one frightened look at the bearded man and his ungainly burden and bolted down the road. Fellows was stranded with a Wells Fargo box, no horse and the prospect of a hard-riding posse closing in.

Fellows cast about wildly for a hiding place. Just a mile away Southern Pacific Railroad workers were busily engaged in laying a roadbed. At sundown, he headed for the scene—a vast jumble of ties, tracks and turned earth. It was pitch dark when he found his hiding place. Suddenly he stumbled and plunged 18 feet into a tunnel approach, breaking his left leg.

Waves of pain swept through his body, but Fellows managed to crawl out of the tunnel approach and force open the Wells Fargo box, which contained $1,800. He fashioned a pair of crutches out of forked branches and hobbled off into the Tehachapi Mountains.

His route took him past a neat, white farmhouse. Tethered to the side of the building was a broad-backed plough horse, which had been saddled and bridled. The challenge was irresistible. Fellows could never see a horse without visualizing himself majestically astride the steed, carrying out another bold robbery. He climbed painfully into the saddle, jabbed his heels into the animal's flanks and lumbered off.

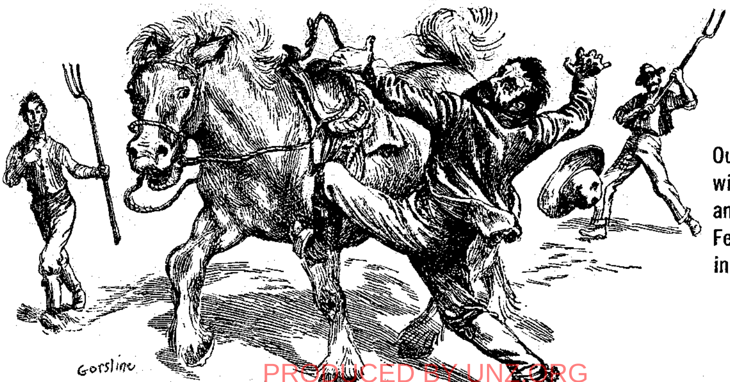
The satisfying slap of leather against the seat of his pants helped dissipate the terrible pain of his broken leg. Fellows rode on triumphantly for miles—right into a blind canyon. A posse sealed off the entrance before he could turn the horse around. He had been easily tracked from the farmhouse by his horse's incongruous set of hoof prints—three regular horseshoes and one mule shoe.

For six months Fellows languished in the Bakersfield jail while his leg knit. He pondered the effect horses had had on his career and came to a decision: "No dumb animal is going to buffalo me," he told his jailer. "When I get out of here I'm going to practice until I can ride like a cavalryman."

Fellows' practice sessions were due for a lengthy postponement. He was found guilty of armed robbery and sentenced to eight years in San Quentin Prison. Before the authorities could transfer him to the prison, he broke out of the rickety Bakersfield jail and—still on crutches—undertook a simultaneous practice ride and escape.

He found a piebald stallion calmly munching hay in a rancher's corral, slipped into the stable and appropriated a saddle. Then he approached the horse with determination. The proud stallion took one look at the hobbling figure, nickered disdainfully and trotted away. Fellows was still holding the saddle as the sheriff's posse rode up.

Fellows served his time in prison and then resumed his attempts to become the greatest highwayman in history. With his last few dollars, he bought a horse and practiced swinging into the saddle and cantering up and down the back roads of Southern California. His steed had a muddy-colored hide, skinny legs and jolting gait. The practice jaunts continued for two months. Fellows felt he was now ready to take his rightful



Out they dashed with pitchforks—and found Fellows stuck in a stirrup.

place on the horse's back and in the annals of crime.

From July 1881 to March 1882, Dick Fellows robbed 19 stagecoaches. Sales agents were having difficulty finding clients who would ship their goods by Wells Fargo. Chief Detective Hume took personal command of the hunt and the company flooded the West with circulars describing the bandit. Offers of rewards piled up and free-lance lawmen were imported to hunt Fellows.

On March 22, 1882, Hume and a squad of detectives arrived in Santa Barbara just 20 minutes after a plundered Wells Fargo stage rolled into town. The driver was certain the holdup man had been Fellows.

By this time, Fellows had been setting rump to saddle for a year without misfortune. But on that spring afternoon his horsy jinx returned to bedevil him. Less than a mile from the robbery, his horse stumbled into a chuckhole and broke its right foreleg. Fellows sorrowfully disposed of his faithful nag—the only horse that had ever tolerated him—and broke into a nearby barn to seek another mount.

He found a huge farm horse. As Fellows got aboard, the nag kicked up such a racket that two farm hands came running, pitchforks in hand. There was California's most feared bandit, Dick Fellows, with one leg caught in the stirrup, hopping desperately along on the other foot while the horse trotted round and round the barn.

Exactly one month later, Fellows was sentenced to California's Folsom Prison for the rest of his life.

King Richard III had once offered his kingdom for a horse. Dick Fellows' inability to ride one had cost him 30 years behind bars and labeled him as the most inept bandit in the history of the West.

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All about southpaws

by Nino Lo Bello

200,000,000 persons belong to this maligned minority.
But there's nothing "odd" about them.
Many of the world's greats have been left-handers

APPROXIMATELY 200,000,000 persons—more than the population of the U. S.—now belong to one of the world's badly maligned minority groups: the league of left-handed people. And, according to handwriting experts, the number of left-handers is on the increase. Twenty-five years ago, only two to four percent of school-age youngsters wrote left-handed. Today, about 10 percent are left-handed. It is estimated that about one-quarter of all Americans were originally left-handed, but that they were probably forced by teachers and parents to go against their natural tendencies and use their right hands.

Though "prejudiced" persons have described left-handed people as temperamental, unstable, unintelligent, stubborn and pugnacious, what they have overlooked is that all these personality traits also occur in right-handed people—and in approximately the same proportions.

But being left-handed in a right-handed world hasn't deterred many individuals from reaching the top in their chosen fields. Among the notable left-handers are Harry S. Truman, Danny Kaye and such baseball stars as Babe Ruth, Warren Spahn and Stan Musial.

Going back in history, many of Egypt's Pharaohs were left-handed, as were several Roman Caesars, the Biblical Benjamin, Alexander the

Great, Charlemagne, King George VI of England, Michelangelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci.

Curiously, da Vinci, because of his left-handedness, was adept at what psychiatrists call "mirror writing." It is claimed that one left-handed person out of every 2,500 uses mirror writing, which on paper appears backwards and reads from right to left so that it can be viewed normally only if the writing is held up in front of a mirror.

For centuries, society has looked down on left-handedness. This is even reflected in our language. For example, we all understand what is meant by a "left-handed compliment." Or take the words "sinister," which is Latin for "left," and "gauche," which is French for "left"; "sinister" has come to mean "evil," while "gauche" connotes awkwardness. Yet "adroit" and "dextrous," which are the French word and English derivative of the Latin word for "right," have more complimentary meanings.

There is no general agreement among scientists as to why people are left-handed. Some authorities maintain that the tendency is inherited through the genes, like the color of eyes and hair. But there is no concrete evidence to support this contention. Though many left-handed children have left-handed parents, this can be attributed more to imitation than to heredity.

Then there is the theory of cerebral dominance: that one side of the brain governs the opposite side of the body. Simplified, this would mean that we are left-handed because we are *right*-brained. There are no physiological or anatomical differences between the two sides of the brain—only functional differences.

The current point of view is that a person's left- or right-handedness is often determined by the conscious convictions of parents and teachers, by the need to conform and by custom. For instance, men have been taught for centuries to fight with their right hand so that they could use the left to hold a shield over their hearts. Thus, in warrior civilizations, right-handedness was carefully inculcated in newborn male infants. But there are children with innate left-handedness who cannot be changed to using their right hand.

For the first year of their lives, most babies are inclined to use either hand. Noting this, many parents encourage the use of the right hand by making it more convenient to do so. The majority of human beings, naturally ambidextrous, are trained to use their right hands by adults who frown on left-handedness.

Dr. Bryng Bryngelson of the University of Minnesota has been studying left-handers for over 30 years. His research indicates that there may be differences between left-handed and right-handed children—as a group. The left-handers, he reports, tend to be "highly imaginative, creative and socially sensitive," while the right-handers seem more outgoing and extroverted.

"If there were no interference on the part of parents and teachers," he declares, "34 out of every 100 children born today would become left-handed, and about three percent would be using both hands with equal dexterity."

Left-handedness is not peculiar to man. Biologists have learned that, inexplicably, there are "left-handed" lobsters, left-sided flounders and left-whorled mollusks. Most plants twist, turn and climb to the right, yet many plants do the same things—but only to the left.

Another interesting fact about left-handedness was uncovered by Dr. Ira S. Wile. By examining ancient tools, cave-man drawings and other archaeological fragments, Dr. Wile concluded that in prehistoric times the majority of the men were left-handed. Yet by the Bronze Age, about 4,000 years ago, the proportion had dropped down to 50-50.

Until recently, many modern psychologists insisted that if parents encouraged a left-handed child to become right-handed, the change would damage his emotional and mental development, and induce speech defects, particularly stuttering. Now the experts disagree. Some believe that such retraining is not necessarily fraught with serious consequences, and that a child will not stutter simply because he is made over from a left- to a right-hander. But among stutterers, according to Dr. Bryngelson, there are 12 times as many persons who have been switched from left- to right-handedness than among non-stutterers.

Today, catering to the needs of left-handers is a big business. Many manufacturers now produce special southpaw fishing reels, golf clubs, guns, bowling balls, scissors, musical instruments and dental equipment in what must rank as the world's most "sinister" business. ♛

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

ON A LOS ANGELES STORE undergoing remodeling: "No Business, As Usual, During Alterations."—*Birmingham News*

A MINOR EXECUTIVE in the Pentagon has a sign on his desk reading: "This Job Is So Secret I Don't Know What I'm Doing." —GARY WYNN

A SIGN ON THE REAR of a slow-moving bakery truck in Greensboro, North Carolina, requests motorists to: "Pass the Bread, Please." —ROBERT NORRIS

Sign seen outside a swank school:
"St. Margaret's School for Girls."
"Preparatory for Boys." —JOHN PETERS

SIGN IN A LOS ANGELES BAKERY: "Cakes 66 cents—Upside-down cakes 99 cents." —CLAUDE GRANT

SIGN IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK: "Never Pat A Bear Until It Is A Rug." —CHARLES V. MATHIS

The last laugh

by Will Bernard

THE ACT OF making out a will often calls forth a bizarre kind of bittersweet wit. Bizarre, because when the joke is cracked, the joker isn't around to see how it goes over—and is protected by eternity from a possible snappy rejoinder. Only the rarest of mortals will not feel a kinship with those who wanted the last laugh . . . at least once.

AN ENGLISHMAN left a pension to the bell ringers of the local abbey, on condition that they would peal sad, muffled tones on the anniversary of his wedding and merry tones on the anniversary of his death.

A BIBULOUS GENTLEMAN provided:

"I do request that one pint bottle of bourbon, which I have deposited in my safety vault at the bank, be placed at my side during the final obsequies, so that in case there shall be any delay in crossing the Jordan, I will be fortified."

A NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY, put on guard by a tornado alert, taped a "last will and testament" to his chest. It read:

"I leave everything I own to my friend George Draper, if he isn't blown away by the tornado first."

AN ENGLISHMAN directed that one farthing should be mailed to his wife in an unstamped envelope, so she would have to pay the postage.

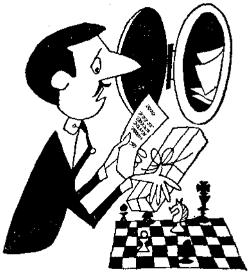
A DOCTOR BEQUEATHED to the wife who had deserted him, an elegant handkerchief to weep into after he passed away.

A POLISH LANDOWNER, whose would-be heirs could scarcely wait for him to die, left them a large envelope marked: "To be opened 12 months from today." When the 12 months had gone by, they avidly opened the envelope and found a smaller one inside—sealed and bearing the same instructions. The suspense lasted through ten years and ten envelopes, when a final message provided that the estate should be distributed after being held in trust for 100 years.

A RICH MAN'S ne'er-do-well nephew, attending the reading of the will, grew excited when he heard:

"To my best beloved nephew I bequeath 10,000, which he will find in a package in my safe."

The nephew rushed to the safe, where he found a package of 10,000 chess problems and a note saying this was a fine way for him to strengthen his mind.



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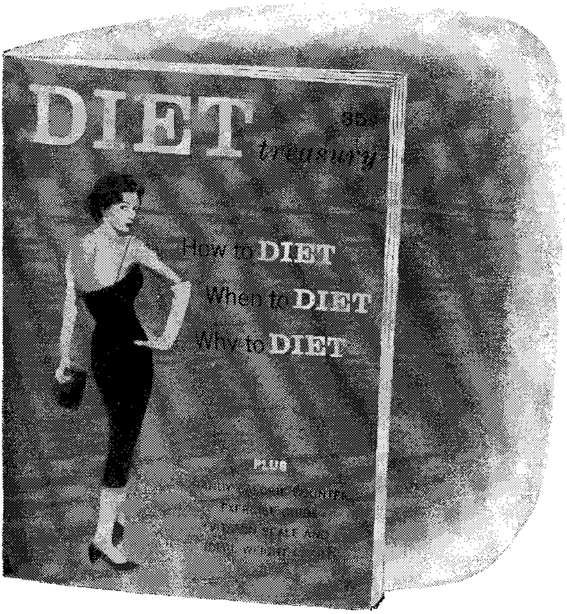
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AN ENGLISHMAN left his wife £1,000, adding that he would have left her £10,000 if she had let him read his evening newspaper in peace.

ANOTHER ENGLISHMAN, cutting his wife off without a farthing, referred to her as "the cleverest known legal daylight robber . . . this perambulating human vinegar cruet."

A FORMER U. S. SENATOR left a legacy to his sister's husband "as a token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a woman no man of taste would have."

A HARD-DRINKING husband included this provision: "To my beloved wife who has stood by me all these years and was often just as thirsty as I was, I hereby bequeath all my 16-year-old stock, which will be found in a secret panel near the fireplace in the library. Also, in token of my love and affection she shall have the last three bottles of Scotch, which are secreted in the piano."

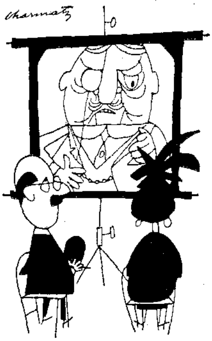
ANOTHER MAN put his will in this form:

"To whom it may concern:
To my wife Mary N. Smith
I bequeath all my possessions,
Great and small
Bills and all."

A TAVERN KEEPER left his money to his ever-nagging wife, provided that on each anniversary of his death she would walk barefooted to the market place with a candle and read aloud this confession: "Had my tongue been shorter, my husband's days would have been longer."

A BUSINESSMAN put this in his will: "To my wife I leave her lover, and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was."

A FRENCHMAN provided in his will that every day a new cooking recipe should be pasted upon his tomb.



AN ENGLISH manufacturer made a movie of himself for a special showing to friends and relatives, assembled after his death. The guests were assigned to particular seats, so that the deceased could look each person straight in the eye as he told him what he thought of him. After announcing his bequests, the deceased closed with these words:

"Friends, I will bore you no longer. Those of you who are disgruntled will already have decided to test the validity of making a will in this manner. To save unpleasant lawsuits, my solicitor will now read to you a will in similar terms, which you will find is drawn up, testified, and witnessed in the correct legal manner."

With that he waved a cheery farewell, bowed, and flashed off the screen.

The saga of the "G"

by David Boroff

Blending luxury with a warm personal touch, Jennie Grossinger transformed her struggling little farm into the East's most fabulous vacation resort

A LONG TIME AGO, Malke Grossinger, the founder of the fabulous Grossinger's in New York State's Catskill Mountains, summed up the internationally-renowned resort's philosophy: "Never let anyone go away hungry," she counseled her daughter, Jennie. Today, the hotel, which has flourished far beyond its founder's most ecstatic dreams, is dedicated to feeding its guests in sovereign style and thus sending them home purring with satiety.

Grossinger's, a sprawling pleasure dome some 95 miles northwest of New York City, in the predominately Jewish resort area affectionately tagged "The Borsht Circuit," appears to run riot with contradictions. It is a resort in which Jewish dietary laws are rigorously observed, yet an ever-increasing number of gentiles are drawn to it. It is ensconced on 1,000 acres of rolling countryside, but the hotel's 1,200 guests happily mill around a few acres. It is a country club, but one without snobbery. Executives share tables with $75-a-week stenographers. All one needs is the price of admission—not cheap, but a steal for what they provide at $100-$175 weekly.

What Grossinger's gives is a bewildering array of comforts and diversions, in an atmosphere that somehow manages to retain much of the cozy warmth of a small hotel. To the city-faded vacationer, Grossinger's means vast sports facilities (most recently, a new

$1,500,000 indoor pool), food ladled with reckless abundance, Broadway acts, opportunities to mingle with celebrities and for self-improvement at the dazzling round of classes in photography, painting, dancing, sculpture, world events, public speaking or classical music.

This mammoth self-contained enterprise has 50 buildings, a children's camp, its own police and fire departments and even a fully-equipped printing plant with four full-time printers. (Typically, the hotel bought a neighboring hotel not long ago—with swimming pool and social hall—to house its 800 employees.)

Although it is not the largest hotel in the Catskills, Grossinger's is its pace-setter. The current era of Catskill splendor—acres of deep-carpeted lobby, Olympic-sized swimming pools, spring ice skating, and man-made snow—was ushered in by Grossinger's in its restless determination to provide the best. But the hotel also has a healthy respect for the past. The old weather-scarred Tudor buildings are still there as sentimental mementos of the long journey upward. And when new buildings go up, as they keep going, they rise in the same Tudor style—but with picture windows!

When people talk about Grossinger's, they usually mean Jennie Grossinger. Her life is the story of the hotel. It started when she was a young immigrant girl living on New York's East Side. She was 22 and married when her family purchased a small farm in the Catskills. She went along to help them run it. The struggling family farm soon took in boarders and grossed $81 the first season. Jennie made beds, plucked chickens, and kept the books. Harry, the distant cousin (also named Grossinger) she married, was then a city garment worker, and today is the behind-the-scenes master of the physical operation. Little by little, through back-breaking work and Jennie's expert guidance, the hotel grew to its current eminence.

The theme of Jennie's life is best expressed by the title of her forthcoming autobiography: *From Jen-*

nie, With Love. Jennie cares *about* people, and so people care *for* her. "Who cares if the Waldorf-Astoria changes hands?" a sophisticated New Yorker observed. "But when a rumor gets around that Grossinger's is on the block, people start worrying." (It's not likely to happen. It is a family hotel, and Paul Grossinger, Jennie's son, is now its general manager.)

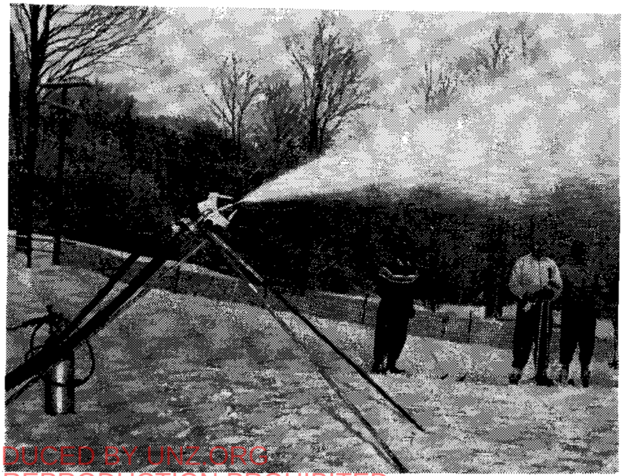
When you go to Grossinger's, you see Jennie. A gentle woman, she sits perched on a high stool at the entrance to the dining room, offering a smile and a dignified greeting to every guest. Her personal charities are legendary. One of her earliest memories is of her mother nailing a contribution box to the wall of their East Side tenement. "A life without sharing," the mother told her children, "is barren."

A wall in her home blanketed with scrolls, plaques, and citations indicates the scope of Jennie's endless charitable and philanthropic endeavors. An enthusiastic hostess, Jennie urges her guests to pitch in and give to any one of dozens of charity drives held at the hotel. A citation she particularly treasures, was presented to her by the Air Force last year for the thousands of free vacations she has provided for U. S. servicemen since the start of World War II; to this day, the hotel is host to four or five every week.

A natural public relations talent combined with a love for people has earned her the reputation of being one of the last of the great hostesses. For a long time, it was a hotel policy to awaken her, no matter the hour, if a guest took ill. With 1,200 guests and the normal percentage of indisposition, she has, at 67, sadly forced herself to abandon the practice.

In the old days, people came to Grossinger's to escape from the squalid, cluttered tenements. Today, with heightened living standards, Grossinger's provides an adventure in ease and luxury. The resort's slogan, "Grossinger's has everything," is a matter-of-fact statement of how things are. An example of this striving for the best is a conversation that

A snug city of 50 Tudor-style buildings (left), Grossinger's even has its own police and fire departments.



Resort's $100,000 snow-making machine (right) keeps ski slopes and toboggan run in perfect condition.

Owner Jennie Grossinger greets Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, one of her many famous guests.

Paul Grossinger had with the hotel's butchers in New York.

"How much are prime ribs?" he asked.

"I can get you good stuff for $1," was the answer. "Good is not good enough," Paul said. "Send me 30 racks of the $1.10 ribs—the best!"

Grossinger's has also been a show business front-runner. Twenty-five years ago, the *tummler* was the prince of clowns in the Catskills. The word is Yiddish for noisemaker, and he tried strenuously to live up to his name. A one-man task force of merriment on-stage and off, he sang welcome and farewell songs to the guests; he staged gay revues and sad dramas with ambidextrous aplomb. On rainy days he worked as hard to keep the restless from checking out. Grossinger's spawned its share of headliners—among them Red Buttons, Buddy Hackett, Don Hartman, Dore Schary and Robert Merrill.

After World War II, Grossinger's took the lead in abandoning big resident social staffs (sometimes as many as 50 in the company) and began introducing big-name acts, imported for a single show. Today, this has become the entertainment pattern throughout the area. Typical "names" on a typical Grossinger "Showtime" bill are top-drawer: Sammy Davis, Jr., Alan King, Ella Fitzgerald, Jan Peerce, Lionel Hampton. They ply their trade in a modern "Playhouse-Theatre" that seats about 1,700, or the Terrace Room night club where the guests also weave nightly to the music of two orchestras, American and Latin.

At the "G," as the hotel is affectionately called, the *tummler* lives on in the impudent figure of Lou Goldstein. Labeled Grossinger's "Director of Activities," Goldstein achieves, as a matter of course, what few entertainers would dare. He collects a crowd in the lobby or on the terrace and, relying only on wit and audacity, entertains for hours on end. Brash but never offensive, he keeps up a steady drumfire of gags and shrewd observations. And he makes the guests—young and old alike—howl and roar at a game they hadn't played since grade school. The game is "Simon Says." The hilarity it provokes must be seen to be believed.

Besides Goldstein, Grossinger's all-year diversions include a mile-wide lake for boating, swimming, and fishing; six miles of bridle trails; ten tennis courts; a championship 18-hole golf course; a baseball diamond; basketball, handball, squash and volley ball courts; two swimming pools; artificial ice skating rink; ski slopes with T-Bar lift; and a toboggan run. When nature fails to provide snow, the hotel's $100,000 snow machine works all night and the slopes glisten white in the morning. For the spectators, there is non-stop entertainment. The outdoor swimming pool is the focal point by day, and the playhouse and night club at night. Those who prefer solitude need take only a short stroll to lose themselves in the tranquillity of the Catskill verdure. When the cold winds blow, the lobbies become the command posts.

One odd indoor activity is the Beauty Bar, a kind of sacred shrine of cosmetology. The chief article of faith is that "there are no homely women—only lazy ones." Every Saturday a startled innocent is led to the altar for a demonstration of how a drab face can be speedily reconstructed into a dazzling one. "Make my wife look like Marilyn Monroe," a businessman requested wistfully. So transformed did she emerge that when she walked past he stared at her covertly without recognition. Then he burst into a smile of pristine pride when he realized what hath been wrought.

The Grossinger table is deservedly celebrated. The menu, laden with a staggering list of choices, is intended merely as a rough guide. The breakfast list suggesting nine varieties of herring (baked, pickled, kippered, etc.) is enough to cause psychic indecision. And herring is only one of the varieties of fish served for breakfast. Guests can get almost anything edible in season or out.

The hotel sensibly bends its dining rules in favor of the guests. Unlike most hotels, the dining room doors do not slam shut at the appointed time. The tardy are fed, and even bleary-eyed noon risers are assured a restorative snack.

The great danger in this caloric spectacular is overeating.

Sylvia Lyons, the wife of columnist Leonard Lyons, was once asked by friends: "What can we do at Grossinger's that's slenderizing?"

"Go home," she said tersely.

Not the least of the hotel's attrac-

Latest addition to the "G's" lavish sports facilities is $1,500,000 indoor pool and solarium.

tions is the tidal wave of glamor each week end. Grossinger's is constantly graced by movie stars, athletes, political figures, or pin-ups of the arts. Over the years, the sojourners have included Eleanor Roosevelt, Errol Flynn, New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Leonard Bernstein, Jackie Robinson, Jayne Mansfield, Kim Novak, Fredric March, Elia Kazan and hundreds of others.

The hotel has its own array of private divinities, especially the two Eddies—Eddie Cantor and Eddie Fisher, the former a Grossinger regular since the '30s.

The big moments of Eddie Fisher's life took place at the "G." He got his professional start there, was married there to Debbie Reynolds in a blaze of publicity, and the breakup of his marriage was signalized when he turned up at the "G" in the company of Elizabeth Taylor.

Fisher was just another obscure singer when he was discovered by Eddie Cantor. That summer he was inclined not to return to Grossinger's. "Go again," his mother urged. "At least you'll be in the country." On Labor Day, Eddie Cantor heard Fisher sing with the house orchestra, and subsequently launched him on a cross-country tour.

Romance at Grossinger's evokes great enthusiasm, since many of the guests are "unattached." Guests of all ages—nubile maidens, middle-aged widows, hardened bachelors, and striplings—come to the resort with the frank hope of finding their life partners. The success of this romantic quest is attested to by the thousands of couples who've met there and subsequently exchanged marital vows.

The hotel's daily newspaper, *The Tattler,* edited by Joel Pomeranz who doubles as publicity director, provides a local *Who's Who* for the week. A printed, four-page tabloid, *The Grossinger News* is also published most every week and mailed to over 100,000 persons.

In this never-never land, no girl is ever less than "ravishing," no boy anything but "gallant." ("Delectable Diane Golden has the kind of striking good looks few men can long remain indifferent to. . . . Barry Miller's a rising young exec with Universal Togs, Inc. . . . Long-stemmed American beauty Judy Ellen devastating all in that stunning creation last night . . .") Guests learn to do automatic discounting.

The hotel's personnel double as movers of romance. The headwaiter, Dave Geiver, assigns people to tables and makes decisions which can often abet love or blight it. He has become master of the quick, intuitive appraisal. Part of his job is to placate the disgruntled who want their tables changed. Some restless types play a game of musical chairs in the dining room.

The hotel has an official hostess, Karla Grossinger (a cousin), a woman of impressive continental charm. She presides in front of the dining room or at the bar in the evening, and she rejoices when she sees people going two-by-two. Blending the gifts of placement counselor and clinical psychologist, she is actually a sophisticated and multilingual version of the Jewish matchmaker. But she is so unobtrusive that no one thinks of her except as a helpful friend. She prefers to introduce people in groups casually. Then one can break away if he wants to. "You have to have a sixth sense," she says. Her big headache is with age, since at any given time, the age groups may not mesh. When a widow or divorcee has spent a frustrating week at Grossinger's, Karla is likely to say soothingly, "Darling, there's no one here intelligent enough for you."

After the gray anonymity of the city, the Grossinger's guest is tantalized by abundance. Here is the opportunity to meet *everyone*. For the girls, drama in dress seems essential; the style is aggressively man-catching. For the small percentage of those casting about, the "game" occasionally can be restive. Confessed one young man: "When I'm dancing with a girl, I'm casing the joint over her shoulder, while she's casing it over mine."

But for the greatest number of patrons—the solidly suburban marrieds—the "game" is a source of amusement and speculation as they cha-cha-cha in the Terrace Room.

What lies ahead for the fabulous "G"? The good earth is still being gashed by new construction. A remodeled front entrance, landscaping, and still more buildings are in the works. Paul Grossinger says bluntly: "We've always been a large hotel. Our objective is to be the best in the world."

Best or not, Grossinger's evokes passionate loyalty in old guests and wide-eyed wonder in newcomers. A woman from the Midwest recently arrived at the hotel. She looked around at its assorted riches. Lou Goldstein was holding forth in the lobby. Hundreds of people were splashing gaily in the enormous outdoor pool. The athletic facilities were being put to exuberant use. Helplessly she sat down and said: "There is so much here. What do I do first?"

WRONG FOOT FORWARD

A FEW REBELLIOUS WORDS from the bride and a purely routine response from the quaking groom, and an Alabama wedding was thrown into shambles. The justice-of-the-peace asked the bride if she'd obey, to which she angrily responded, "Do you think I'm crazy?"

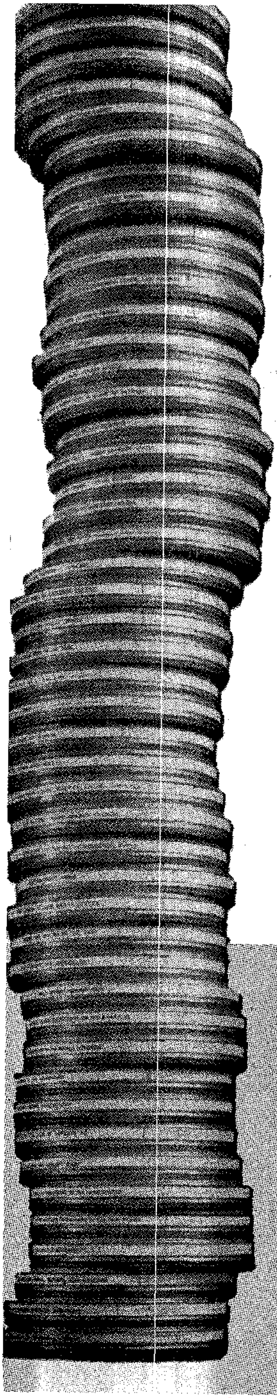
Whereupon the groom blurted out, "I do," and the fun began.

—*Wall Street Journal*

WHODUNIT?

(Answers to Quiz on page 51)

1. (a); 2. (b); 3. (b); 4. (a); 5. (c); 6. (a); 7. (a); 8. (c); 9. (a); 10. (c); 11. (c); 12. (b); 13. (b); 14. (a); 15. (c); 16. (c); 17. (c); 18. (c); 19. (c); 20. (b).

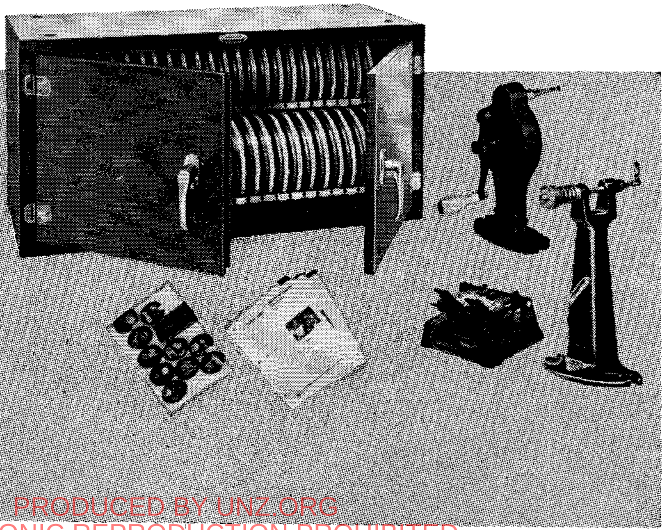


Progress in Education

A SCHOOL FILM LIBRARY... THE NEW WAY

a Starter Set plan developed by Coronet Films now enables any school to set up a film library economically and efficiently.

School systems everywhere are taking advantage of the *most useful film service ever offered to elementary schools*. They are finding that Coronet's Starter Set Plan is an excellent way to make fine films available to teachers when they need them—films correlated with the curriculum to improve classroom instruction.



What is the Starter Set?

The Set includes 48 of the most popular films for grades 1-6. At no additional cost, the Set also provides more than $200 worth of accessories to make the film program a success—a cabinet to house the films, a splicer, rewinds, and accessory materials for utilizing the films.

A Special Low-Cost Trial Period

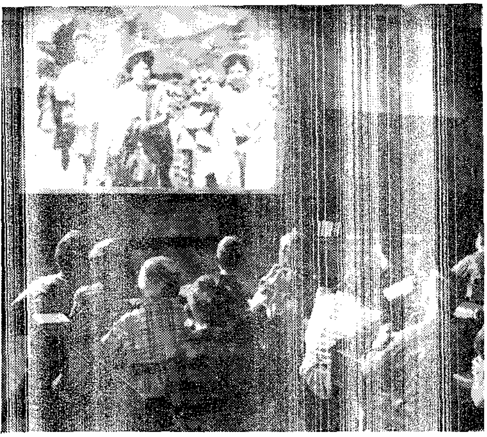
Schools may try the Starter Set for a full year for only $360. At the end of this period, the $360 may be applied to the purchase of the films or the Starter Set may be returned.

The subjects covered in the Set

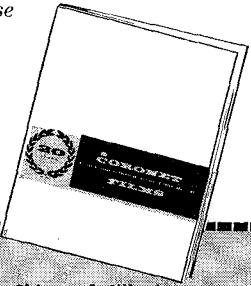
The Starter Set includes films in all major subject areas. Selections assure that the films correlate with units of instruction in leading textbooks . . . may be used at several grade levels and in two or more subject areas . . . are new productions designed to bring up-to-date, modern teaching materials to the classroom.

Half of the films are in Science and Mathematics and should qualify for matching funds under the National Defense Education Act.

What the Starter Set will mean to your School. The proper use of these films will help improve classroom instruction—for films clarify important concepts . . . enrich the background of instruction . . . accelerate learning . . . and increase retention.



For complete information on the Starter Set of Coronet Films—including titles of the films—use the coupon. We shall send you a brochure including several plans for acquiring the films, from which you may select the one most suited to your needs. There is no obligation. Use the same coupon to request your free copy of the new 20th Anniversary Catalogue of Coronet Films. It contains descriptions of more than 850 fine films and full information on how you may purchase or rent them.



Coronet Films

Dept. C-759
Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

☐ Please send us full information on the Starter Set of Coronet Films, including various plans for acquiring these films in our school.

☐ Please send us your most recent catalogue containing descriptions of more than 850 fine motion pictures for use in schools.

Name______________________________

School or Organization______________________________

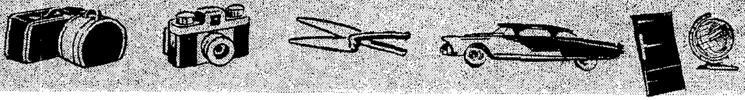
Address______________________________

City____________________ Zone____ State________________

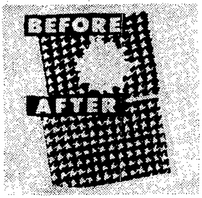
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

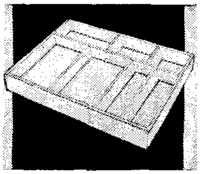


MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. *Write for full details sent* Free! Fabricon, Dept. 397, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

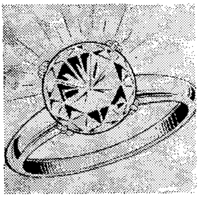
DIVIDERS MULTIPLY DRAWER SPACE



Divide & conquer cluttered drawers with new compartments that organize contents. Kit contains wooden divider strips for any size drawer (shallow or deep) spacing blocks, etc. Easy to arrange—just cut to size with knife. 2 sizes: 1¾" deep. $1 ppd. (Kit A); 3½" deep, $1.79 ppd. (Kit B). Guar. Ask for free cat. Damar's 56-G Damar Bldg. Elizabeth, N.J.

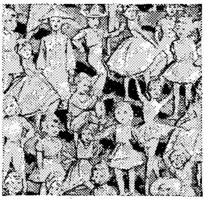
BUY DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY...

"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying *direct from one of the* world's well known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-5. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-7.

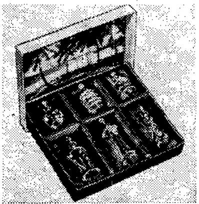


100 LITTLE DOLLS—1 PENNY EACH

100 Dolls made of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber—only *$1. Baby Dolls, Nurse Dolls,* Dancing Dolls, Costume Dolls, Cowboy Dolls, Bride Dolls, & many more, in exquisite detail up to 4", not made of paper or rags but of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber. Money Back Guar. Send $1. & 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg, for each set to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. K-147, 11 E. 47 St., NY 17.

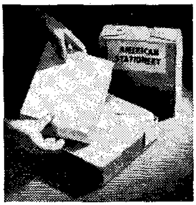


TROPIC TANTALIZERS!



From Puerto Rico! Six rare perfumes in the Beachcomber Pack. Six different one dram bottles. $6.75 prepaid. Exquisite fragrances! Smartly gift-wrapped. Supply names, addresses, dates. We send airmail, parcel post. Write today for illustrated list of exciting, exotic Indies Perfumes. Indies Inc. Department F, P.O. Box 725, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PERSONAL STATIONERY, $1 PER BOX



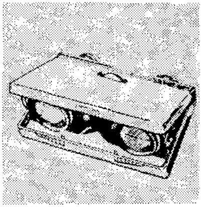
World's finest stationery value! 100 printed sheets, 6"x7", 50 matching printed envelopes. Up to 4 lines prtg, max. of 30 characters (inc. spaces) per line. Deep Blue ink on rich, crisp white Bond paper. 150-pc. Introductory Box, $1 ppd. 300-pc. Double Box, just $1.50 postpaid. West of Denver add 20%. American Stationery Co., Inc., 717 Park Ave., Peru, Indiana.

STRETCH-TO-HEALTH

Perfected in Hollywood and used by men and women who know value of keeping trim. Ingenious rubber device is a combination rowing machine and exerciser. Comes with chart and instructions for pulling in tummy, reducing excess weight, firming flabby leg muscles. Guar. Only $3.98 ppd. Cash, check, or m. o. from Evelyn Hull, 1923 Berkley Ave., Dallas 24, Tex.

HI-POWER BINOCULARS ONLY 50¢

See up to 18 miles. Powerful folding Opera Glasses fit into pocket or purse. Center eye piece adjustment. Worth many times low introductory price. Comparable to models selling for $4.95. Post Paid. Limit 1 to a customer. Send cash, check or money order. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Order today from: Bruce Sales Co. 121 East 24 St., Dept. B669, New York 10, N. Y.



(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 177

Silver Linings

I HAD STOPPED at a florist's to order some flowers for Easter. As I placed my order, I noticed a small boy enter the shop, hesitate, then stride purposefully toward the display of flowers in the glass enclosure. He "shopped" around for awhile, then pointed to the long-stemmed red roses and asked the florist:

"How much are those?"

YOU CAN ANALYZE HANDWRITING!

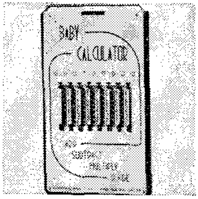
Now you can "read-between-the-lines" of personal letters, notes, signatures, etc. Amazing new text by world-famed M. N. Bunker, founder of International Grapho Analysis Society. A sure way to really know people! $5.95 ppd., COD plus postage. Guar. Order "Handwriting Analysis" today. Nelson-Hall Co., 210 S. Clinton St., Dept. GR-58, Chicago 6.

SIZE-FAMOUS 1 TO 13, AAAAAA TO EEEEE

Girls, buy our good shoes by mail! Our enormous variety of styles and vast range of sizes insures perfect fit! The side-tie shown comes in alabaster punched pig; red or white calf; camel or black shag. AAAA to D for sizes 3 to 10, $13.95; for 10½ to 12, $14.95. Add 35¢ per pair postage. Write for free catalog. Solby Bayes, 45T Winter St., Boston 8, Mass.

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. X-95, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.



NEW BLEUMETTE BRA

No visible means of support. No wires, bones or straps anywhere. Ultimate in bosom loveliness. Lifts firmly, comfortably. Glamorous Special Occasions. Velvety soft, sturdy material. Flesh color. Sizes ABC. 2 pr. only $2.98 pp. with Primer to restore adhesive edge of bra. Send check or Money Order to Bleuette, 509 5th Ave., Dept. 120A, New York, N.Y.

101 HAIR STYLES FOR $1.00

Hair Crowns help you determine the hair style that is best for you. 101 of the latest styles for only $1. Place each printed cut out crown on your head, look in the mirror and you'll know exactly which style is most becoming to you Eliminates the guess work from hair styling. Complete set of crowns is $1 Shirl Ann's Dept. K-16, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

MONEY, MONEY—AND FREE OFFERS

Biggest spare time profits showing friends, neighbors beautiful Evans Christmas and all occasion cards. Easy orders. 100% profit. Self-selling kit, on approval. Included free: 32 samples personalized Christmas cards, all-new imprinted stationery display, 2 catalogs, selling guide. Write today: New England Art Publishers, North Abington 733, Mass.

WANTED: MORE NEW WRITERS

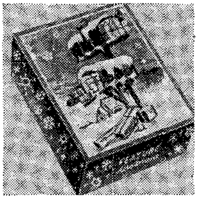
Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Lucille Anderson just sold a series amounting to more than $1800. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for free lesson & 40-pg book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship, Desk CFS-79, 1680 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, California.

(Continued on next page)

Kodak
Verichrome Pan
FAST PANCHROMATIC FILM
FOR BOTH FLASH AND DAYLIGHT USE
Kodacolor
COLOR NEGATIVE FILM
FILM PRICE DOES NOT INCLUDE PROCESSING

FREE KODAK FILM

We keep your camera loaded. For each b&w or Kodacolor roll you send for processing, we give you a fresh roll of same film free! B&W: 8 exp. roll developed & jumbo prints —89¢; 12 exp. roll—$1.09. Kodacolor: 8 exp. roll dev. & jumbo prints—$3.50; 12 exp.—$4.25. Free roll included. Send for free mailers. Film Craft, Box 2-CC, Mad. Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Send no money, just your name, for 21-Card Assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards on approval. Show sensational $1 value to friends neighbors. $75.00 to $500 possible between now and Christmas. We'll include free catalog with 76 other money makers; also free samples popular name-imprinted cards. Wallace Brown 11 E. 26th St., Dept. U-219, N. Y. 10.

SLIP IT ON YOUR "SPECS" . . . $1

Wear Visorette on prescription or sun glasses, indoors or out. Stops glare from sun, sky, windows, lights. Adjustable to any angle. So Light! So comfortable! Slips on & off in a jiffy! Guaranteed to fit and satisfy. Many thousands of users! Choices: *Transparent green* or Opaque black. Send $1.00 Visorette, 2925 E. California, Pasadena 23, Calif.

ZIP-UP COTTON COVERALLS

Whether your schedule calls for a day of shopping, house-cleaning, or gardening, you will be comfortable in zip-up cotton coveralls. Gay plaid fabric in combinations of black-and-red, black-and-white, black-and-maize, black-and-pink. Sizes 9-17, 10-20, 40-48, 14½-28½. $5.98 ppd. Riviera Originals, 11 E. 47th St., Dep't K-12, New York 17, N. Y.

LOSE UP TO 5—10 or 20 LBS.

Curb your appetite and lose weight. Nobese, taken in accordance with recommended dietary plan can help you lose pounds. Needs no doctor's prescription. Take only one capsule a day. 15 day trial supply only $2.98; 30 day supply $5.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send check or money order to Nobese, Dept. C-1, Box 5005, Washington, D.C.

NOBESE

Silver Linings continued

"Five dollars a dozen," the man said.

"And how much is one?" he wanted to know.

"Fifty cents," was the answer.

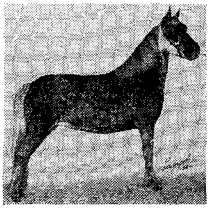
The boy thought a moment, then said, "That's all the money I have. May I have one please."

The transaction completed, the friendly florist asked the youngster what he intended to do with the rose.

"It's for my mother," the boy answered. "I'm having my tonsils out tomorrow and I know she'll worry, so I'm going to leave this rose in her bedroom for her."

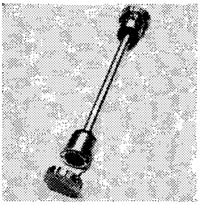
—AGATHA D. BRUNGARDT, R.N.

A GROUP of foreign students, vacationing in Japan, had embarked on



SHETLAND PONIES ON EASY CREDIT

Anyone—banker to farmer —can get into this booming business with bank financing at 6%—immediate delivery—2 years to pay. Huge tax advantages from investment standpoint. Reprint of national magazine articles and full illustrated catalog tells all about this fabulous field. Write without delay to Fashion Club, Suite 23, Chicago 11, Illinois.



NEED AN OUTSIDE ELECTRICAL OUTLET?

UINSTAL-only do-it-yourself outdoor electrical outlet. Mounts in minutes on any house. Permanent, weathertight, no hot wires. Barbecue, lawn mowers, hedge trimmers, patio lights, all the convenience of electricity out-doors. Save $20 to $25. Only $4.95 pstg. pd. inclu. state and local taxes, if any. UINSTAL 4401 No. 22 St., Dept. C., Omaha 11, Nebr.

a buying spree in one of Tokyo's large department stores.

In the excitement one of the girls lost an expensive brooch. A frantic search of the store failed to turn up the pin, so she reported her loss to the sympathetic manager. After describing the jewelry and explaining it was not the cost of the brooch that mattered but the sentimental value attached to it, she gave him her hotel address and left in tears.

A few days later the student received a package at her hotel. Unwrapping it, she found a brooch entirely different from her own, but

HOW TO HEAR WITH YOUR GLASSES

New fact-filled booklet tells you all about how you can use your glasses as Hearing Glasses. It compares performance, appearance and design, explains what every hard of hearing person should look for when considering hearing glasses. For free Hearing Glasses Guide write Maico Electronics, 21 No. 3rd St., Room 116U, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

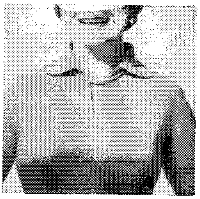
50 WALLET SIZE PHOTOS ONLY $1

Your name printed Free on each one. Amazing price due to new photo process. Not only do we offer 40 2¼ x3¼ for $1 but we print your name on each and every one at no extra charge. Send negative or print (no extra charge if you don't have neg.). Add 25¢ for ptg. and handling. Money back guar. Western Studios, Dept. K-47, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

BEFORE
AFTER

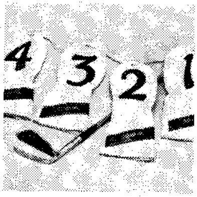
TRADE BAD SKIN—FOR BEAUTY

Famous specialists reveal their tested & proven secrets to banish ugly pimples, blackheads, oily skin in privacy of your home. Amazing 4 piece home treatment kit, formerly available only at our exclusive salon can be yours. Guaranteed. Skin must improve in 10 days or money back. Send $9.95 to House Of Complexion, Box 5366, San Diego 5, Calif.



AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.



PERSONALIZED GOLF CLUB MITTENS

Protect your golf clubs with these smart personalized mittens. Made of luxurious capeskin leather, with your name brightly imprinted. You'll go around in style with these distinctive accessories. In beige, red or print. Great gift for golfers. Only $4.95 ppd. (set of 4). State name to be imprinted. Medford Products, Box 39, Dept. 115, Bethpage, N. Y.

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

If you lie awake nights due to nervousness, worry or other cause, send today for physicians' sample of Sleep-Eze Tablets. Contain no barbiturates or other habit-forming drugs. You wake up rested, refreshed. Just address letter to Sleep-Eze Co., Dept. H-3, 1067 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach 13, Calif. Encl. 10¢ coin or stamp to cover mailing cost. Do it today.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., GR-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving year of birth, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L725M, 4900 Oak., Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

MAGIC 16 FOOT FLOWER CARPET — $1

Just unroll it . . . watch it grow! Over 1500 premium annual seeds are impregnated into a 16′ x 6″ carpet. See gorgeous blooms in 6 weeks. Marigolds, petunias, asters, poppies—over 25 varieties! Guaranteed or money back! Only $1, postage paid—3 for $2.79. Order Magic Flower Carpet from Sunset House, 422 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

IF YOU ARE UNDER 80 . . .

$500.00

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Silver Linings *continued*

beautiful nevertheless. This note was enclosed:

"I am a Japanese lady. I overheard your conversation with the store manager the other day. I am sorry about your loss. It is most unkind of my countrymen to deprive you of something you value. You are visitors to our country. This gift cannot repay you for what you lost, but it may make up for the unkindness you suffered." —LEOPOLD C. SANCHEZ

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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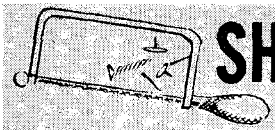
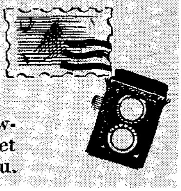


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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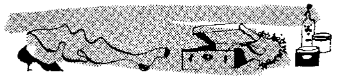
$2.00 HOURLY possible, sewing our ready cut aprons at home. Spare or full time. Experience Unnecessary. Free details. Write: A & B Company, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.



SWEDISH maid foot cream, amazing formula 100% guaranteed to give relief to hurting feet. Large 4 oz. jar $1.98 plus 27 cents (p.p. & handling), total $2.25 no c.o.d. Donell's, 1023 Sixth Ave., San Diego, Calif.

PERSONAL counsel on your figure and beauty problems. Add inches to bust, lose hip & waist bulges. Safe Hollywood methods by former film designer. For booklet send 10¢, your name & address to Charlene of Calif. Dept. CN, Box 98, Sunnymead, Calif.

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MAKE $25 to $35 weekly addressing envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Glenway, Dept. C, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

KILL the hair root! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Send 10¢ for "New Radiant Beauty" booklet to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 329H, Providence 15, Rhode Island.

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"NOTICE: Hair nets 3¢; Shoe laces 15¢ doz.; Neck ties 6/$1.00; Ladies sheer nylons 29¢ pr.; Nylon slips $1.50; Panties 17¢; Childs panties 9¢; Zippers 6¢; Hankies 4¢; Kerchiefs 12¢; Callis 29¢; Anklets 9¢; Socks 12¢; Pillow cases 25¢; Bath sets 80¢; T-shirts 29¢; Trunks 23¢; Razor blades 100/18¢; Tooth brushes 12¢; Combs 3/5¢. Spreads $1.60; Complete stock list with $3.00 sample order free. Enclose $1.00 for postage & handling. Sibert Mills, Davenport, Florida."

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(*Continued on next page*)

FOR THE GARDEN

4-SQUARE Sprinkler—up to 40 feet. Give your lawn square even coverage, quickly, up to 40 x 40 feet. Lifetime construction: no moving parts to wear or freeze fast, no plastics. Heavy 6¼ inch diameter steel base. Head casting has guard rim for precision brass square spray orifice and baffle. New "whirlpool" jet-and-baffle design gets the most out of your water pressure on regular ⅝ inch garden hose. Two-piece hose coupling lets the "4-square" Sprinkler stand flat when hose is stiff. Order as many 4-Square Sprinklers as you need today. Ten-day trial, return for full refund if you are not completely satisfied. Sent postpaid by return mail—$1.95 each. Clark Metals, 146 Ensign Street, Fort Morgan, Colorado.

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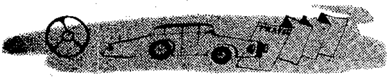

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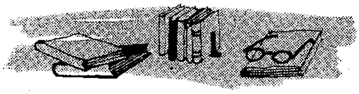

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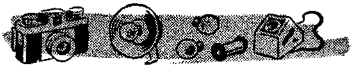

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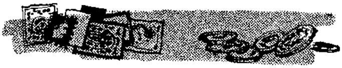

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(continued on next page)

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MAIL order business of your own is easy with this Manual that tells you what to sell; how & where to get free publicity; where to find dropship catalogs; how to advertise; what to say to manufacturers, etc. Mail $1 to Mail Order Institute, 920 Sansom St., Dept. MC-6, Philadelphia, Pa.

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BIG profits quick! Make and sell costume and sea shell jewelry. Exotic styles. Fun to make; easy to sell! Friends, neighbors and shops will buy. Rush address for free catalog & details. Modern Craft, P. O. Box 11088-C, St. Petersburg 33, Florida.

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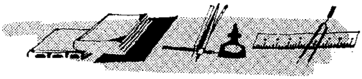

SUMMER STOCK on Cape Cod! Begin a career in T.V. or Theatre by playing each week in Broadway plays in delightful vacationland noted for Summer Theatres. Training begins June 30. Only 20 accepted. Age limits: 18-30. Famous organization for 27 years. Good contacts. Placement. Catalogue: Cape Cod Summer Stock. Box 798, South Yarmouth, Mass.

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(Continued on next page)

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Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

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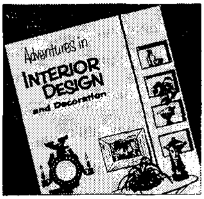
INTERIOR DECORATION—HOME STUDY



Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free 24-page illustrated booklet, "Adventures in Interior Design and Decoration." Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 141B, Chicago, Ill.

INVESTIGATE Accidents—Earn $750 to $1,000 mo. Thousands of insurance companies, airlines, government offices need Claim Investigators. Also excellent opportunities for your own spare time business. GI Approved. We train you at home. Placement service. Free Book. No obligation. Write today. Universal Schools, CC-7, Box 8202, Dallas 5, Tex.

FINISH High School at home—no classes. Standard text furnished; credit for previous schooling; diploma awarded. If you've completed 8th grade and are over 17, write for free catalog. Wayne School, Catalog HGX-24, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Illinois.

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

COMPLETE your high school at home in spare time with 62-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. *Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit.* Booklet free. Write American School, Dept. XB17, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Ill.

MUSIC Arts brings teacher to your home on LP or Tape—Easy to Learn—Play at Once—Piano for beginners—Song-Writing for those reading music—Courses—by eminent musicians. Free brochure: Music Arts, 734-15th St., N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

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LEARN showcard writing in spare time. Fascinating, profitable, business of your own. No special skill needed. Interesting information free. Sherwood, 200 Summer, Boston, 10-J, Massachusetts.

PROFESSIONAL Secretary. Here's a real challenge for the ambitious woman who wants bigger pay, more opportunity, the rewards of a satisfying career. International Correspondence Schools will send you 3 Free books that show you how to qualify at home, in your spare time: (1) "How to Succeed," (2) Career Catalog, (3) Sample International Correspondence School lesson (math) to demonstrate this famous method. No obligation. Write today to: International Correspondence Schools, Box 50654F, Scranton 15, Pennsylvania.

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HOME INSTRUCTION

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ACCOUNTING:—Free Sample Lesson. Acute shortage of men and women Accountants makes real opportunity. LaSalle prepares you quickly in spare time at low cost. Accounting ability offers secure future. Free book gives facts. Write LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. 736 H, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago 5, Ill.

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The defense rests

by Will Bernard

IN OHIO, a man arrested for parking illegally in front of a drugstore explained that watching a woman driver had made him so nervous he had to stop and buy a sedative.

IN GERMANY, a man charged with biting a girl on the nose pleaded that his "kiss just slipped."

IN FRANCE, a man charged with stealing a horse told the court that the higher altitude on top of a horse was good for his asthma.

IN INDIANA, a man stopped for drunken driving refused to take a Drunkometer test because it was not he but his cocker spaniel who had been driving.

IN IDAHO, a teenage girl, nabbed for driving around in reverse gear, explained that she had run up too much mileage on the family car and wanted to unwind some.

IN CANADA, a man arrested for careless driving told the court that he ordinarily drove by celestial navigation but lost his bearings when he mistook a TV tower light for the evening star.

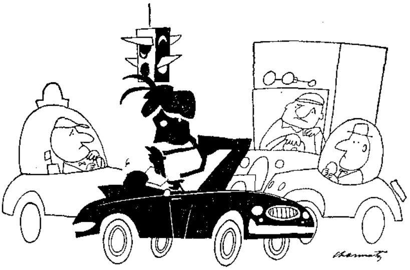
IN GEORGIA, a woman arrested for smuggling a hacksaw blade to prisoners, said she thought they just wanted to saw up some soup bones.

IN ENGLAND, a woman caught climbing through somebody's window told the court the elastic in her panties had given way and she was hunting for a quiet place to make repairs.

IN TENNESSEE, a woman arrested for starting a fire by smoking in a hotel had protested that the bed was already burning when she got in.

IN TEXAS, an accused car thief explained that he had noticed the car parked in front of a cemetery and naturally concluded the owner must be dead.

IN CALIFORNIA, a motorist caught doing 82 miles an hour pointed out that he couldn't keep an eye on the speedometer because he was too busy pouring a cup of coffee.



IN MICHIGAN, a woman arrested for parking in the middle of a downtown traffic jam said it was a case of emergency: baby's diapers needed changing.

IN ENGLAND, a motorist accused of leaving the scene of an accident told the court he had to make a fast getaway because his wife was coming up the street and he had another woman in his car.

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For as long as you wish

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HERE'S *really big news* for people who take vitamins – *but who feel they're paying too much!* Here's *even bigger news* for those thousands of families who *don't take any vitamins* at all because the prices are too high for their budgets!

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Think of it! Now for the first time you can enjoy the benefits of an automatic vitamin protection plan for a fraction more than 3¢ a day! Yet in spite of this remarkably low price, each DOLLAVIM Capsule gives you *more* than the minimum adult daily requirement (as determined by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council) for *each vitamin known to be essential in human nutrition.* And that's not all! DOLLAVIM Capsules also provide you with 8 important minerals and a generous amount of ROYAL JELLY!

No wonder safe, pure DOLLAVIM Capsules are "worth their weight in gold" as a comprehensive food supplement. More than that—they're important to every normally healthy man and woman who is *sick of feeling tired and run-down for "no reason at all."* Yes, DOLLAVIM Capsules are *priceless* for people who want a *sensible* comprehensive formula to help maintain pep and energy—*at a sensible price!*

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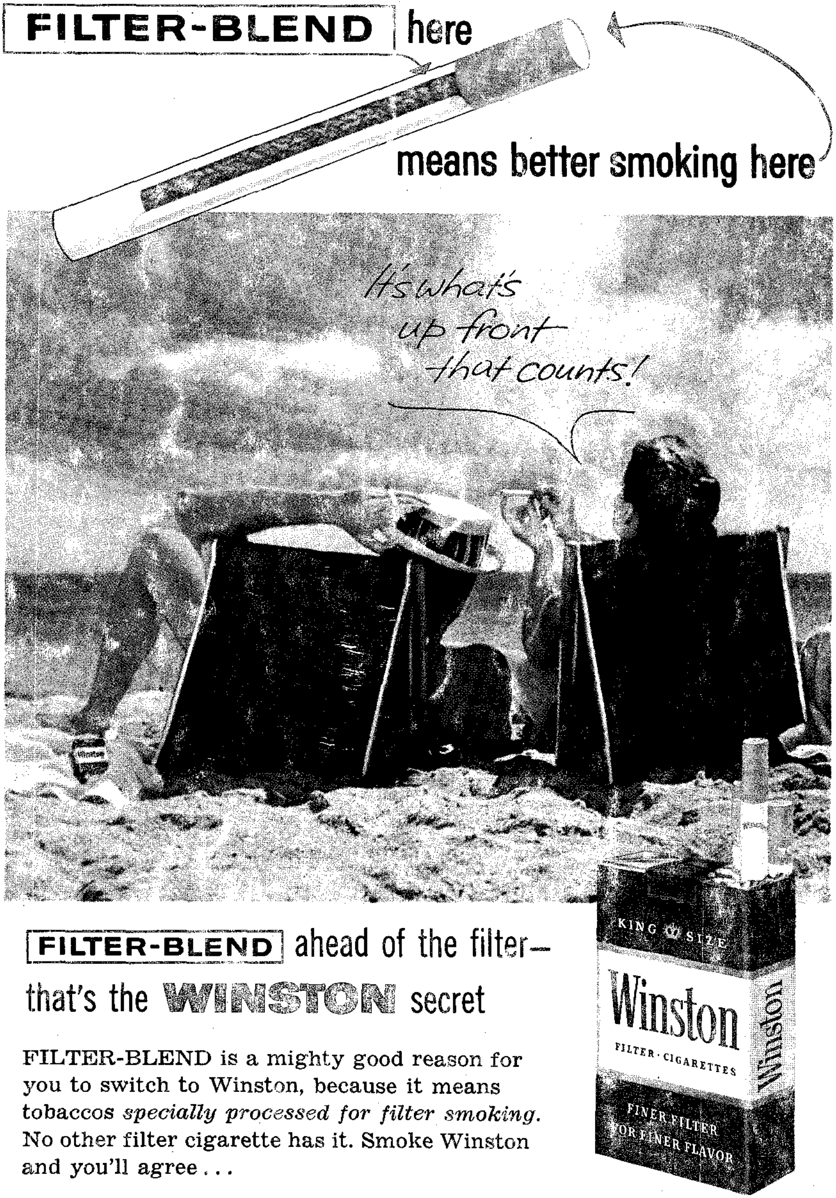
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